FRIENDSHIP'S
OFFERING

1829

Painted by J. Wood. Engraved by Edward Finden.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

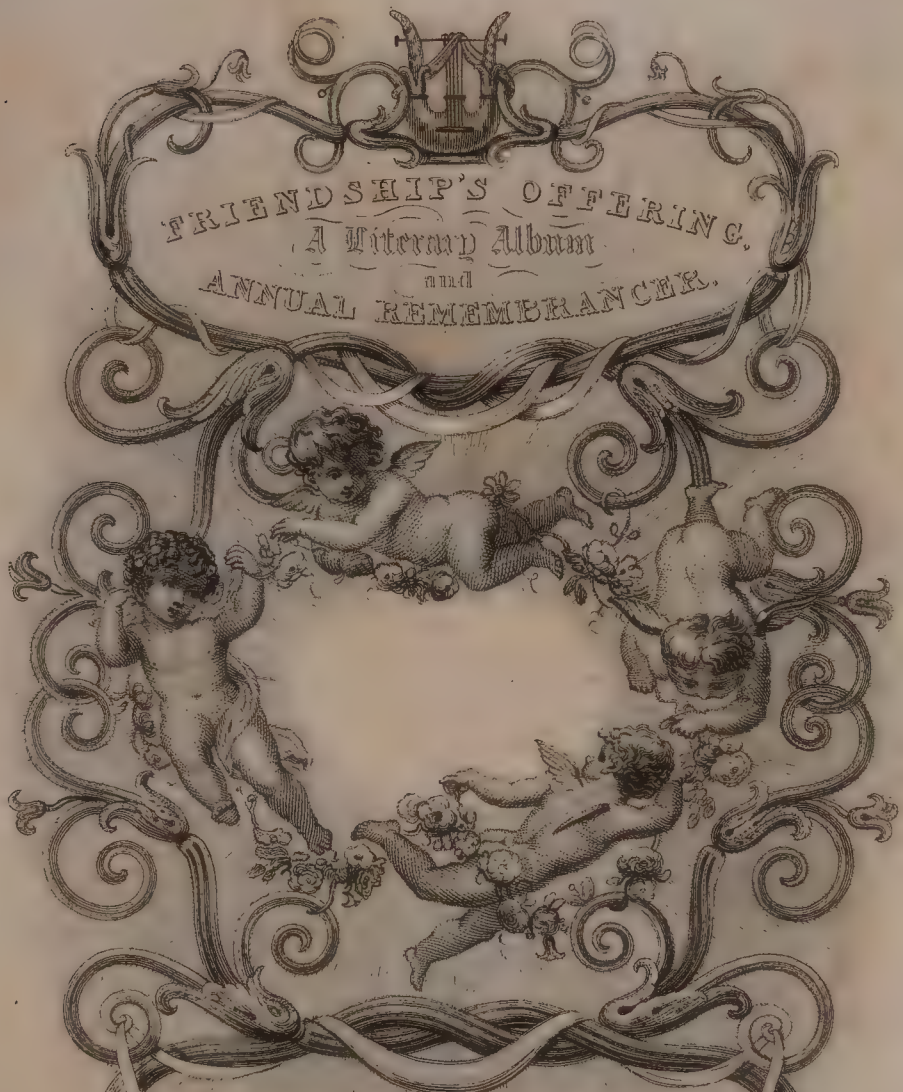
Published by Smith, Elder, & Cº 65, Cornhill.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

A Literary Album

and

ANNUAL REMEMBRANCER.



"This is Affection's Tribute—Friendship's Offering,
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,
And says—Forget me not!"

H. Corbould, del. LONDON. J.W. Cook, Sculp.
SMITH, ELDER & Co. 65, CORNHILL.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING:

A Literary Album,

AND

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

FOR

MDCCCXXIX.

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Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
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LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
PARIS:
A. AND W. GALIGNANI.
1829.

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUCHESS OF CLARENCE,

This Volume

IS, BY PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the Public a Sixth Volume of Friendship's Offering, there is no occasion for a lengthened and elaborate Preface. Amidst the numerous band of eager and active competitors now starting forth on the same ground, Friendship's Offering prefers its claims to a liberal share of the public patronage, with a confidence equally remote, it is hoped, from overweening presumption or affected humility, and without any wish either to disparage the pretensions of its rivals or to overrate its own.— The Editor considers it sufficient to state in brief and simple terms, that every exertion has been made

not merely to maintain the advantageous ground in public estimation acquired by former volumes of this work, but to keep pace with, and as far as possible to promote, the more perfect developement of a sound and liberal national taste, in all that relates to excellence in literary composition or pictorial embellishment. A reference to the list of Contributors will exhibit at one glance the array of talent by which he has been supported. How far he has succeeded in producing a harmonious whole, by the combination and grouping of so great a variety of 'lights and shades,' he cannot presume to determine; but as respects one important feature, he is willing to hope, that little room has been left for any wide diversity of opinion,—namely, in regard to the uniform tone of pure morality, and of generous and manly sentiment, by which it has been his earnest endeavour that the volume should be characterised.

To the literary friends who have so zealously and efficiently aided him on this occasion, and some of whose names, high in public estimation, appear now for the first time in any Annual, the Editor returns his very cordial thanks. On the part of the Proprie-

tors also he begs to express grateful acknowledgments to more than one liberal patron of Art, and more particularly to the Duchess of Bedford, for her Grace's obliging permission to enrich the work with an engraving of Landseer's beautiful picture of young Lord Alexander Russell, entitled 'Hours of Innocence.'

With these few preliminary remarks the Editor closes his labours for the present year; and wishing his readers, after the old kindly fashion, a right merry Christmas, he consigns to their courtesy FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING for 1829, in the words of an illustrious living poet:—

"Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future day."

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THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Ut Pictura, Poesis.---*Hor. de Art. Poet.*

Two lovely Sisters here unite
To blend improvement with delight;
Painting and Poetry engage
By turns to deck the Album's page.

Here may each glowing Picture be
The quintessence of Poësy,
With skill so exquisitely wrought,
As if the colours were pure thought,—
Thought from the bosom's inmost cell,
By magic tints made visible,
That, while the eye admires, the mind
Itself, as in a glass, may find.

And may the Poet's verse, alike,
With all the power of Painting strike;
So freely, so divinely trace,
In every line, the line of grace;
And beautify, with such sweet art,
The image-chamber of the heart,
That Fancy here may gaze her fill,
Forming fresh scenes and shapes at will,
Where silent words alone appear,
Or, borrowing voice, but touch the ear.

Yet humble Prose with these shall stand;
Friends, kindred, comrades, hand in hand,
All in this fair enclosure meet,
The Lady of the Book to greet,
And, with the pen or pencil, make
These leaves love-tokens, for her sake.

Sheffield, 1828.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

Two thousand years on Tadmor's sand
Has roved the Arab's robber-band;
Two thousand years on Sidon's shore
The rose and myrtle are no more;
Two thousand years on Lebanon
The sound of voice and string is done.
Yet once was Syria's hill and grove
The seat of beauty, pomp, and love:
And by the swift Orontes' tide
Roved many a maiden falcon-eyed;
And many a minstrel told the tale
That turned her cheek of roses pale;
And shewed the bower where Cupid slept,
And shewed where Psyche waked and wept,
And taught their harps' delicious swell
The parting Love-God's wild farewell.

'Twas eve; from Persia's vale afar
Wheeled up the moon her pearly car;

The breeze its flowery incense gave,
In living coolness rushed the wave,
The orange-bud was crowned with dew
The twilight star was beaming blue;
And on the wave came murmuring,
As if they dropt from Twilight's wing,
Like echoes of a loftier sphere,
The tones that more than touch the ear, —
The deep, sweet whispers to the heart,
That make the tear in silence start,
And fill the heaven-uplifted eye
With gleams of visioned luxury.
There was the place and then the hour
When Psyche stole to Cupid's bower.

In chains of sleep the youth was laid:
Above him stooped the myrtle shade;
No meteor light, no starry beam
Within the mystic bower must gleam,
Even, Psyche, thy love-lighted eye
Must look not, or but look, to die.

Yet woman, woman in her soul!
As to the sacred bower she stole,
One frantic wish within her sprung.
Above the sleeping form she hung,
His perfumed breath her tresses fanned,
The lamp was quivering in her hand —
" 'Twas but one glance 'twixt her and heaven,
The crime, love's crime, must be forgiven."

She glanced! — Along the troubled air
Uprose an echo of despair,
The thunder o'er the forest rolled,
The tale of love and life was told.
No arrow from the twanging string
Plunged in her bosom's inmost spring;
No poison chilled her panting breath;
She caught one look, the look was death.
She saw a form of living fire,
The king of passions, in his ire!
" Farewell, thou faithless one, farewell!"
The avenger cried.— The victim fell
With dying eye, and voiceless tongue:
Heart-broken, withering, still she clung,
Clung to the spot, still, still adored,
Laid down her head, where lay her lord;
Fixed on his flight her last, long gaze,
And perished with his parting blaze.

'ΕΣΠΕΡΟΣ.

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

As the murmur and the plaint, and the exulting swell, and the sharp scream, which the unequal gust of yesterday snatched from the strings of a wind-harp.---*Coleridge.*

The chord, the harp's full chord is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed,
But yesterday.

The wakening note, the breeze-like swell,
The full o'ersweeping tone,
The sounds that sighed "Farewell! farewell!"
Are gone—all gone.

The love, whose burning spirit passed
With the rich measure's flow,
The grief to which it sank at last,—
Where are they now?

They are with the scents, by Summer's breath
Borne from a rose now shed,
With the words from lips long sealed in death—
For ever fled!

The sea-shell, of its native deep
A thrilling moan retains;
But earth and air no record keep
Of parted strains.

And all the memories, all the dreams
They woke in floating by,
The tender thoughts, th' Elysian gleams—
Could these too die?

They died!—as on the water's breast
The ripple melts away,
When the breeze that stirred it sinks to rest,
So perished they!

Mysterious in their sudden birth,
And mournful in their close;
Passing, and finding not on earth
Aim or repose.

Whence were they?—like the breath of flowers,
Why thus to come and go?—
A long, long journey must be ours,
Ere this we know!

THE ELECTION.

A TALE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

A FEW years back a gentleman of the name of Danby came to reside in a small decayed borough town — whether in Wiltshire or Cornwall matters not to our story, although in one of those counties the aforesaid town was probably situate, being what is called a close borough, the joint property of two noble families. Mr. Danby was evidently a man of large fortune, and that fortune as evidently acquired in trade,—indeed he made no more secret of the latter circumstance than the former. He built himself a large, square, red house, equally ugly and commodious, just without the town; walled in a couple of acres of ground for a kitchen garden; kept a heavy one-horse chaise, a stout poney, and a brace of greyhounds; and having furnished his house solidly and handsomely, and arranged his domestic affairs to his heart's content, began to look about amongst his neighbours; scraped acquaintance with the lawyer, the apothecary, and the principal trades-

men; subscribed to the reading room and the billiard room; became a member of the bowling green and the cricket club, and took as lively an interest in the affairs of his new residence, as if he had been born and bred in the borough.

Now this interest, however agreeable to himself, was by no means equally conducive to the quiet and comfort of the place. Mr. Danby was a little, square, dark man, with a cocked-up nose, a good-humoured, but very knowing smile, a pair of keen black eyes, a loud voluble speech, and a prodigious activity both of mind and body. His very look betokened his character,—and that character was one not uncommon among the middle ranks of Englishmen. In short, besides being, as he often boasted, a downright John Bull, the gentleman was a reformer, zealous and uncompromising as ever attended a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, or made an harangue in Palace-yard. He read Cobbett; had his own scheme for the redemption of tithes; and a plan, which, not understanding, I am sorry I cannot undertake to explain, for clearing off the national debt without loss or injury to any body.

Besides these great matters, which may rather be termed the theorique than the practique of reform, and which are at least perfectly inoffensive, Mr. Danby condescended to smaller and more worrying observances; and was, indeed, so strict and jealous a guardian of the purity of the corporation, and the incorruptibility of the vestry, that an alderman could not wag a finger, or a churchwarden

stir a foot, without being called to account by this vigilant defender of the rights, liberties, and purses of the people. He was, beyond a doubt, the most troublesome man in the parish — and that is a wide word. In the matter of reports and inquiries Mr. Hume was but a type of him. He would mingle economy with a parish dinner, and talk of retrenchment at the mayor's feast; brought an action, under the turnpike act, against the clerk and treasurer of the commissioners of the road; commenced a suit in chancery with the trustees of the charity school; and finally, threatened to open the borough — that is to say, to support any candidate who should offer to oppose the nominees of the two great families, the one whig and the other tory, who now possessed the two seats in parliament as quietly as their own hereditary estates; — an experiment which recent instances of successful opposition in other places rendered not a little formidable to the noble owners.

What added considerably to the troublesome nature of Mr. Danby's inquisitions was, the general cleverness, ability, and information of the individual. He was not a man of classical education, and knew little of books; but with *things* he was especially conversant. Although very certain that Mr. Danby had been in business, nobody could guess what that business had been. None came amiss to him. He handled the rule and the yard with equal dexterity; astonished the butcher by his insight into the mysteries of fattening and dealing; and the

grocer by his familiarity with the sugar and coffee markets; disentangled the perplexities of the confused mass of figures in the parish books with the dexterity of a sworn accomptant; and was so great upon points of law, so ready and accurate in quoting reports, cases, and precedents, that he would certainly have passed for a retired attorney, but for the zeal and alertness with which, at his own expence, he was apt to rush into lawsuits.

With so remarkable a genius for turmoil, it is not to be doubted that Mr. Danby, in spite of many excellent and sterling qualities, succeeded in drawing upon himself no small degree of odium. The whole corporation were officially his enemies; but his principal opponent, or rather the person whom he considered as his principal opponent, was Mr. Cardonnel, the rector of the parish, who, besides several disputes pending between them (one especially respecting the proper situation of the church organ, the placing of which harmonious instrument kept the whole town in discord for a twelvemonth), was married to the Lady Elizabeth, sister of the Earl of B., one of the patrons of the borough; and being, as well as his wife, a very popular and amiable character, was justly regarded by Mr. Danby as one of the chief obstacles to his projected reform.

Whilst, however, our reformer was, from the most patriotic motives, doing his best or his worst to dislike Mr. Cardonnel, events of a very different nature were gradually operating to bring them together.

Mr. Danby's family consisted of a wife,—a quiet lady-like woman, with very ill health, who did little else than walk from her bed to her sofa, eat water gruel and drink soda water,—and of an only daughter who was, in a word, the very apple of her father's eye.

Rose Danby was indeed a daughter of whom any father might have been proud. Of middle height and exquisite symmetry, with a rich, dark, glowing complexion, a profusion of glossy, curling, raven hair, large affectionate black eyes, and a countenance at once so sweet and so spirited, that its constant expression was like that which a smile gives to other faces. Her temper and understanding were in exact keeping with such a countenance —playful, gentle, clever, and kind; and her accomplishments and acquirements of the very highest order. When her father entered on his new residence she had just completed her fifteenth year; and he, unable longer to dispense with the pleasure of her society, took her from the excellent school near London, at which she had hitherto been placed, and determined that her education should be finished by masters at home.

It so happened, that this little town contained one celebrated artist, a professor of dancing, who kept a weekly academy for young ladies, which was attended by half the families of gentility in the county. M. Le Grand (for the dancing master was a little lively Frenchman) was delighted with Rose. He declared that she was his best pupil, his

very best, the best that ever he had in his life. "Mais voyez, donc, Monsieur?" said he one day to her father, who would have scorned to know the French for "How d'ye do;"—"Voyez, comme elle met de l'aplomb, de la force, de la netteté, dans ses entrechats! Qu'elle est leste, et légère, et petrie de graces, la petite!" And Mr. Danby comprehending only that the artist was praising his darling, swore that Monsieur was a good fellow, and returned the compliment, after the English fashion, by sending him a haunch of venison the next day.

But M. Le Grand was not the only admirer whom Rose met with at the dancing school.

It chanced that Mr. Cardonnel also had an only daughter, a young person, about the same age, bringing up under the eye of her mother, and a constant attendant at the professor's academy. The two girls, nearly of a height, and both good dancers, were placed together as partners; and being almost equally prepossessing in person and manner, (for Mary Cardonnel was a sweet, delicate, fair creature, whose mild blue eyes seemed appealing to the kindness of every one they looked upon,) took an immediate and lasting fancy to each other; shook hands at meeting and parting, smiled whenever their glances chanced to encounter; and soon began to exchange a few kind and hurried words in the pauses of the dance, and to hold more continuous chat at the conclusion. And Lady Elizabeth, almost as much charmed with Rose as her daughter, seeing

in the lovely little girl every thing to like, and nothing to disapprove, encouraged and joined in the acquaintance; attended with a motherly care to her cloaking and shawling; took her home in her own carriage when it rained; and finally waylaid Mr. Danby, who always came himself to fetch his darling, and with her bland and gracious smile requested the pleasure of Miss Danby's company to a party of young people, which she was about to give on the occasion of her daughter's birthday. I am afraid that our sturdy reformer was going to say, No!—But Rose's "Oh papa!" was irresistible; and to the party she went.

After this, the young people became every day more intimate. Lady Elizabeth waited on Mrs. Danby, and Mrs. Danby returned the call; but her state of health precluded visiting, and her husband, who piqued himself on firmness and consistency, contrived, though with some violence to his natural kindness of temper, to evade the friendly advances and invitations of the rector.

The two girls, however, saw one another almost every day. It was a friendship like that of Rosalind and Celia, whom, by the way, they severally resembled in temper and character—Rose having much of the brilliant gaiety of the one fair cousin, and Mary the softer and gentler charm of the other. They rode, walked and sung together; were never happy asunder; played the same music; read the same books; dressed alike; worked for each other; and interchanged their own little property of trin-

kets and flowers, with a generosity that seemed only emulous which should give most.

At first, Mr. Danby was a little jealous of Rose's partiality to the rectory; but she was so fond of him, so attentive to his pleasures, that he could not find in his heart to check her's: and when after a long and dangerous illness, with which the always delicate Mary was affected, Mr. Cardonnel went to him, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, told him he believed that under Providence he owed his daughter's life to Rose's unwearying care, the father's heart was fairly vanquished; he wrung the good rector's hand, and never grumbled at her long visits again. Lady Elizabeth, also, had her share in producing this change of feeling, by presenting him, in return for innumerable baskets of peaches and melons and hot-house grapes (in the culture of which he was curious), with a portrait of Rose, drawn by herself—a strong and beautiful likeness, with his own favourite greyhound at her feet; a picture which he would not have exchanged for "The Transfiguration."

Perhaps too, consistent as he thought himself, he was not without an unconscious respect for the birth and station which he affected to despise; and was, at least, as proud of the admiration which his daughter excited in those privileged circles, as of the sturdy independence which he exhibited by keeping aloof from them in his own person. Certain it is, that his spirit of reformation insensibly relaxed, particularly towards the Rector; and that

he not only ceded the contested point of the organ, but presented a splendid set of pulpit hangings to the church itself.

Time wore on; Rose had refused half the offers of gentility in the town and neighbourhood; her heart appeared to be invulnerable. Her less affluent and less brilliant friend was generally understood (and as Rose, on hearing the report, did not contradict it, the rumour passed for certainty) to be engaged to a nephew of her mother's, Sir William Frampton, a young gentleman of splendid fortune, who had lately passed much time at his fine place in the neighbourhood.

Time wore on; and Rose was now nineteen, when an event occurred, which threatened a grievous interruption to her happiness. The Earl of B.'s member died; his nephew, Sir William Frampton, supported by his uncle's powerful interest, offered himself for the borough; an independent candidate started at the same time; and Mr. Danby found himself compelled, by his vaunted consistency, to insist on his daughter's renouncing her visits to the rectory, at least until after the termination of the election. Rose wept and pleaded, pleaded and wept in vain. Her father was obdurate; and she, after writing a most affectionate note to Mary Cardonnel, retired to her own room in very bad spirits, and, perhaps, for the first time in her life, in very bad humour.

About half an hour afterwards, Sir William Frampton and Mr. Cardonnel called at the red house.

"We are come, Mr. Danby," said the rector, "to solicit your interest" —

"Nay, nay, my good friend," returned the reformer — "you know that my interest is promised, and that I cannot with any consistency"—

"To solicit your interest with Rose"—resumed his reverence.

"With Rose!" interrupted Mr. Danby.

"Ay — for the gift of her heart and hand, — that being, I believe, the suffrage which my good nephew here is most anxious to secure," rejoined Mr. Cardonnel.

"With Rose!" again ejaculated Mr. Danby: "Why I thought that your daughter"—

"The gipsy has not told you, then!" replied the rector. "Why William and she have been playing the parts of Romeo and Juliet for these six months past."

"My Rose!" again exclaimed Mr. Danby. "Why Rose! Rose! I say!" and the astonished father rushed out of the room, and returned the next minute, holding the blushing girl by the arm.

"Rose, do you love this young man?"

"Oh Papa!" said Rose.

"Will you marry him?"

"Oh, papa!"

"Do you wish me to tell him that you will not marry him?"

To this question Rose returned no answer; she only blushed the deeper, and looked down with a half smile.

"Take her, then," resumed Mr. Danby; "I see the girl loves you. I can't vote for you, though, for I've promised, and you know, my good Sir, that an honest man's word"—

"I don't want your vote, my dear Sir," interrupted Sir William Frampton; "I don't ask for your vote, although the loss of it may cost me my seat, and my uncle his borough. This is the election that I care about; the only election worth caring about—Is it not, my own sweet Rose?—the election of which the object lasts for life, and the result is happiness. That's the election worth caring about—Is it not, mine own Rose?"

And Rose blushed an affirmative; and Mr. Danby shook his intended son-in-law's hand, until he almost wrung it off, repeating at every moment—"I can't vote for you, for a man must be consistent; but you're the best fellow in the world, and you shall have my Rose. And Rose will be a great lady," continued the delighted father;—"my little Rose will be a great lady after all!"

Painted & Engraved

by John Martin

GLEN LYNDEN.

GLEN-LYNDEN.

A TALE OF TEVIOTDALE.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Sweet Teviot, by adventurous Leyden sung,
And famed by mighty Scott in deathless lays,
I may not hope, with far less gifted tongue,
Aught higher to advance thy classic praise;
Yet, as a son his pious tribute pays
To the loved mother he has left behind,
I fain some grateful monument would raise,
Which in far foreign lands may call to mind
The scenes that Scottish hearts to their dear country bind.

And, though the last and lowliest of the train
By haunted Teviot smit with love of song,
(Sweet witchery that charms full many a pain!)
I join with venturous voice the minstrel throng:
For Nature is the nurse to whom belong
Alike the thrush that cheers the broomy dale,
And the proud swan that, on bold pinions strong,
Through the far tracts of ether dares to sail,
And pours 'mid scenes sublime his soul-subduing wail.

No perilous theme I meditate: To me
To soar 'mid clouds and storms hath not been given;
Or through the gates of Dread and Mystery
To gaze—like those dark spirits who have striven
To rend the veil that severs Earth from Heaven:
For I have loved with simple hearts to dwell,
That ne'er to Doubt's forbidden springs were driven
But lived sequestered in life's lowly dell,
And drank the untroubled stream from Inspiration's well.

Such were thy virtuous sons, fair Teviotdale,
While old simplicity was yet in prime;
But now among thy glens the faithful fail,
Forgetful of our sires in olden time:
That grey-haired race is gone—of look sublime,
Calm in demeanour, courteous, and sincere;
Yet stern, when duty called them, as their clime
When it flings off the autumnal foliage sere,
And shakes the shuddering woods with solemn voice severe.

And such were they whose tale I now rehearse—
But not to fashion's minions, who in vain
Would ask amusement from the artless verse
Of one who sings to sooth long hours of pain:
A nameless exile o'er the southern main,
I pour 'mid savage wilds my pensive song;*
And if some gentle spirits love the strain,
Enough for me, though midst the louder throng
Few may be found to prize, or listen to it long.

* Vide Note p. 35.

A rustic home in Lynden's pastoral dell
With modest pride a verdant hillock crowned;
Where the bold stream, like dragon from the fell,
Came glittering forth, and, gently gliding round
The broom-clad skirts of that fair spot of ground,
Danced down the vale, in wanton mazes bending;
Till finding, where it reached the meadow's bound,
Romantic Teviot on his bright course wending,
It joined the sounding streams—with his blue waters blending.

Behind, a lofty wood along the steep
Fenced from the chill north-east this quiet glen;
And green hills, gaily sprinkled o'er with sheep,
Spread to the south; while, by the bughting-pen,
Rose the blithe sound of flocks and hounds and men,
At summer dawn and gloaming; or the voice
Of children nutting in the hazelly den,
Sweet mingling with the wind's and water's noise,
Attuned the softened heart with Nature to rejoice.

Upon the upland height a mouldering Tower,
By time and outrage marked with many a scar,
Told of past days of feudal pomp and power
When its proud chieftains ruled the dales afar.
But that was long gone by: and waste and war,
And civil strife more ruthless still than they,
Had quenched the lustre of Glen-Lynden's star—
Which glimmered now, with dim declining ray,
O'er this secluded spot,—sole remnant of their sway.

A grave mild husbandman was Lynden's lord,
Who, smiling o'er these wrecks of grandeur gone,
Had for the plough-share changed the warrior's sword
Which, like his sires, he erst had girded on.
And on his toils relenting Fortune shone,
And blessed his fruitful fields and fleecy store;
And she he loved in youth, and loved alone,
Was his: ah, what could wealth have added more,
Save pride and peevish cares which haunt the rich man's door?

Vain wealth or rank! they ne'er could won such love
As that devoted bosom's,—lofty, warm,—
Which, while it blooms below, puts forth above
Celestial shoots secure from earthly harm.
And now his pleasant home and pastoral farm
Are all the world to him: he feels no sting
Of restless passions; but, with grateful arm,
Clasps the twin cherubs round his neck that cling,
Breathing their innocent thoughts like violets in Spring.

Another prattler, too, lisps on his knee,
The orphan daughter of a hapless pair,
Who, voyaging upon the Indian sea,
Met the fierce typhon-blast—and perished there:
But she was left the rustic home to share
Of those who her young mother's friends had been;
And old affection thus enhanced the care
With which those faithful guardians loved to screen
This sweet forsaken flower, in their wild arbours green.

With their twin children dark-eyed Helen grew—
(Arthur and Anna were the kindred twain)—
And she, the engrafted germ, appeared to view
So like a younger sister, that 'twere pain
To think that group should ever part again:
They grew, like three fair roses on one stalk,
In budding beauty yet without a stain:
So the fond parents oft in kindly talk
Would say—nor dreamt how fate their blooming hopes might balk.

But dark calamity comes aye too soon—
And why anticipate its evil day?
Ah, rather let us now in lovely June
O'erlook these happy children at their play:
Lo, where they gambol through the garden gay,
Or round the hoary hawthorn dance and sing,
Or, 'neath yon moss-grown cliff, grotesque and grey,
Sit plaiting flowery wreathes in social ring,
And telling wondrous tales of the green Elfin King.

And Elfin lore and ancient Border song
The mother, smiling o'er the eager train,
Would often chaunt in winter evenings long—
And oft they pressed the pleasing task again:
But still she warned them that such tales were vain,
And but the dotage of a darker time;
And urged them better knowledge to attain
While yet their pliant minds were in their prime,
And open for the seed of scriputre truth sublime.

Then would she tell — and in far other tone —
Of evil times gone by and evil men —
"When they who worshipped God must meet alone
At midnight, in the cleugh or quaking-fen,
In peril and alarm, — for round them then
Were ranging those who hunted for their blood:
Ay! long shall we remember! — In this glen,
From yon grim cavern where the screech-owls brood
Our ancestor was dragged, like outlaw from the wood!

"He died a victim; and his ancient lands,
Held by Glen-Lynden's lords since Bruce's day,
Have passed for ever to the spoiler's hands!" —
— "Hush thee!" the father then would gently say;
"'Twas Heaven's good pleasure we that debt should pay —
Perchance for guilt of those fierce feudal lords,
Who, void of pity, when they shared the prey
Full often in the balance flung their swords,
And wasted orphans' lands with their marauding hordes."

Such was their talk around the evening hearth:
And mildly thus, as the young playmates grew,
They taught them to join trembling with their mirth;
For life is but a pilgrim's passage through
A waste, where springs of joy are faint and few:
Yet, lest this thought their hearts too much o'ercast,
They oft would turn to lightsome themes anew;
For youth's hilarity we must not blast,
But lead it kindly on to wisdom's paths at last.

Fain would I linger 'mong those fairy bowers,
Aloof from manhood's feverish hopes and fears,
Where Innocence among the vernal flowers
Leads young Delight, aye laughing through his tears;
But lo! the cruel spectre Time appears,
Half hid amidst the foliage bright with bloom,
Weaving his ceaseless web of hours and years,
Still onward dyed with deeper hues of gloom—
And Death behind stands darkly—pointing to the tomb!

Ay! Time's harsh hand for youth nor age will stay—
And I must hasten with my lagging strain.
Years steal on years: the locks are wearing grey
On either parent's brow: the youthful train
Have long outgrown their childish pastimes vain:
On Arthur's manly features we may trace
High thought and feeling, checked by anxious pain;
And, in each timid maiden's milder face,
Some shade of pensive care with woman's opening grace.

So young—so innocent—can grief's dark cloud
Thus early o'er their hearts its shadow fling?
Affliction's angel, though he crush the proud,
Might pass the humble with relenting wing!
Yet death has not been here; nor hath the sting
Of baleful passion touched one gentle breast:
Whence then can venomed care and sorrow spring,
In this calm seat of love and pious rest?
And the dear parent twain—why look they so distressed?

Ah! evil days have fallen upon the land:
A storm that brooded long has burst at last;
And friends, like forest trees that closely stand
With roots and branches interwoven fast,
May aid awhile each other in the blast;
But as when giant pines at length give way
The groves below must share the ruin vast,
So men who seemed aloof from Fortune's sway
Fall crushed beneath the shock of loftier than they.

Even so it fared. And dark round Lynden grew
Misfortune's troubles; and foreboding fears,
That rose like distant shadows, nearer drew,
O'ercasting the calm evening of his years:
Yet still amidst the gloom fair hope appears,
A rainbow in the cloud. And, for a space,
Till the horizon closes round, or clears,
Returns our tale the enchanted paths to trace
Where youth's fond visions rise with fair but fleeting grace.

Far up the dale, where Lynden's ruined towers
O'erlooked the valley from the old oak wood,
A lake, blue-gleaming from deep forest bowers,
Spread its fair mirror to the landscape rude:
Oft by the margin of that quiet flood,
And through the groves and hoary ruins round,
Young Arthur loved to roam in lonely mood;
Or, here, amid tradition's haunted ground,
Long silent hours to lie in mystic musings drowned.

Bold feats of war, fierce feuds of elder times,
And wilder Elfin legends,—half forgot,
And half preserved in uncouth ballad rhymes,—
Had peopled with romantic tales the spot:
And, here, save bleat of sheep, or simple note
Of shepherd's pipe far on the upland lone,
Or linnet in the bush and lark afloat
Blithe carolling, or stockdove's plaintive moan,
No sound of living thing through the long day was known.

No sound—save, aye, one small brook's tinkling dash
Down the grey mossy cliffs; and, midst the lake,
The quick trout springing oft with gamesome plash;
And wild ducks rustling in the sedgy brake;
And sighing winds that scarce the willows shake;
And hum of bees among the blossomed thyme;
And pittering song of grasshoppers that make
Throughout the glowing meads their mirthful chime:
All rich and soothing sounds of summer's fragrant prime.

Here Arthur loved to roam—a dreaming boy—
Erewhile romantic reveries to frame,
Or read adventurous tales with thrilling joy,
Till his young breast throbbed high with thirst of fame:
But with fair manhood's dawn a softer flame
'Gan mingle with his martial musings high;
And trembling wishes,—which he feared to name,
Yet oft betrayed in many a half-drawn sigh,—
Told that the hidden shaft deep in his heart did lie.

And there were eyes that from long silken lashes
With stolen glance could spy his secret pain,—
Sweet hazel eyes, whose dewy light out-flashes
Like joyous day-spring after summer rain:
And she, the enchantress, loved the youth again
With maiden's first affection, fond and true.
—Ah! youthful love is like the tranquil main,
Heaving 'neath smiling skies its bosom blue —
Beautiful as a spirit—calm but fearful too!

And forth they wander, that fair girl and boy,
To roam in gladness through the summer bowers;
Of love they talk not, but love's tender joy
Breathes from their hearts like fragrance from the flowers:
Elysium opens round them; and the hours
Glide on unheeded, till grey Twilight's shade
Wraps in its wizard shroud the ivyed towers,
And fills with mystic shapes the forest glade—
And wakes "thick-coming fancies" in strange guise arrayed.

And oft they linger those lone haunts among,
Though darker fall the shadows of the wood,
And the witch-owl invokes with fitful song
The phantom train of Superstition's brood.
A gentle Star lights up their solitude,
And lends fair hues to all created things;
And dreams alone of beings pure and good
Hover around their hearts with angel wings—
Hearts, like sweet fountains sealed, where silent rapture springs.

I may not here their growing passion paint,
Or their day-dreams of cloudless bliss disclose:
I may not tell how hope deferred grew faint,
When griefs and troubles in far vista rose:
As the woods tremble ere the tempest blows,
How quaked their hearts (misled by treacherous fears)
When that fell nightmare of the soul's repose,
Green Jealousy his snaky crest uprears,
Whose breath of mildew blights the cherished faith
of years.

* * * * *

'Tis Autumn's pensive noon: no zephyr's breath
The withered foliage in the woods is shaking;
Their feeble song the mournful birds bequeath
To the sere coverts they are fast forsaking:
And now their last farewell that pair are taking;
For Arthur, bound to Indian climes, must leave
These early haunts. Each silent heart is breaking—
Yet both attempt to hide how much they grieve—
And each, deceived in turn, the other doth deceive.

How can they part?—The lake, the woods, the hills,
Speak to their pensive hearts of early days;
Remembrance woos them from the haunted rills,
And hallows every spot their eye surveys;
Some sweet memorial of their infant plays,
Some tender token of their bashful loves,
Each rock, and tree, and sheltered nook displays:
How can they part?—Nature the crime reproves,
And their commingling souls to milder purpose
moves!

For what were life—ah, what were weary life,
Without each other, in this world of care?
A voyage through wild seas of storm and strife,
Without an aim for which to struggle there.
But, blessed in wedded bands, how sweet to share
The gladness or the grief that life may bring!
Then join, relenting Love! this gentle pair;
Let worldly hearts to gold and grandeur cling;
Around the lowly cot thy turtles sweetest sing.

Yes! they shall part no more! Those downcast eyes,
And blushes mantling o'er the changeful cheek—
The plighted kiss—the tears—the trembling sighs—
The head upon his arm reclining meek—
Tell far more tenderly than words can speak,
How that devoted heart is all his own!
Oh, Love is eloquent—but language weak
To paint the feelings to pure bosoms known,
When Transport's heavenly wings are sweetly round
them thrown!

And now the lake, the hills, the yellow woods,
Are bathed in beauty by the parting ray:
Through earth and air a hallowed rapture broods,
And starting tears confess its mystic sway:
As home they wend, amidst the year's decay,
Some magic spell the hues of Eden throws
O'er every scene that, on their outward way,
Told but of pleasures past and coming woes:
Such the enchanted radiance heart-felt bliss bestows.

Oh Nature! by impassioned hearts alone
Thy genuine charms are felt. The vulgar mind
Sees but the shadow of a Power unknown:
Thy loftier beauties beam not to the blind
And sensual throng, to grovelling hopes resigned:
But they whom high and holy thoughts inspire
Adore thee, in celestial glory shrined,
In that diviner fane where Love's pure fire
Burns bright, and Genius tunes his loud immortal lyre!

* * * * *

Change we once more the strain. The sire has told
The heart-struck group of dark disaster nigh:
Their old paternal home must now be sold,
And that last relic of their ancestry
Resigned to strangers. Long and strenuously
He strove to stem the flood's o'erwhelming mass;
But still some fresh unseen calamity
Burst like a foaming billow — till, alas!
No hope remains that this their sorest grief may pass.

"Yet be not thus dismayed. Our altered lot
He that ordains will brace us to endure.
This changeful world affords no sheltered spot,
Where man may count his frail possessions sure.
Our better birthright, noble, precious, pure,
May well console for earthly treasures marred, —
Treasures, alas! how vain and insecure,
Where none from rust and robbery can guard:
The wise man looks to heaven alone for his reward."

The Christian father thus. But whither now
Shall the bewildered band their course direct?
What home shall shield that matron's honoured brow,
And those dear pensive maids from wrong protect?
Or cheer them 'mid the world's unkind neglect?
That world to the unfortunate so cold,
While lavish of its smiles and fair respect
Unto the proud, the prosperous, the bold;
Still shunning want and woe; still courting pomp
and gold.

Shall they adopt the poor retainer's trade,
And sue for pity from the great and proud?
No! never shall ungenerous souls upbraid
Their conduct in adversity — which bowed
But not debased them. Or, amidst the crowd,
In noisome towns shall they themselves immure,
Their wants, their woes, their weary days to shroud
In some mean melancholy nook obscure?
No! worthier tasks await, and brighter scenes allure,

A land of climate fair, and fertile soil,
Teeming with milk and wine and waving corn,
Invites from far the venturous Briton's toil:
And thousands, long by fruitless cares foreworn,
Are now across the wide Atlantic borne,
To seek new homes on Afric's southern strand:
Better to launch with them than sink forlorn
To vile dependance in our native land;
Better to fall in God's than man's unfeeling hand!

With hearts resigned they tranquilly prepare
To share the fortunes of that exile train.
And soon, with many a follower, forth they fare—
High hope and courage in their hearts again:
And now, afloat upon the dark-blue main,
They gaze upon the fast-receding shore
With tearful eyes—while thus the ballad strain,
Half heard amidst the ocean's weltering roar,
Bids farewell to the scenes they ne'er shall visit more:—

"Our native Land, our native Vale,
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Cheviot-mountains blue!

"Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long.

"Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

"The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

"Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

"We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

"But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green Island of our Sires!

"Our native Land — our native Vale —
A long, a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Lynden-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!"

Sweet Teviot, fare thee well. Less gentle themes
Abruptly call me from thy pastoral vale,
To where far Amakosa's woods and streams
Spread faint before me in the moonlight pale,
And from deep wildering dells I hear the wail
Of broken hearts — the mother and the child:
How can I dally with a lover's tale,
In Fiction's bowers — while peals in anguish wild
To heaven the bitter cry of Afric's race reviled?

From Keissi's meads, from Chumi's hoary woods,
Bleak Tarka's dens, and Stormberg's rugged fells,
To where Garìep pours down his sounding floods
Through regions where the hunted Bushman dwells,
That bitter cry wide o'er the desert swells,
And, like a spirit's voice, demands the song
That of these savage haunts the story tells —
A tale of foul oppression, fraud, and wrong,
By Afric's sons endured from Christian Europe long.

Adieu, soft lays to love and fancy dear:
Let darker themes a sterner verse inspire,
While I attune to strains that tyrants fear
The louder murmurs of the British lyre,—
And from a loftier altar ask the fire
To point the indignant line with heavenly light,
(Though soon again in darkness to expire!)
That I may blast Oppression's cruel might,
By flashing TRUTH's full blaze on deeds deep hid in night!

[In explanation of some expressions in the preceding poem, it may be proper, perhaps, to mention, that it was composed in the interior of South Africa, in 1824, while the author was detained at one of the Moravian Missionary settlements, by the effects of a dangerous accident; and that the portion here given is only the first part of a projected poem (not now likely to be resumed), of which the concluding scenes were intended to be laid near the frontier of Cafferland.

Six stanzas beginning "'Tis Autumn's pensive noon," and the lyrical verses near the close, have appeared in print elsewhere; but, as their exclusion would have injured the poem, they have, notwithstanding, been retained.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that the incidents introduced are entirely fictitious. T. P.]

LOVE AND SORROW.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

Mourn not, sweet maid, nor fondly try
To rob me of my sorrow;
It is the only friend that I
Have left in my captivity,
To bid my heart good morrow.

I would not chase him from my heart,
For he is Love's own brother;
And each has learned his fellow's part
So aptly, that 'tis no mean art,
To know one from the other.

Thus, Love will fold his arms, and moan,
And sigh, and weep, like Sorrow;
And Sorrow has caught Love's soft tone,
And mixed his arrows with his own,
And learned his smile to borrow.

Only one mark of difference they
Preserve, which leaves them never;
Young Love has wings and flies away,
While Sorrow, once received, will stay
The soul's sad guest for ever!

THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

It was on a fine morning in September, Anno 1813, that a friend and myself, after standing the customary time with the troops under arms, made ready to pay a visit to a common acquaintance, whose duties still detained him in the immediate vicinity of St. Sebastian. At the period to which I now allude, the tents of the —— regiment of light infantry were pitched, beneath the shelter of a grove of dwarf oaks, on the top of a gentle eminence not far from the Bidassoa, and at the base of the Quatracone mountain. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the Bidassoa is fully five leagues distant from the point which we proposed to reach; and as it would have been a hazardous measure to sleep abroad, at a moment when a general action was every day expected, we felt that the sooner we set out the better it would be, both for our horses and ourselves. The early parade, therefore, was barely dismissed when we mounted our steeds; and as we pushed on at a brisk

trot, we speedily cleared the encampment, and found ourselves jogging along over a path as lonely and secluded, as if two huge armies, instead of being close at hand, were not within a hundred miles of it.

The road by which we travelled was not the great causeway, which, passing through Irun, leads by a glen or deep defile towards Vittoria, but a wild mountain track, which skirting the sides of the range, at the height of perhaps five hundred feet from their base, comes down, over the amphitheatre of low hills that encircle the town of St. Sebastian on every side. We had hardly struck into it, when the sun, which had risen about an hour, but which had hitherto been obscured by thick mists, burst, as it were, the veil that shrouded him; and the clouds, rolling down in unspeakable majesty, displayed to our view the gigantic peaks of the Pyrennees, towering over-head like so many rocky islands out of the bosom of the ocean. These, bold and rocky, but not on that account the less magnificent, contrasted finely with the waters of the Bay of Biscay, which lay at this moment in all the stillness of a dead calm; and as we were enabled for awhile, as often at least as breaks in the wood occurred, to command a distinct view of both, it were difficult to conceive scenery more striking than their combination produced. Nor was it the sense of sight alone which, during this delightful excursion, received ample gratification. The region of the eastern Pyrennees, like other mountain districts, abounds in rivulets

and small streams, which, falling here and there over ledges of rock, or rushing with headlong violence over stony channels, produce a ceaseless murmur, seldom loud enough to drown the voice of an ordinary speaker, but almost always sufficiently audible to check the progress of conversation. In addition to this, the trees of the forest seemed to be each of them peopled with singing birds; the bees were abroad in thousands, making the morning air ring with their music; and the roar of the sea, as it broke upon the beach beyond Fontarabia, came up, upon a soft west-wind, with peculiar harmony. I perfectly recollect, to this hour, the effect which this accumulation of exquisite sights and sounds produced both upon my companion and myself. Though usually not deficient in colloquial powers, we this morning maintained a profound silence, as if we had been afraid to interrupt the dominion of universal solitude by obtruding upon it the sound of human voices.

A three hours' ride brought us to the domicile of our host, where a substantial breakfast for ourselves, as well as an ample supply of provender for our horses, was in readiness. It was a snug cottage, or rather a small farm house, composed, like most buildings in this part of the country, chiefly of wood, and beautifully situated in the heart of an extensive orchard, about two miles from St. Sebastian. Not more than a bow shot from it stood another mansion, of dimensions somewhat more ample, though in structure and general character in perfect keeping

with it. The latter was, we found, filled with sick and wounded men, in charge of whom our host, who was a medical officer, had been left; indeed it constituted the hospital, set apart from the first for the use of that portion of the army to which the siege of St. Sebastian had been intrusted. Our host frankly told us, that the crowded state of its wards, and the deplorable condition of many who occupied them, would present no very gratifying picture of war in its realities,—yet, with the inconsistency which attends most men's actions, he proposed, immediately after breakfast, to conduct us over it; and we, partly from curiosity, and partly, I trust, from a better feeling, readily closed with his offer.

We found it, as he had foretold, filled with pitiable objects; but we found also, that every thing was arranged there in a manner honourable, in the highest degree, to the British government, and no less creditable to the commander-in-chief, and to the heads of the medical department. A single glance served to convince us, that no expence was spared in order to alleviate the sufferings of those who suffered for their country; and that whatever might have been the case in other days, now at least a medical hospital was a place, into which no soldier, be his rank whatever it might, need fear to enter. The different rooms in the house were each furnished with pallets, spread in regular rows, and at proper intervals from one another, over the floor; and all were as neat and comfortable as clean linen, and blankets white as the wool of which they were

formed, could render them. Then again, as to ventilation, though in some of the larger chambers at least twenty patients were laid, not the slightest inconvenience was experienced by any of us, whilst threading our way through them; and the kind and affectionate tone in which the poor fellows blessed the doctor as he passed, gave proof enough that the state of things to which we were witnesses, was one of every day's occurrence.

We had visited several of the apartments, and were preparing to quit the place, when the figure of a tall man, who sat with his head hanging down upon his breast, in the corner of one of the last wards, arrested my attention. There was something in the air and general appearance of that poor fellow, which excited, I could not tell why, my liveliest sympathy; so I went towards him, with the design of asking him a few questions, touching the nature of his hurts, and the occasion on which he received them. But though I addressed him in the same kindly and familiar tone in which I knew that it was the custom of our guide to address his patients, the soldier took no notice of me. Once, indeed, he raised his eyes and looked me full in the face,—and the motion enabled me to perceive that his cheeks were wan and sallow, and that an expression of the deepest dejection overshadowed his whole countenance—but he withdrew his gaze from me again without speaking, and almost immediately relapsed into a stooping attitude. Being much struck with the whole air of the man, I turned to my host, and re-

quested him to give me the information which his patient seemed indisposed to communicate. But he, too, merely shook his head and walked away. We had not, however, returned many minutes to his quarters, when of his own accord he reverted to the subject, and in a manner certainly not calculated to diminish the impression which had previously been made, thus addressed me: "You inquired a minute ago, respecting the fate of the poor fellow in the corner: that is one of the most distressing cases which ever came under my observation; and as I happen to be acquainted with the whole of the young man's story, I will, if you desire it, repeat it to you." It will readily be imagined that neither my friend nor myself offered any opposition to this obliging proposal; so drawing our stools towards an open window, which commanded a magnificent view of the city and the ocean beyond, we listened, with very considerable interest and excitation, to the following history: —

"It is now about six years ago since the regiment to which I am attached, being quartered at the time in the citadel of Plymouth, was joined by a batch of recruits from Scotland; among the rest, by two brothers, natives of the town of Fort William, the elder of whom, the poor fellow whom you noticed in the hospital, alone survives. Being myself a denizen of that place, I was not long in discovering that the youths were the sons of a widow woman, and the orphans of an old pensioner—who after serving his country for upwards of thirty years,

married, according to custom, a mere girl, and died within a few days after the birth of his youngest son. The name of their father was Cameron — an ancient and honourable clan, I assure you, much respected in former times for its warlike exploits, and still famous for the number of brave men which it produces; and Donald and Allan, the two young men of whom I am now speaking, were in no respect inferior to their kinsmen in any quality befitting the good soldier.

"What the circumstances were which induced them to take service in the army, I never accurately understood; but I have heard that Donald, whose disposition was daring and adventurous, involved himself in some difficulties with the excise, and that to avoid the consequences likely to arise out of them, he secretly left his home, and enlisted. With respect, again, to Allan, the younger, little doubt can exist, that he adopted a similar course for no other reason than because his brother had done so before him. The attachment felt by the one towards the other far surpassed every thing of which you can form a notion, and rendered them objects of the liveliest interest to every man and officer in the corps. Yet were the young men in no one respect, whether of temper, disposition, habits, or even bodily constitution, alike. The elder was a bold, high-spirited, irascible and somewhat capricious person, — of a powerful frame and robust constitution — an admirable shot, an expert swimmer, a fleet runner, and a skilful wrestler. The younger was a mild, sweet-

tempered boy,—for when he joined us he had barely passed his seventeenth year,—tall, but exceedingly slender,—and though by no means deficient either in courage or moral fortitude,—adverse to rough pastimes, and slow to take up a quarrel. Allan's constitution, likewise, was far from being a good one; his delicate complexion and narrow chest pointed him out as one in whom the seeds of the most melancholy of diseases were sown;—yet was he lively and active,—and, whatever his natural debility might be, it could in his case be truly said, 'the spirit of the man supported his infirmities.' As I have already told you, the kind of love experienced and evinced by these brothers, the one towards the other, was such as we are not accustomed to witness in real life, and which finds no parallel, except one, in the traditionary stories either of ancient or modern times.

"From what has been said of the tempers of these two young men, you will not be surprised to learn, that though the younger looked up to his elder brother as to a being of a superior order, he nevertheless possessed an influence over him, of which it is probable that neither the one nor the other was conscious. This he invariably exerted for the purpose of extricating his more fiery relative from the many scrapes and difficulties into which his natural irritability was apt to lead him; whilst on the other hand, the elder seemed to regard Allan more as a man is apt to regard a delicate-minded female, than any thing besides. His very voice,

when he spoke to him, assumed a softer tone, and however violent might be his passions, one word from his gentle monitor sufficed instantly to allay them. On the whole, the two appeared to be formed solely for each other's wants; and they were certainly not at their ease, either on duty or in the moments of relaxation, as often as they chanced to be separated.

"The recruits had been with us something more than a year, when an order arrived for the regiment to embark, and to join a considerable force which was then collecting under Sir Arthur Wellesley, at Cork. I need not inform you that in such cases, when immediate employment before an enemy is anticipated, the youngest and most weakly of the men are usually selected, for the purpose of being left behind, and forming a depot. On the present occasion the ordinary course was pursued, and Allan Cameron, as well upon my recommendation, as at the suggestion of the inspecting-general, was pointed out as a proper person for such service. But to the order, though peremptorily given, the young man refused to pay obedience. 'He was his brother's comrade,—they were both of them grenadiers, Donald taking his place in the front rank, and Allan covering him,—he had joined the regiment solely that they might not be separated, and wherever Donald went, there would he go.' The same language was held by Donald, though with the violence characteristic of the speaker. 'Why should his brother's wish be thwarted? Was there a braver

soldier in the ranks? and if he were not so robust as some, was not *he* more than able to carry his load for him?' At last the brothers, regardless of every thing like military discipline, threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept aloud. There was no holding out against such an appeal; and the colonel, melted himself almost to tears, desired that Allan Cameron should not be forced from the place which he usually filled upon parade.

"It is not necessary that I should relate to you at length, how the troops assembled at the point of rendezvous; or how strangely all were affected when information reached them, that the very people against whom they had reason to believe that they were about to act, were all at once become allies. Let it suffice to state, that seldom have eyes beheld a spectacle more imposing than was presented on that splendid summer's afternoon, when upwards of one hundred and fifty sail, including line-of-battle ships, frigates, sloops-of-war, and transports, weighed anchor from the Cove; and, shaking loose their sails to a fair but gentle breeze, put to sea. Nor was it the fleet alone which drew to itself the regards and admiration of those who beheld it. The shore was every where crowded with spectators; the old town of Cove turned out its thousands; Spike island, Carlisle and Camden forts, were each of them alive with men, women and children,—whose shouts of benediction rose loudly above the ripple of the waters, and were heard long after the last ship had cleared the capes. Surely there is no scene more

elevating, and yet more conducive to solemn and serious thought, than the departure of an expedition from the shores of the country which sends it forth.

"Our voyage, though unaccountably tedious, was upon the whole sufficiently agreeable; that is to say, the weather proved moderate, and no untoward accident came in the way to excite painful or mortified feelings. We were somewhat surprised, indeed, when the frigate which conveyed the general, after desiring us, by telegraph, to move on at leisure, darted a-head, and left us to ourselves; but we entertained even then sufficient confidence in our leader to be aware, that this separation would not be of long continuance, and that it was designed to serve some good purpose. Nor were we deceived in this. Long before the coast of Spain hove in view, the frigate rejoined us, and we finally found ourselves at anchor off the Mondego, with a signal flying at the mast-head of the admiral's ship, that the troops should be in readiness to land, in heavy marching order, at a moment's notice.

How the disembarkation was conducted, I need not inform you. Our regiment having been so fortunate as to take its passage in some of the lightest transports, touched the Portuguese soil so early as the second of August; where during several days and nights it found ample employment, in assisting to bring the stores, and the remainder of the troops to land. At last, however, all were assembled; and on the morning of the ninth, soon after the

sun had risen, our little column took the road to Leria.

"You are doubtless aware of the adventures which befel, between this date and the seventeenth. The marches being neither long nor arduous, were well performed even by the most delicate of the young soldiers, who, in great numbers, made up this gallant army; nor was Allan Cameron, either in zeal or bodily strength, apparently at least, inferior to the best of his comrades. It is true that, after the first league or two, Donald would in no case permit him to carry his musket, and that on more than one occasion, when the excessive heat seemed to press severely upon him, he compelled him to unbuckle his very knapsack, and bore it himself. But though he yielded to his brother's remonstrances, Allan insisted that for such interference there was no necessity, and he never failed in a single instance to be found at his post when wanted. At last, however, symptoms that the enemy were not far distant, began to multiply. At Leria rumours came in upon us that one French army was in our immediate front, whilst others were in rapid march from Lisbon and Thomar to reinforce it. By and by, certain intelligence arrived that strong bodies of the enemy were in position at Brilos and Ovedos; and finally the posts themselves, as well as the resolution of Sir Arthur Wellesley immediately to force them, became apparent. The latter event occurred, with a trifling loss in our party, on the fifteenth; and, the sixteenth having been employed in reconnoitring the

main position, we proceeded on the morning of the seventeenth, to attack General Laborde, in his formidable allignement above Roliça.

"Our regiment, as you doubtless know, formed one of those, which, on the retreat of Laborde to his second position, carried that difficult pass which covered the centre of the French division. Entangled in the defile, the two brothers, being, as I have already said, grenadiers, found themselves, as well as the rest of their company, suddenly brought into contact with a very superior force, and deprived of all support from the remainder of the battalion. The French having thinned their ranks by a well-directed volley, instantly closed, and though our brave fellows fought nobly, their utmost exertions availed but little. On this occasion, when our people were reluctantly giving ground, two French soldiers sprang upon Donald Cameron, and his foot happening to slip at the instant, threw him; but his brother was at hand to succour him; — the weapons of the Frenchmen were already uplifted against his breast, when Allan, whose musket chanced to be loaded, fired. One adversary instantly fell, and before the other could either step aside, or ward off the blow, he received the bayonet of the young Highlander in his throat. All this was the work of a moment, for, fresh troops coming up, our soldiers again resumed the offensive; and in a short time the first of Sir Arthur Wellesley's great series of European victories was won.

"If the brothers loved each other previous to this

occurrence, their affection seemed to have acquired tenfold additional strength in consequence of it. Donald absolutely worshipped his brave and gentle relative; whilst Allan clung to Donald as the ivy clings to the oak, or the honeysuckle to the trellis-work over which it is twined.

"The battle of Vimiero opened the way, as you are well aware, to a negociation, which cleared Portugal, for a time, of its invaders, and left us at liberty to march, as soon as self-created difficulties were overcome, to the assistance of the Spaniards. This we at length did, and, passing through some of the most interesting provinces of the Peninsula, we found ourselves, on the fifteenth of December, housed in comfortable cantonments in the city of Salamanca. There we remained inactive for a long while; rumour after rumour coming in to puzzle us, till a spirit of discontent began to exhibit itself among all classes. But the cause of the delay appeared at last to be withdrawn; and to the inexpressible satisfaction of the troops, our columns moved towards the Carrion, with the view, as it was generally understood, of attacking Soult.

"It is not for me to question the propriety of that resolution, which, when the minds of men were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, suddenly caused all idea of acting on the offensive to be laid aside. Sir John Moore was doubtless swayed by wise and prudential motives, in declining the battle for which every preparation had been made, and falling back behind the Esla; but for the

precipitancy with which the retreat was afterwards conducted, no military reasons, of which I, at least, am aware, can be given. It broke the discipline of his army; it destroyed the *morale* even of those who never quitted their corps; and it caused a greater loss among the feeble, and such as could not keep up with their comrades, than would have been incurred by two general actions. I cannot pause to describe to you any one of the many pitiable scenes of which that disastrous retreat was prolific,—but I must tell you something of what befel on that terrible night, which saw us in march under a pelting shower of sleet, from Lurgo to Valmuda.

"Our rear-guard had been sharply engaged with the advance of Soult's army during the day; and having repulsed them, we were ordered, at eleven o'clock at night, to retire. This we did; but during that long and painful movement, the strength of Allan Cameron, which had hitherto been preserved by more than a natural exertion of courage, gave way. He dropped by the road-side, and declared himself unable to go further. It was in vain that Donald relieved him of every thing, even to his very pouch and bayonet,—the boy could not rise, and to all it became manifest enough that he must be abandoned. No words of mine could do justice to the state of Donald's feelings, when the dreadful alternative seemed to be before him, either of leaving his brother to his fate, or of himself abandoning his ranks,—but nature was too strong even for military duty. He determined at all hazards to remain with Allan; and

the measure being connived at rather than sanctioned by his officers, the corps passed, leaving the brothers, one sitting, and the other lying at length, by the road-side. I need not add, that no one ever expected to see them again.

"It was fortunate for the brothers, however distressing to the army at large, that the complete exhaustion consequent upon this night's march, compelled Sir John Moore to halt during the greater part of the day following, at Valmuda. To the extreme surprise, as well as satisfaction of all, they overtook us here, Donald carrying Allan, as he had done for the last three miles, upon his back; and as there chanced to be a spare mule at hand, the poor boy was immediately mounted and sent to the rear. As to Donald, he again took his station in the front rank of the grenadier company, and though he had not closed an eye during the last sixty hours, he nevertheless contrived to reach the position in front of Corunna, in as high spirits as any of his comrades. Donald was present in the action which ensued, where he received a severe wound through both thighs; and, as if Providence had decreed that the two brothers should never be separated, at least for any length of time, he was removed in this plight on board the very vessel in which Allan had taken his passage.

"Though the regiment returned soon after to the Peninsula, Donald, from the effects of his wounds, and Allan, from those of exhaustion, were pronounced unfit to accompany it; and they were in

consequence drafted into the second battalion, then quartered in Ireland. There they remained, happy in each other's society, till a short time ago, when they again made their appearance at the seat of war; having been sent out with a draft, which joined us on the Douro. The brothers advanced with us through Spain, in the same affectionate, and even romantic spirit, which had hitherto actuated them. They took part in the battle of Vittoria, from which they escaped unhurt; they shared in the separate triumphs of Sir Thomas Graham's column; and, finally, they found themselves attached to that portion of the British army, to which the siege of St. Sebastian had been entrusted.

"You recollect the ruined convent of St. Bartholome, which stands on the summit of one of those hills that enclose the town of St. Sebastian on every side. When we first arrived in the vicinity of this place, that was a very formidable post,—the French having strongly fortified it with ditches and embankments, and surrounded the whole with a circle of field works. But as it commanded the point from which our trenches must take their commencement, it became essential, in the first place, to make ourselves master of it; and though as yet our battering artillery was far in the rear, and it seemed almost proof against light artillery, the general resolved to make the native courage of his men do the work of science and art. With this view a battery of field-guns opened upon it; and a portion of the

wall being beaten in, orders were issued to carry it after dark, on the same night, by assault.

"It fell to the lot of our grenadier company to form part of the force selected for the execution of this important, but perilous service; and Donald and Allan Cameron had again assumed their stations among their old companions. They accordingly appeared, like the rest, at the place of muster, just one hour after the sun had set,—where in profound silence, and in perfect order, the party awaited the signal of attack. I have often been a witness to such scenes as this—I have often seen columns formed preparatory to some mighty enterprise, but I am not aware that I ever experienced a livelier or more painful anxiety than on the present occasion. On the one hand, the redoubt about to be assailed, was one of no ordinary strength; it was well garrisoned,—as we had learned to our cost;—and its defences were little if at all injured; whilst on the other hand, the force appointed to carry it, consisted of only a small portion of the besieging army. We, therefore, felt ourselves to be mere lookers-on; and I question whether the sensations of a mere looker-on be not, under such circumstances, even more violent and more harassing than those of an actor. Be this as it may, to one fact I can bear witness, namely, that the troops who composed the storming-party were surrounded by a whole crowd of their comrades, whose wishes, however fervent, found no voice to express them, and whose very

lips were pressed closely together, as if they had been unwilling to indulge even in the necessary act of respiration.

"In the meanwhile, the twilight, which had for some time been dying gradually away, sank into night. There was no moon, or at least she had not yet risen; when a low sound, coming from the rear of the corps, made its way gradually to the front, and the word 'forward' became audible. Now then the persons not on duty opened to the right and left, and the little column, with quick, but silent tread, and in the most perfect order, pushed on. So well had the whole matter been arranged, that many minutes elapsed ere the movement became known to the enemy; and we who watched the event in the rear, began to hope that the redoubt might be entered by surprise. But the hope was not permitted to continue long in operation. First a single musket-shot, then another, then a tremendous volley, told that concealment was at an end; and the shouts of our soldiers, heard in the intervals of the firing, gave testimony that they looked for success, not to fortune, but to their own exertions.

"In spite of a hot and well-directed fire, the leading files of the assailants contrived to penetrate, without a check, not only across the outer ditch and rampart, but into the very body of the place. There, however, they were met by a corps of French grenadiers, who fought with the fury of men naturally brave, and driven to more than ordinary exertions by the stimulus of intoxication; and many a bayo-

net, on one side as well as the other, became, in a few minutes, crimsoned to its very socket. Our advanced guard, of which the brothers formed a part, stood the shock gallantly, and had an adequate force been at hand to support them, they would have doubtless overcome all opposition with a trifling loss to themselves; but unfortunately this was not the case. Whether the fire from the convent had told more murderously upon the main body of the column, and checked them; or whether, as is more probable, they had missed their way in the dark, and separated themselves from those in front, it is hard to say; but that they were separated from the leading section is certain. The consequence was, that these brave men, after being actually in possession of the great hall of the convent, were driven out; and that the place was not reduced till many valuable lives had fallen a sacrifice.

"It was at this moment, when the party overborne by superior numbers, were falling back, that Donald, who fought desperately as he retired, planted his foot, upon some soft substance, which shrank, as it were, from beneath his tread. A horrible idea crossed his mind, as a sort of groan, coming evidently from the object on which he was standing, caught his ear. He leaped aside, and a ray of light, from some of the wood-work which had taken fire, falling at the instant upon the spot, he eagerly gazed round in quest of his brother. His brother was not to be seen. But there was the body of an English soldier lying near him, and, re-

gardless of every thing besides, he sprang towards it. What followed no one can tell; because the French came on so fast, that our troops were almost immediately driven from the place; and, on mustering again in the outer court, both Donald and Allan were missing; but the final catastrophe was one which none, that chanced to witness it, will ever forget.

"The advanced guard, being speedily reinforced by fresh troops, returned to the charge, and the French were again beaten from the court to the hall, and from the hall through the blazing corridors. They fled in all directions, and being pursued from cell to cell, and from one hiding place to another, many were bayoneted, and the rest taken. But the convent itself was now one sheet of flame. The fire, which during the heat of the struggle had first been kindled, spread terrifically through the pile, and it became necessary for the men who had won it, instantly to abandon their conquest. This they prepared to do, as soon as they should have removed their wounded and prisoners; and it was whilst looking for the former that the dreadful fate of Donald and Allan Cameron became known to them. On returning to the great hall, they beheld the former, sitting in the midst of fire and smoke, and supporting the head of the latter upon his knees. But it was the head, not of a living, but a dead man, which lay there,—and it bore marks, which do not often disfigure the countenance, even of a man slain in battle. In the delicate cheek were impressed

deep dints, as if from the nails in the shoe of a heavy foot which had rested roughly upon it. How this occurred there is no room to doubt, and the consequences which arose out of it were hardly different from what might have been anticipated.

"Donald Cameron has never been himself from that moment. When first discovered he was in a state of pitiable idiocy; and he has continued ever since a melancholy maniac. Whether he will ever recover his senses, God alone can tell; but I confess that I entertain but slender hopes of any such desirable consummation."

My host here ended his story, than which I thought at the moment, that I had not often listened to one more affecting. I only regret that it is not in my power to say how far the doctor's humane prayer was heard. All that I do know on the subject is, that Donald Cameron was soon afterwards sent home as incurable; and the probability is, that he still continues the victim of a calamity, by far the most distressing of all to which frail humanity is liable.

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

I LOVE the land!
I see its mountains hoary,
On which Time vainly lays his iron hand;
I see the valleys robed in sylvan glory,
And many a lake with lone, romantic strand;
And streams, and towers, by immortal story
Ordained heart-stirring monuments to stand:
Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley could not move me,
Nor the star-wooing mountain, thus to love thee,
Old, honoured land!

I love the land!
I hear of distant ages
A voice proclaiming that it still was free;
That from the hills where winter wildest rages
Swept forth the rushing winds of liberty;
That blazoned broadly on the noblest pages
E'er stamped by Fame its children's deeds shall be.
O! poor pretender to a poet's feeling
Were he who heard such voice in vain appealing:
I love the land!

I love the land!
My fathers lived and died there;
But not for that the homage of their son:
I found the spirit in its native pride there—
Unfettered thoughts—right actions boldly done:
I also found—(the memory shall preside here,
Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease to run)
Affection tried and true from men high-hearted.—
Once more as when from those kind friends I parted,
God bless the land!

EVENING PASTIME.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Musing beside the crackling fire at night,
While th' singing kettle merrily prepares
Woman's solacing beverage, I delight
To read a pleasant volume, where the cares
Of life are sweetened with the Muse's voice,—
Thomson, or Cowper, or the Bard that bears
Life's humblest name, tho' Nature's favoured choice,
Her pastoral Bloomfield;—and, as evening wears
Weary with reading, list the little tales
Of laughing children, who edge up their chairs
To tell the past day's sport, which well avails
To cheer the spirit. While fond fancy shares
Their artless talk, man's sturdy reason fails,
And memory's joy grows young again with theirs.

RECANTATION.*

BY HENRY MACKENZIE, ESQ.

HENCE with the light, the rash, the ribald strain
My youthful fancy in its folly sung,
Marking the ANCIENT MAID with jest profane,
With ill imagined verse and flippant tongue:
My better judgment venerates the maid
Whose life, devoted to each friendly claim,
Gives to all others comfort, care and aid,
To self no present thought, no distant aim:
And still, Amanda, from the silent grave
Thou hast a voice to teach, a warning voice to save.

Peace to her shade — an humble poet prays,
Repentant of his sin of early youth,
In idle wanderings when the fancy strays
From sober reason far, and serious truth:
Now many a year has bleached his locks to grey,
And better thoughts his ripened sense can give,
And wisdom checks the smiles so falsely gay,
On folly's frolic lip that wont to live:
He pleads for pardon from the vestal train,
In all as weak, be sure, but much a fairer strain.

* Vide "The Old Maid," a poem in the last volume of Mr. Mackenzie's Works.

How many tender offices of love,
To many a family to their care resigned,
The gentle Maids have taught their friends to prove,
Felt, deeply felt, though scarce to be defined!
Taught from its infancy, the orphan child,
On its dear aunt for such support to lean,
Has felt her ruling wisdom firm, but mild,
And many a care averted though unseen;
And sometimes, wayward, peevish, would not know
The thousand tender cares her kindness would bestow.

And gentler far the cares of womankind
Than those the rougher sex can give the soul,
The silent offices that lurk behind
The seeming harshness of an aunt's controul;
To guard the health, the safety to provide
Of her young pupil, many an ill to shun
That else unheeding childhood might betide,
Or risks that fond believing youth might run;
That aunt's experience, like some guardian sprite,
Watched o'er the devious path to point the path of right.

Methinks I see Amanda's favourite boy,
On her soft lap his flaxen locks reclined,
His morning hour with glistening smile employ,
And lisping tongue that speaks the artless mind;
Her willing hand by his small fingers pressed,
He prays to hear the oft repeated tale,
Of parents by their travelled children blessed
When dire disaster made their fortunes fail,
Or piteous story of the Orphan Pair,
Trusted—too fatal trust—to cruel uncle's care.

Then would her lecture his young virtues form,
And with persuasive words direct his view
To that blest Power, who heeds the smallest worm,
And yet from nothing all creation drew :
Then would her early culture shape the soul
To every good and every pious thought
Of Him, whose sovereign and supreme controul
Supports the being which his goodness wrought :
And oft of heavenly wisdom's worth she told,
Which Israel's sapient King preferred to gems and gold.

Or if, perchance, the Patriarch's tale she told,
His father's darling like the listening boy,
Whom envious brethren into Egypt sold,
And reft their sire of all his age's joy : —
" Sold for a slave ? and to a foreign land ?
Alas, my aunt ! and to a gypsy lord ?—"
(Then with a stronger grasp he squeezed her hand),
" To feel the cutting whip or binding cord !
The cruel whip thy Billy never knew,—
So good is my papa ; so good, my aunt, are you !"

And when a sick bed held the darling child,
How would that bed her midnight tending watch ;
How would she whisper with low accent mild,
And bid his nurse let softly down the latch ;
Or gave the drink from her alone he took,
Mixed by her careful hand in measured cup,
When dread infection's fear the room forsook,
And soft persuasion made him drink it up —
Tasting it first herself to prove it right —
And for its balmy power watched the long anxious night.

And oft beyond "this bank and shoal of time,"
Beyond yon starry orbs that gem the sky,
She spoke, in hallowed words, of truth sublime,
And laid celestial scenes before his eye.
Skilled in the Sacred Book whose heavenly lore
Reveals the solace of the Christian creed,
She spoke of bliss when time shall be no more,
With solemn texts the Christian's hopes that lead
Above the evils of this passing state,
To gild the darkest hour of most disastrous fate.

And when the last dread hour approached the bed
Where dying friend or relative was laid,—
That last sad scene to which her duty led,
Where friendship watched, or sacred duty prayed,
With pious awe she showed the comfort near,
That comfort holy faith can well supply,
Staff of the Parent God it cannot fear,
Who beams his radiance on the closing eye;
That eye she raised—with zeal and truth combined,
Which blest religion formed on her exalted mind.

Oh! little know the men of pampered sense
The bliss those sacred doctrines can bestow;
Blessings which faith and piety dispense,
Even in this scene of mingled weal and woe:
But when the hour shall come, as come it must,
When all the glories of this world shall fade,
And its proud columns crumble into dust—
Then are the triumphs of that faith displayed;
Then is the earnest of the future given,
That lifts the faithful Christian's closing eye to Heaven!

Painted by J. Stephanoff.

Engraved by J. Romney

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

ISABELLE DE JAUNAY;

OR,

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

NOTHING was ever more ridiculous than the coxcombry of an old Frenchman of the time of Louis XIV. Old age, like death, is a calamity which must be bravely encountered face to face: he who thinks to evade either is equally a fool. In that day, in France, old men painted their faces, wore false teeth and eyebrows; enormous perukes concealed their grey hairs; plaister filled up the furrows in their cheeks; and, clad in the latest fashion, stuffed out, ruffled and gold-laced, they frequently ventured to address their love to the young and beautiful, and were not always unsuccessful; for who can calculate upon the result of female caprices!

Isabelle de Jaunay was young and handsome, with a heart which love had never troubled, and spirits buoyant as youth could make them. The Count D'Arcy was selected for the husband of Isabelle by her father, who judged of his fitness solely from the number of arpents of which his

estate consisted, and the numerous chateaux in which the Count kept up establishments. Taking these into consideration, old De Jaunay found the Count the most accomplished man in the world for a son-in-law. Isabelle had never loved, nay hardly thought of the passion: not to have thought of it at all would have been unnatural; but the truth was, she had never troubled her head about it, because she had never yet seen any one who attracted her affections. When her father expressed his wishes to her respecting the Count D'Arcy she gave a sort of indifferent assent.

"I must be married, papa, I suppose, and therefore it does not much matter to whom. When I am married, I shall have my liberty you know!"

"D'Arcy is very rich, my love, and you act like a dutiful daughter. I will introduce him to you to-morrow."

"Is the Count young or old, papa?"

"Not very old, my dear. The Baronne de Sablon married at your age, and her husband was fifteen years older than D'Arcy."

"And what age is he, papa?"

"Just over sixty, my love; but he does not look fifty."

"Forty-two years older than I am!—well, I shall get my liberty—what matters it?"

On the following day Count D'Arcy was introduced in form. Isabelle balancing the Count and liberty against her difference of age, chose the former. She supposed all men were nearly the

same. To be sure, the Count wore a huge white perruque; his eyes time had sunk deeply into the hollows of age, — but these latter were smoothed with paint; his cheeks, naturally of a jaundiced yellow, looked very blooming by the aid of rouge; his eyebrows were painted black; his teeth artificial; a large nosegay was stuck in his coat on the left side; false calves gave a rotundity to his legs; and his richly laced vest, buttoned over padding, imparted a courtly convexity to his figure. Though, in reality, a sort of adonised spectre, he did not seem so bad as many other persons of his years then about the court — old grey drones, that hummed round the flowers from whence they could not extract honey.

Isabelle looked at him with some little repugnance notwithstanding; but the love of liberty, which no female then enjoyed in France until married, soon overcame it. Her father strengthened her resolution, reasoned upon the folly of long courtships, love without riches, and filial duty. D'Arcy, in a voice feeble from age, but which he modulated so as to simulate emotion, seconded the kind efforts of parental solicitude, and it was agreed that, prior to the nuptials taking place, entertainments should be given in honour of the expected wedding. No money was spared. Old De Jaunay threw open his house. Music, wine and dancing enlivened the *fête*, — the most brilliant ever given in Blois; and when Isabelle surveyed the preparations, all the love of her sex for gaiety broke forth, and

she whispered to herself a thousand times, "What a delightful thing it must be to be married, when even the preparations are so charming." Poor Isabelle! The company arrived from far and near; D'Arcy moved up and down among them like a withered leaf of the wood along the fresh grass. Isabelle entered. "How charming!" "How beautiful she is!" were on a hundred tongues. The old people talked of the prudence of the match, and congratulated her father. The young people — but no matter.

Among the visitors was a young Chevalier of good family, but little fortune. His air was noble; his age under thirty, in the very prime of manhood. He was struck with the beauty of Isabelle, and the pearl about to be flung away. "Were she but mine," said he to himself, "what a treasure should I possess!" He took an opportunity of speaking to her and handing her refreshments; he also opened a dance with her; many timid but kind sentences he addressed to her, and she heard him say to himself after they parted, "Sacrificed one!" The guests were gone; and when Isabelle retired to her chamber, his manly form, and the words she heard him speak to himself recurred vividly to her recollection. She thought how much sooner she could marry the Chevalier than the Count. The next day and night these ideas strengthened. At length she decided she would rather have her liberty through him, and she determined to tell her father she could not marry D'Arcy.

"I do not think I shall marry the Count, dear papa," said Isabelle to her father.

"*Parbleu*, but you shall though, hussey!" was the reply.

"But I wont, my good papa, nor shall any one make me."

"Then you shall enter a convent."

"With all my heart; but I wont marry that old man."

"Take time, girl, and repent. I will not allow trifling—get you to your chamber."

To her room Isabelle went, and spent the day alternately laughing and crying, to think in one case of the change of her resolution and D'Arcy's chagrin, in the other of her father's anger. Night found her half in mind to wed the old imbecile after all. That night, however, brought her a letter from the Chevalier, full of agreeable compliments, expressive of a love which the writer could not controul, and asking for leave to hope, if it were not too late.—"I will never marry that odious D'Arcy if I die for it" said Isabelle, "once for all."

It would be tedious and common-place to relate the progress of affection between the two lovers. They soon understood that they were made for each other; and Isabelle learned how to estimate truly the difference between old age and youth in affairs of the heart. A thousand times she wondered how she could ever have been the novice she had shewn herself, in agreeing to marry D'Arcy. In the mean

while, the time rapidly passed away ere she must wed D'Arcy or enter a convent, her father leaving her no other alternative. Isabelle had succeeded in gaining some little delay; but the day was just arrived, and no chance appeared of avoiding the dreaded alternative but by an elopement. This, for many reasons, was impracticable. The Chevalier at last devised a method which was successful. They were, one day, in the garden of her father's house, in Paris, a city celebrated even now for its delicious garden-houses. Beaux and belles were seated in arbours cut in walls of dark green foliage, or sauntering in alleys perfumed with orange and lemon trees, and ornamented with statues or vases of white marble, cooled by fountains that arose sparkling in the noon-tide beam. Isabelle was seated by the old Count, to whose tedious thrice-repeated tale of an ancient court scandal, she listened with her hand upon his shoulder, her heart sickening at the duplicity of her situation. The Chevalier leaned upon the back of the seat, listening also, apparently, to the Count's story. He now took advantage of his position to slip a small billet into the hand of Isabelle, communicating the scheme he had matured, to which she, in due time, signified her assent. The Chevalier caused it to be hinted to D'Arcy, as from the minister, that a *lettre de cachet* was to be issued against him, for a charge of a serious nature. The Count hid himself in consequence, while he implored the intercession of his friends on his behalf, having reluctantly postponed his wedding. None knew whither he had

fled. As, however, the lovers were aware that their stratagem must speedily be discovered, they determined to get united in wedlock at all risks. This was no difficult matter, happening to be in Paris at the time.

Father Bernardo was an orthodox son of the church, to appearance at least. Lean and sallow abstinence had long been a foreigner to his cell at Montmartre. If a young noble demanded a secret union with his mistress according to the rites of the holy church, the good man was ever ready to tie the knot, for proper considerations, with which he never dispensed. Now and then the recesses of his sojourn concealed a light offender against the laws; for who would dream of searching there for a criminal? it would have been an insult to religion itself! Thither hied our lovers on tiptoe with palpitating hearts. Before the crucifix, in the cold stone cell, knelt the fond pair; behind it was a small door which led to a little room some six feet square; (there father Bernardo kept his potables and various comforts for the edification of the internal man); the service was nearly concluded—when a feeble voice, strengthened somewhat by rage, screamed out "Bernardo!" and in a moment, just behind the crucifix, up rose the wigless head of Count D'Arcy! the wig had dropped off during his hitherto stifled passion; the black from his eyebrows streamed down and mingled with the rouge on his cheek. Regardless at first of his concealed situation, he forbade the conclusion of the service. It had proceeded too far to make

what remained unrecited of any consequence. Fear mingled with his anger when he recollected that he had disclosed his place of concealment to his rival. The intercession of Bernardo, however, produced an agreement, written and witnessed by himself, to the effect, that in consideration of the non-disclosure of his hiding place, he should resign all pretensions to Isabelle, to which he the more willingly acceded as the recent ceremony made an opposite line of conduct of no avail. The Chevalier and Isabelle presented themselves to her father, who was soon reconciled; while the trick played off on the old coxcomb D'Arcy even now furnishes a joke to the good people of Blois in their proverb — that *"toothless dogs should chuse old mates."*

C. R.

THE HIGHLAND HUNTER'S CORONACH.

BY JOHN GIBSON, ESQ.

I'LL wake it no more
  By Strath-Fillan's blue fountain,
By Achray's lonely shore,
  Or Benledi's high mountain —
No more wake the sound
  Of the hunter's bold bugle;
For in death's narrow mound
  Lies my loved Coilantugal!

How oft has that horn
  To the chase hailed his coming,
At the first break of morn,
  Ere the bee raised its humming;
Ere the maid, blithe of mood,
  To the ewe-bught was wending, —
While each spray of the wood
  With the dew-drops was bending.

When the fox from the shade
  Of the pine-wood was peeping;
When the deer through the glade
  In the grey dawn was leaping;
When the mist of the hills
  From the sun-rise was flying;
And no sound — save the rills
  And the wild breezes sighing —

Then — oh, then — the far cry
  Of his deep-baying beagle,
From her eyrie on high
  How it startled the eagle!
Roused the stag from his rest
  In the glen of green braiken —
But no more its loud quest
  Coilantugal shall waken!

Ay! now may his hounds
  In the paddock lie idle,
And the steed roam his bounds
  Unrestrained by the bridle;
The proud pibroch may blow,
  But its note shall not cheer him —
O'er his breast the brown roe
  May leap wild and not fear him!

I'll wake it no more
By Strath-Fillan's blue fountain! &c.

THE MINSTREL'S LOVE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

Ye haughty dames all scented sweet,
  Who dance in jewelled dresses,
Go paint yourselves, and plume yourselves,
  And price and purchase tresses :
Or trip along in tittering ranks
  For man's supreme inspection ;
Or proudly rein your swan-white necks
  And pass him like infection.
Your foreign airs, and Florence hairs,
  And all your spangled plumage,
Are nought to me, my heart is free
  From all save Nature's homage.

O give me one whose loveliness
  Will grace my Minstrel story ;
Whose gentleness and kindliness
  Are Nature's pride and glory :

Whose worth of soul, and warmth of heart,
Glow bright in every feature;
Who seems a dream of Eden's queen
When first from her Creator:
One fresh and fair as May's first morn,
Sweet as ungathered honey—
And I shall sing a song of her
Will last while suns are sunny.

THE BIRTH OF SONG.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

Poetry his way had lost
Midst his labyrinthine bowers,
When a smiling maid he crossed,
Wandering too, but gathering flowers.

Music was the maiden's name—
Light and love her eyeballs shed—
And he felt—she felt—the same—
And they whispered, and they wed.

Sweetly were the hours beguiled,
Those delicious shades among,
And their first, their loveliest child—
Beautiful as both—was Song.

ON CONTRADICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AN ESSAY ON HOUSEKEEPERS.

THERE is in human nature an inbred spirit of contradiction—but I did not sit down to write truisms, so I will not go into a dissertation on that point; but advise you, if you have not been already taught by experience not to do so, never to praise very highly your friend to one who has not seen him, under the idea that you will thereby excite a lasting prepossession in favour of that friend, for most probably, if not most certainly, that one who has never seen him, will find your friend no paragon.

And now let me ask, who are the persons that like to be contradicted?

Why, first of all a woman, who for the sake of hearing her lover praised, abuses him to her friend—

A man, who has the stronger side in an argument, and longs to shew his wisdom or his wit in defending that side —

A person, man or woman, who stands high in his own self-conceit, and brings forward many a humiliatory phrase, to depreciate that same self—

A young lady who has a tolerable opinion of her voice, and continues refusing all solicitations to sing —

A bully who swears he will fight; but whose oaths and wishes are at variance —

A servant who has found his master's house a comfortable home, but has given warning in a pet.

We so seldom meet with the person we could allow to contradict us just according to the bent of his humour. Believe me, the lively Roxalana trusted to more than the beauty and brilliancy of her form and face, and the *petit nez retroussé*, which was said to overturn a kingdom — trusted to something more potent than her pleasant contradictions, and apparent wilfulness — in short, to her profound tact, which taught her just how far to go with impunity, and just where to stop. She knew that like the lemon juice in sherbet, contradiction would give a pleasant sharpness, because the sugar was not forgotten; whereas, a goblet of unmixed lemon juice would not have been more unpalatable to her haughty sultan, than a dose of rash, raw contradiction — such as old Mendham's for instance.

"I always speak my mind," says old Mendham. I've no idea of concealing my sentiments! I like to tell a person a few plain truths!"—Now in this habit, old Mendham resembles many persons who pique themselves upon telling a few plain truths to a man's face, that they may, in reality, give vent to their own

ill-temper. In fact, their assertions are misnamed truths; they are simply their own unwise and prejudiced opinions, made up of false principles and false sentiments. A man should never presume to speak these plain truths unless they stand upon the basis of essential truth, and are in themselves truths.

I cannot say that I quite admire the tameness of the Lady Griselda, from whom so many a Patient Grizzel has been named: but as for that sturdy gentleman, who put his hands in his pockets, and faced his wife, after he had followed her through every room in their mansion, and heard her settle every thing according to her own light and somewhat capricious fancy, with "Madam! you may have the house painted what colour you please; but *I* will have it green"—as for that fellow, he deserved to lose the lady, and catch a Tartar for his second wife.

This reminds me of an instance which was always highly entertaining to those who knew the man under his two different destinies.—A large heavy gentleman he was, of whom I speak, with a scowling brow, and Atlas shoulders, and a voice *à la Stentor*. He married for his first wife a meek tender-hearted creature, who brought him no common love and reverence, and (what some men like better than love or reverence) a large fortune. This gentleman was not without wit and talents, which made him extremely agreeable in society; and, therefore, in society he was generally well-bred and *tout à fait aimable*: but I often stayed with them

when a boy, and, I suppose, in my presence he forgot, or knew not, that children are among the keenest observers; for when I have been returning home as Bodkin between them in their carriage, or remained after the departure of the last guest at one of their pleasant parties,—then, then, alas! what a volley of coarse, brutal contradiction and insult has poured from the lips of that so lately facetious and courteous gentleman; and how humbly and quietly she would venture a few words, not of contradiction, but meekest expostulation; and how she would tremble, and yet try to hide her trembling, and wipe away by stealth the tear upon her poor cheek; and how she would cheer up under his half kind, half stern encouragement, when the bashaw allowed a wayward fit of good humour to surprise him, when he was pleased to approve in a dictatorial tone, or to jest like one conferring a favour! With what an eloquent anxiety would she watch the expression, struggling like a dim and watery moonshine about the clumsy features of his broad face! How sweetly she would blame herself, her own want of tact, or manner, or sense, or want of any thing in which he might chuse to deem her faulty or deficient!

He managed to work upon her constitution like some sort of slow poison; for after a union of a few years she died—not broken-hearted—oh no! happy, peacefully, smilingly happy; because he came up now and then into her sick chamber and sat by her bedside, and spoke kindly to her, and pressed her

little thin hand with something like tenderness. One who was present when she died, told me that after a violent fit of coughing, he stood and gazed upon her till the tears fell fast from his eyes; and that struck probably, at the instant, by the remembrance of all her love and patience, he kneeled beside the bed, and murmured something about regret and begging her forgiveness. This was too much for her. She had been apparently engaged in silent prayer, when the sound of his voice called down the gaze of her upraised eyes. It rested for a moment on his countenance, and marked him kneeling there. Upward the eyes were raised again, but a look of grateful rapture lighted them now; she moved her lips, as if to speak — it was too late — the last sigh of mortal breath escaped. "*In cælo quies*" was applicable enough, every one thought, who read the motto on her hatchment.

But now the time of retribution arrived to the tyrannical husband. He married again in his unbending, iron, middle age, a young, lively, handsome creature, a woman the very reverse of his first wife. Those who saw for the first time her small slim figure, and her fair face tinted with such bright roses, would deem her weak and feminine; and she could be, she was feminine,—but never weak in any sense of the word, except, perhaps, on that point where too many women are weak—saying "yes," when one for whom they do not particularly care, has made a proposal of marriage.

How she acquired her authority I could never

learn, and it was a deeper mystery to all how she managed to keep it up; but, what's the use of examining into causes and reasons on such a subject —one, that puzzles the observer every day? The fact was plain enough. The gentleman was the same gentleman, as tall, and broad, and stout as ever; he had the same smile, wore the same dress, told the same humorous stories: yet a change had past over the spirit of the man; he was never off his guard; a subdued tone had touched his whole character. As for the lady, you might see her power in the glance, or rather flash of her eye. If he made an assertion with any shew of boldness, in her presence, no matter on what subject—"Mr. Rattenbury!" she would say; the mere tone of her voice called him to order; and then the look of which I spoke followed. Mr. Rattenbury held his tongue, and looked cowed or scared, or sweetly insinuating on his gentle tyrant, while a hesitating, "My dear!" escaped his lips; or he assumed a pleasant air of raillery, slightly shrugging his shoulders, and laughing at himself, as much as to say, "you see how we married men are obliged to yield!"—Yet she never failed to gain her point.

Poor man! he had been used, large and unwieldy as he was, and all "for ladies' love unfit"—he had been used in his first wife's time to pay certain innocent and playful attentions to any pretty and smiling women he might meet with in society; and, poor bear! (poor man! I meant to say) he intended no harm; his first wife certainly had now

and then looked uneasy, and smiled with somewhat of a miserable expression at his little gallantries, particularly when he whispered his soft nothings to the very maiden who became the second object of his choice: but now he not only entered the room at his wife's side, but at her side he remained, humble, gracious, tender *only to her*, during the whole evening. If he sidled smiling away, she was sure to see him; and would turn upon him, abruptly breaking through any conversation in which she might have been engaged at the time; and she would find some employment for him, or put some question to him, or give him one of *her* looks. She never permitted her "Tassel gentle" to "slip a little from her hand."

It was her way, in society, to contradict her husband with a shew of courtesy, for she knew the bad policy of shewing too much authority. She was therefore feminine, demure, timid, every thing but yielding. Some years after they were married, a report got about, that in private the little lady could frown and storm, and go off into fits of passion, and fits of fainting, and that, more than once, the prettiest hand in the world, as he was wont to call his wife's, had been raised against the broad cheek of her husband. She always preserved her sway; and the deposed tyrant, as some called him, was a meek, obedient, loving spouse to the last.

And now a few quiet words with thee, my reader. Art thou married, or about to be married? Then bear with me a little longer, for my address is more

particularly to thee. It too often happens, that this vile habit of contradiction grows up between two persons bound to each other, by what should be the bands of happiest and holiest love. Beware of the lightest word spoken from want of temper, or petulance, or in the mere idle love of contradiction.

Do not be always anxious to prove that you are right. Let the consciousness of being so content you, without expressing it — there are wrong seasons of declaring what in itself may be right. Though you are right in your opinion, another may not be wrong; at any rate, you should remember, that both of you are fallible, both are human. Never interfere to contradict the statement made by another, of circumstances to which you were both witnesses; for the same circumstances seldom make the same impression on different minds, and the description of them must necessarily differ.

Cuthbert was devotedly attached to his young and lovely bride, and they were pronounced by all who knew them, to be among the handsomest and the happiest of human beings. They were both distinguished for piety, talent, and a disposition of peculiar kindness. They were young, healthy, possessed a competent fortune — and yet they were not happy. They were both a little given to contradiction; and the inclination was soon provoked into a habit by a reason at once common and natural. Cuthbert, from his childhood, had been the companion and friend of a widowed mother, who

lived quite secluded from society, and held many peculiar opinions, but who possessed, at the same time, a mind of great power. Her son had grown up under the influence of her sentiments; and among them, had been led, unconsciously, to approve, if not adopt, her peculiarities.

Helen was one of a large family. Her parents were persons of exemplary character and conduct; but they had (who has not?) their peculiar opinions, also, on some subjects. Cuthbert and his bride were prepared to be perfectly happy in one another's society. They knew not how much bitter experience they had to go through before they could learn the secret of being happy together.

They soon discovered, that while they held the same opinions on the grand questions of religion and morality, there was scarcely a subject of trifling importance which did not prove the source of a dispute. Their domestic arrangements, their plans of every kind, their occupations — all were subjects for contradiction; and then when children were born to them, came fresh sources of difference.

And yet they loved each other; so they thought. Yet their constant habit of contradicting one another, on the meerest trifle, had been followed by cold looks and hasty words; and we all know how soon coldness grows into unkindness, and hasty words to angry words. A peevish expression was beginning to fix itself about the once smiling lips of Helen, and a shade to gather over the clear brow of Cuthbert.

About this period an old widow lady paid them a visit of some months. She was nearly related to one of them; I know not which. She was a great favourite with both. Soon after her arrival, Cuthbert began to be very happy. There was a change in his wife's manner; a gentle and affectionate yielding to his wishes; a discreetness in her replies; which made him confess to himself, that (dear as she had always been to him) she was now perfectly charming.

"What is it that has made me so happy lately?" said Cuthbert to his wife; "for what I feel now, discovers to me, that in times past we might have been happier. I will confess to you," he continued, "that I have been more sensible of the worth of my sweet wife since a conversation which I have lately held with Mrs. Franklyn. She observed, dear Helen, my foolish pertinacity to my own opinions; and told me, what I was scarcely aware of, that I had acquired the habit of contradicting you on the slightest occasions, which answered but too well to the fault which the word of God condemns in husbands, where it is said, 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' I had some idea that you were also so inclined to imitate me in this failing, till I found, that on restraining and watching over every inclination of the sort in myself, our little differences ceased altogether. I now see who was really to blame; and I entreat you, my sweetest wife, to forgive me all the uneasiness I have caused you. Do speak to me,

my own wife!" he continued, "and don't weep. Why should those precious tears fall so fast when I promise you? Won't you speak, Helen? have you nothing to say to your ungracious husband?"

"Oh yes, yes!" she replied, drawing herself more closely within the arm that encircled her, and lifting her head from his shoulder, that she might meet his full gaze — "It is not for me to be silent, dear husband! I have to ask pardon also; nay, I feel inclined to confess that the fault was all on my side. But I know better now. I have also had a conversation," she added, very archly, "with Mrs. Franklyn."

I own, that this account of Cuthbert and his wife is rather common-place; but still I recommend it to married persons. If they heed me not, let them consider the true and beautiful words of Cowper:

> "Alas! and is domestic strife,
> That sorest ill of human life,
> A plague so little to be feared
> As to be wantonly incurred,
> To gratify a fretful passion,
> On every trivial provocation?
> The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to forbear;
> And something every day they live,
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

LAYS OF THE SEASONS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

SPRING.

The Spring—she is a blessed thing!
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild-bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is balm;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

The aged man is in the field,
The maiden 'mong her garden flowers;
The sons of sorrow and distress
Are wandering in forgetfulness
Of wants that fret and care that lowers.

She comes with more than present good—
With joys to store for future years,
From which, in striving crowds apart,
The bowed in spirit, bruised in heart,
May glean up hope with grateful tears.

Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air:
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.

SUMMER.

'Tis Summer—joyous Summer time!
In noisy towns no more abide;
The earth is full of radiant things,
Of gleaming flowers and glancing wings,
Beauty and joy on every side.

'Tis morn; the glorious sun is up,
The dome-like heaven is bright and blue;
The lark, yet higher and higher ascending,
Pours out his song that knows no ending;
The unfolding flowers are brimmed with dew.

When noon is in the flaming sky
Seek we some shadowy, silent wood;
Recline upon a mossy knoll,
Cast care aside, and yield the soul
To that luxurious quietude.

Above, waves wide the linden-tree,
With humming bees the air is thrilled;
And, through the sleepy hush, is heard
The sudden voice of woodland bird,
Like sound with which a dream is filled.

Oh pleasant land of idlesse!
Jollity bides not 'neath the trees,
But thought, that roams from folly free
Through the pure world of poetry,
Puts on her strength in scenes like these.

And sweet it is by the lonely mere
To sit, with heart and soul awake,
Where water-lilies lie afloat,
Each anchored like a fairy-boat
Amid some fabled elfin lake:

To see the birds flit to and fro
  Along the dark-green reedy edge;
Or fish leap up to catch the fly;
Or list the viewless wind pass by,
  Leaving its voice amid the sedge.

The green and breezy hills — Away!
  My heart is light, my foot is free
And, resting on the topmost peak,
The freshening gale shall fan my cheek; —
  The hills were ever dear to me!

I stand upon the mountain's brow,
  A monarch in this region wide;
I and the grey-faced mountain-sheep
The solitary station keep,
  As living thing were none beside.

'Tis summer eve, a gentle hour;
  The west is rich in sombre sheen;
And, 'mid the garden's leafy trees,
Springs up a cool refreshing breeze;
  And the pale stars are faintly seen.

The white owl with his downy wings
  And hooded head goes slowly by;
The hawk-moth sits upon the flowers;
And through the silent evening hours
  The little brooks make melody.

And, walking 'mid the folded flowers,
At summer midnight, shalt thou feel
A softened heart, a will subdued,
A holy sense of gratitude,
An influence from the Source of Good,
The bitterest griefs to heal.

A CABINET PICTURE.

A GRACEFUL form, a gentle mien,
Sweet eyes of witching blue,
Dimples where young Love nestles in
Around a "cherry mou':"

The temper kind, the taste refined,
A heart nor vain nor proud,
A face, the mirror of her mind,
Like sky without a cloud:

A fancy pure as virgin snows,
Yet playful as the wind;
A soul alive to other's woes,
But to her own resigned.

This gentle portraiture to frame
Required not FANCY'S art:
But do not ask the lady's name—
'Tis hidden in my heart.

P.

Painted by A. Cooper R.A.

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THE WARNING.

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THE WARNING.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY R. P. GILLIES, ESQ.

It was on a very beautiful day in the end of October, when on my way back from Hildsburghausen to Weimar, I happened to pass through a wild and seldom explored valley of the Thuringian mountains. On this excursion, I had the good fortune to fall into company with an intelligent *Jäger*, one of the Prince of Meinungen's under-foresters, of whom it might well be said, that he "knew every haunted dell and bosky bourne of that wild wood," and if we came in sight of any old ruin, or trod any remarkable spot of ground, he was generally prepared with his traditionary legend. Thus my time was agreeably beguiled, till towards the close of the second day, we found ourselves in the lonely glen already mentioned. Naturally, the scene was both beautiful and romantic. A clear and rapid stream enlivened the valley, which towards the south, extended for some distance into a level plain, while on the north-west, the hills rose abruptly. The ground was diversified here and there with such patches of

dwarf oak, hazel, and birch wood, as generally mark the site of an old forest. One might almost have concluded, from their appearance, that the district had long ago been scathed by fire, and that the woods had never rightly grown again. But principally my attention was attracted by a ruin on the eastern slope of the mountain, the remains of what might once have been a formidable stronghold. There is a *je ne scai quoi* about such edifices, that reminds one, by a rather far-fetched association, of the science of physiognomy. One draws conclusions from the aspect of the mouldering walls, regarding the character and fortunes of the people who heretofore resided there, and seldom have I been mistaken in the conjectures which I hazarded in this way. Some deserted dwellings and fortresses have, even in their decay, an attractive if not cheerful appearance,—"*ein freundliches aus-sehen*" (kindly looks) as my friend the *Jäger* would have expressed it. Others, on the contrary, exhibit far more of gloom than mere antiquity confers — a solemnity of aspect which the dazzling splendour of noon-day mocks indeed, but cannot overcome nor enliven— mysterious indications that within those walls inhabitants may have lived, powerful indeed, but neither good nor prosperous. Especially I am apt to cherish a prejudice against mansions that are built on the eastern side of a steep mountain, for their inmates are never blessed with the farewell rays of the long-lingering summer sun. At silent eventide, when "lovers love the western star," they

alone see it not; at those hours when one most wishes to be cheered, they alone are debarred that placid amber-coloured refulgence, which remains in the north-west, till opposed in the south by the rising splendour of the moon. But not only did the castle, which now came under our survey, stand according to my system on the wrong side of the valley, but there was in its exterior a specific attribute of ghostliness or diablerie, for its walls were absolutely black. It reared itself like the swarth figure of some colossal demon in that wilderness, and as we passed under it, I could hear the autumnal breeze sweep through its open windows and forlorn pathless corridors, in cadences almost like the moans and shrieks of a female captive in despair! — I stood still and gazed at it, expecting that the *Jäger* would as usual commence his illustrations, but on this occasion he did not say a word. "How comes it that you are silent here?" said I; "that is a frightful old fortress, and I feel confident you must have something interesting to tell."

"Nay, little or nothing," said the *Jäger;* "and we have at all events no time to explore the ruin, for we shall be late enough at our next resting-place. The legend here," (he continued) "is meagre, and in its details very uncertain. Some people insist that the castle is as old as the twelfth century, for its walls are of enormous thickness, and, formerly, there were vaulted passages and dungeons extending a great way under ground. Of its last resident owner, we are told that he had been dis-

tinguished by several princes as a brave soldier, but was to boot dissolute in manners, hideous in aspect, and a ferocious marauder. His name was Conrad von Zechenthurm. The proper hero of the story, however, was Gottfried von Schwarzenfels, lord of another castle, several miles distant from hence, and no less gloomy in appearance than that which we have just left. About the year 1221, Gottfried having at an early age gained high military renown in Palestine, returned to his native country, and became deeply enamoured of the beautiful Lady Bertha von Wittenrode, who had been rendered a prey to grief and despondency, by the loss of a former lover, whose fate was extraordinary, for he had disappeared from the world, no one could tell where nor how. He also had intended to join the Hungarian army on their way to Palestine; — the troop which he was to command had advanced a few hours march before him, and after bidding his beautiful bride farewell, he proceeded with the attendance only of a single squire. From that expedition he never returned, nor did he ever make his appearance at the appointed rendezvous. The lady was inconsolable, but it was long ere she would be convinced that he had in reality perished. At last, a woodman brought to her a finely wrought iron cross and chain, which he had found in a wild thicket of the forest, and for which he was in search of a purchaser. With horror she recognized in this cross a valuable relic, which she had obtained from the Abbess of St. Mary's convent, at Fulda; it had been

her gift, at parting, to her unfortunate admirer, and she well knew that it never could have been wrested from his possession, except with the loss of life. She hung the chain around her own neck, wearing the cross concealed on her bosom, and vowed that so long as she survived, this relic should be her constant companion, so that the remembrance of her departed lover might never be effaced from her heart. It was understood, moreover, that the Lady Bertha had determined on secluding herself in the convent at Fulda, whence she would never more return into the world; yet affliction did not triumph over her personal charms, for in all Saxony, no one could contest with her the palm of beauty. Numberless, therefore, were her admiring but almost despairing suitors, among whom, Gottfried alone, not without long perseverance, succeeded in gaining her affections. In features and person we are told that he bore a considerable resemblance to her first accepted lover, but that on at last becoming Gottfried's affianced bride, the lady suffered direfully from reproaches of conscience, inasmuch as she was already the betrothed of the dead. After their union, nevertheless, they lived together apparently in great happiness, or if any alloy were mixed in their cup of felicity, it proceeded but from the warlike temper of Gottfried, who could not desist from engaging in petty feuds with neighbouring barons, and was over-addicted to violent pleasures of the chace.

"In the year 1228, it happened, that by the Pope's command, the heroic Frederic II. prepared

to set out on a new crusade, and on this occasion, Gottfried for many reasons determined that he would not remain an idle spectator. When the disclosure of his intentions could not any longer be delayed, he explained to Bertha, that in consistency with his duty as a Christian and a soldier, it was impossible for him to avoid following under the banners of Frederic. Thereupon it is said, that the lady for the first time in her life, addressed him in the tone of reproach. She insisted that it was not the sense of duty, far less the spirit of religion by which he was then actuated, but rather his own self-will, vain-glory, and impetuosity of temper. At last, desisting from such painful admonitions, she suddenly threw herself at his feet, and besought him, for heaven's sake, to abandon his design, for she could not overcome the mysterious and deep-felt conviction, that no good fortune would attend him on that expedition;—but like the far-famed knight of Rodenstein, Gottfried was inexorable. To the last moment, her entreaties were repeated, and with no better success;—still the knight pleaded that his enterprize was a sacred duty; and finally he departed rather in an angry mood, leaving with Bertha, a moderate train of squires and other retainers, to protect the castle during his intended long absence.

"So he rode on his way, with a numerous troop, and was accompanied at the commencement of his journey by the hard-favoured and ferocious, though valiant Conrad von Zechenthurm, who was bound

on the same warlike expedition. Towards the evening of the second day's march, the latter turned from the high road, attended by a single squire, to visit an ancient knight, one of his relations, while Gottfried remained at a neighbouring village, whither in the morning news was brought to him that the Baron von Zechenthurm had been so severely injured by a violent fall from his horse, that his proceeding any farther would then be impracticable. Moved with compassion, Gottfried immediately took a retrograde course, in order to enquire after his friend, with whom he condoled on this extraordinary accident; expressing some surprize, however, when the baron seemed to regard this adventure as an evil omen, and declared his intention of being carried back immediately to his own castle. It is said that even then, though Gottfried's resolution remained unshaken, he yet felt a mood of distrust and apprehension stealing over his mind, and under such impressions, he wrote a brief but affectionate letter to Bertha, requesting her forgiveness, if she had been offended by his obstinacy, and enclosing in it one of his rings as a love token: finally he gave this billet in charge to the knight of Zechenthurm, who promised that he would, in person, present it to the lady. This conduct of Gottfried seems rather strange and improbable; — but so says the legend.

"Thereafter he pursued his way towards Palestine, and there are many inconsistent stories of his adventures in the holy land. Most accounts, however, agree on this point, — that in an early engage-

ment with the Saracens, he was dangerously wounded; and although as if by miracle he recovered, yet he was unable to render any effectual service at the siege of Jerusalem, his mind being so much harassed by the visitation of an extraordinary and frightful dream, that involuntarily his whole thoughts centred on his far distant home. In the dead of the night, it had seemed to him as if he awoke from perturbed slumber, and he once more heard, as if actually present, the last despairing accents of Bertha at his departure. Moreover, it appeared as if a large and dimly illuminated mirror were placed before him, and he beheld her in a vaulted dungeon, pale, trembling, with features convulsed by terror, while, approaching her, was visible a figure with a drawn sword,—and in this assassin he recognized the hideous aspect of his friend, Conrad von Zechenthurm. Gottfried now started up in affright, but even when actually awake, he heard the same mournful accents that wailed around him, amid the flapping of his tent in that foreign wilderness,—and he could at last distinguish the words, 'Farewell—farewell for ever!'

"Our hero, it is almost needless to say, was a brave soldier, little disposed to cherish apprehension founded on such visionary warnings, but to his own astonishment the impressions of that dream haunted him night and day, and were indelible. Fortunately it chanced that Frederic wished to send home a confidential ambassador, with important dispatches, and was easily led to make choice of Gottfried

for that purpose. Thereupon the knight set out with the greatest eagerness; and it is said that one day on his homeward route, when resting his horses during the noonday heat, he was accosted by a gipsey-woman, who predicted that if he arrived at his own castle before the fifteenth day of a certain month, all would be well. His utmost endeavours, however, could not bring him into Thuringia till a later period, and on his arrival in the district which we have just now traversed, he and his attendants were overtaken at nightfall by a tremendous thunderstorm. For some time the darkness was so profound that but for the lightning no object could be discerned. Gottfried, however, believing that he was not far distant from the castle of his friend Conrad von Zechenthurm, continued to spur his horse right onward, and amid the tumult of the storm had unconsciously left his attendants behind him, so that he was now quite alone. Throughout his long and rapid journey, the knight had not suffered his attention to dwell on that frightful dream which haunted him in Palestine, but now its impressions returned suddenly and irresistibly. Again he beheld the phantom of his beautiful lady with hair dishevelled, her countenance pale with horror, and the hideous Zechenthurm about to plunge a dagger into her heart, while amid the rushing noise of the forest, during the pauses of the thunder, he could distinctly hear the long-drawn moans and sobs of a female voice."

The mountain side had now become almost com-

pletely dark, — and — was it the effect of fancy or some natural phenomenon? We both heard a long protracted wailing sound that rose from a spot on which, as my guide informed me, still were extant the ruins of a small oratory or chapel.

"Yes," said the *Jäger*, observing that the tones had attracted my attention — "we are told that the subterraneous passages from the castle extended even to this distance, and that many awful crimes had been perpetrated and concealed in the dungeons beneath that very chapel. But to return:— Gottfried's favourite charger, who had hitherto never failed to obey his rider's commands, all of a sudden became restive, while in every limb and sinew he felt the animal trembling as if convulsed. This was the more unaccountable, because at that moment he had emerged from the forest into an open glade, whence the towers of his friend Zechenthurm's castle were at intervals distinctly visible. The storm, too, seemed to have passed away; only harmless gleams of sheet-lightning coursed over the firmament, while the stars and crescent moon began to emerge from the clouds. Gottfried spurred his steed, but to no purpose; the animal reared, plunged, retreated, and continued to tremble as if struck with supernatural terror; the knight dismounted and wished to lead him onward, but still in vain. No stratagem nor effort could make him proceed; but the cause of this affright soon became apparent. A form was seen floating along the heath, — at first like a wreath of white vapour, through which were almost distin-

guishable the moon and stars of the southern sky. The figure advanced nearer and became clearly defined; silently it came up almost close to Gottfried, and the reflection from a broad gleam of lightning disclosed to him the now ghastly countenance of his beloved and once beautiful Bertha! With one hand she pointed to a wound in her bosom; the other was upraised to warn him that on that path he must not advance farther. The appearance was but momentary. At first a chill shivering of horror passed over Gottfried's frame, but this also was but of short duration, for the whole truth seemed as if by supernatural inspiration revealed, and the duties of an avenger were yet to be fulfilled. *Alone* he must not approach the castle of Zechenthurm, of which the owner must be called to a last and fearful reckoning, if indeed he had been accessory to the fate of Bertha. With his bugle horn he made a signal, which after a space was acknowledged by his followers, but their answer seemed to come from a far distance, and he believed that they had sought shelter under some cliff of the mountains, which intercepted the sounds. Their signal was repeated, and at that moment the phantom was again visible; it had now passed him, and pointed in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. He followed, for his horse now suffered himself to be led quietly; and watched the figure, till it became stationary near the spot where, as I have told you, there are the ruins of a small chapel. The storm renewed its violence; a cloud collected; the lightning descended like a ball of fire accompa-

nied simultaneously by a deafening thunder-clap. The bolt seemed to strike the spectre, for both vanished together, while for a space Gottfried felt himself stunned and dazzled; but he had marked the spot, and on coming up, perceived a deep chasm, for the earth and the vaulted roof of a subterraneous building had been rent asunder. Some say that he recognized there the garments and mangled remains of the beautiful Bertha; but this much is certain,—a sudden gleam fell on the consecrated relique,—the iron cross and chain which by their electric attraction had effected the discovery, and which he directly lifted up and hung round his own neck. At the same instant his attendants made their appearance, for he had with him a band of thirty horsemen, and without drawing bridle, or encountering any opposition, they all rode onwards to the castle of Zechenthurm. There it happened that the warder, overpowered by wine and wassail, was asleep on his post; the porter and guards in the outer court were soon made prisoners, and confessed that the baron was alone in his banquet hall. "*Alone*, then shall I now reckon with him!" exclaimed Gottfried, and rushed up the staircase. No one indeed was present at their first meeting, nor is it known what awful words were interchanged between them; only a furious clashing of swords became audible, and some of Gottfried's party entered, anxious for the safety of their leader; but the hour of retributive justice had come; the ferocious knight of Zechenthurm soon received a mortal wound,

and fell uttering fiend-like imprecations. By the confession of his confidential squire, it was afterwards proved that this detestable baron was in truth the assassin of Bertha's first accepted lover, to which crime he had been incited by rage at the disdain and abhorrence with which she received his addresses; though his resentment was concealed, nor did he betray to any other the repulse he had met with. During our hero's absence, Zechenthurm had also found means to force Bertha into his power, though in what precise manner her death was perpetrated, no one has ever explained. In their fury Gottfried's troop set the baron's castle on fire, and massacred most of his adherents; the pine tree woods had also been kindled by lightning, and for ten days thereafter the whole district was in a conflagration —"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, turning to the *Jäger*, "and it burns now!"

A fierce flash of lightning at this moment seemed to scorch my forehead; I saw nothing around me but fire, and heard only the roaring of the flames.

Nor was all this to be wondered at; for (to descend from romance to sober fact), after I had read myself to sleep, over a volume of German legends, the bed curtain, by a not uncommon accident, had come in contact with my candle. Luckily *Filou* (the most sagacious of poodles,) awoke me by vehement barking — and I had never been in Thuringia, nor spoken with the prince of Meinungen's forester, except in a dream.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREATE.

Death has gone up into our Palaces!
The light of day once more
Hath visited the last abode
Of mortal royalty,
The dark and silent vault.

But not as when the silence of that vault
Was interrupted last
Doth England raise her loud lament,
Like one by sudden grief
Surprised and overcome.

Then with a passionate sorrow we bewailed
Youth on the untimely bier;
And hopes which seemed like flower-buds full,
Just opening to the sun,
For ever swept away.

The heart then struggled with repining thoughts,
With feelings that almost
Arraigned the inscrutable decree,
Embittered by a sense
Of that which might have been.

This grief hath no repining; all is well,
What hath been, and what is!
The Angel of Deliverance came
To one who full of years
Awaited her release.

All that our fathers in their prayers desired,
When first their chosen Queen
Set on our shores her happy feet,
All by indulgent Heaven
Had largely been vouchsafed.

At Court the Household Virtues had their place;
Domestic Purity
Maintained her proper influence there:
The marriage bed was blest,
And length of days was given.

No cause for sorrow then but thankfulness;
Life's business well performed,
When weary age full willingly
Resigns itself to sleep,
In sure and certain hope!

Oh end to be desired, whene'er, as now,
Good Works have gone before,
The seasonable fruit of Faith;
And good Report, and good
Example have survived!

Her left hand knew not of the ample alms
Which her right hand had done,
And therefore in the awful hour
The promises were hers
To secret bounty made.

With more than royal honours to the tomb
Her bier is borne; with more
Than Pomp can claim or Power bestow;
With blessings and with prayers
From many a grateful heart.

Long, long then shall Queen Charlotte's name be dear;
And future Queens to her
As to their best examplar look:
Who imitates her best
May best deserve our love.

HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Close we the book—enough—the first dark page
Reveals the common course of every age.
The forest-wanderer and his cavern-home—
The hut deserted for the civic dome—
The iron nerve, exulting in the chace,
Relaxed, and robbed of nature's matchless grace—
The wild-dog's hunger, and the lion's strife
Changed to the wants and wars of polished life—
The fierce decision following brief debate
Turned to set quarrel and smooth-spoken hate—
Beads, bones and shells despised for love of gold,—
The only love on earth that ne'er grows cold—
Such the unvarying tale thy records give,
O History! of all that lived or live.

Still in thy wisdom, world! the child appears,
Though tottering onward to six thousand years—
In what are Europe's empires of to-day
Above the countless nations swept away?

Yield France and England greater good to man
Than Greece and Rome ere adverse times began?
Let the eye roam at large from pole to pole,
Scan every patch that bears a human soul,
And say wherein the race it gazes on
Arise superior to their fathers gone.
In vain we boast of arts our sires had not,
How much we would recover, is forgot!
In vain we shout "Improvement!" while around
The moan of Misery mocks the lying sound—
While Avarice usurps the regal throne,
Holds a relentless sway and rules alone—
While Vice infuses poison in the cup
Of life, and self-destroying gulps it up:
And the same soil soaked in mild Abel's blood
Is yearly deluged with a crimson flood.

The flag of conquest streams o'er many lands;
Its staff reposes not in chosen hands;
To-day it glows beneath the rising sun,
To-morrow meets him when his course is done;
This hour flies lightly on the southern gale,
Fiercely the next where northern blasts prevail.
Where sleeps thy pride, old Egypt?—where is thine,
Loved of Jehovah—favoured Palestine?—
'Mid storms of sand the desert-demon reigns
Above the silent cities of the plains;
Great Babylon and Nineveh, ye now
Would spare the labour of the victor's plough!
Thy bird, Minerva! may a shelter find
In famed Athena suited to its kind!

But, worse than all, misfortune, linked to shame,
Hath stamped abasement on the Roman name —
A poor besotted thing of crumbling clay
In Cæsar's city keeps a bigot's sway,
And Superstition its black draught distils
Where Tully's thunder shook the imperial hills!

And must this dreary game be always played?
Shall men for ever grapple with a shade?
Will England, too, like Venice, Belgium, feel
The sea-slime oozing through the rotten keel —
Her mighty members lopped — her laurels torn —
Her name become to younger states a scorn?
Yet nothing done to make her downfall more
Worthy of weeping than those sped before;
This, the sole record on her wave-washed stone —
"Once glory dwelt in Albion — it is gone!"

By heaven! it is beyond conception strange,
How man, the changeling, shuns all noble change!
How spirits, panting for exalted state,
Creep on the vulgar highway to be great!
For riches lick the dust, or coin the lie
To purchase honours merit may not buy;
Or risk their own to cut a throat or two
In some low cause projected by the few —
When there are smiles to win, and tears to dry,
And many an untold wrong to rectify,
And bleeding hearts to heal, and fame to gain,
Unbought by flattery, dross, or myriads slain;

The sacred incense of a people's prayers
For him who sees his happiness in theirs —
The radiant blessings of the grateful breast
That on the brow affectionately rest,
That, ere the soul to its Creator flies,
Ascend, a starry herald, to the skies,
While the gross meteor of the slaves of earth
Sinks with them in the clod which gave them birth.

Hasten, O God Omnipotent! the hour
When Truth shall reign with undivided power —
When Innocence shall cease to be the game
At which the hunters of their species aim —
When generous natures shall escape a sneer,
Because they soothed pale Wo and shared its tear;
When the historian's page no more shall be
A damning proof against humanity —
When all the eternal precept shall revere,
That to do good is to be happy here —
When man shall make a common league with man
To crush whatever mars Love's holy plan —
To blast the selfish baseness that would steal
The thoughts, one moment, from the general weal.

THE COVENANTERS.

A SCOTTISH TRADITIONARY TALE.

During the persecutions in Scotland, consequent upon the fruitless attempt to root out Presbyterianism and establish Episcopacy by force, there lived one Allan Hamilton, a farmer, at the foot of the Lowther mountains in Lanarkshire. His house was situated in a remote valley, which though of small extent, was beautiful and romantic, being embosomed on all sides by hills covered to their summits with rich verdure. Around the house was a considerable piece of arable ground, and behind it a well-stocked orchard and garden. A few tall trees grew in front, waving their ample foliage over the roof, while at each side of the door was a little plot planted with honeysuckle, wallflower, and various odoriferous shrubs. The owner of this neat mansion was a fortunate man; for the world had hitherto gone well with him, and if he had lost his wife — an affliction which sixteen years had mellowed over — he was blessed with an affectionate

and virtuous daughter. He had two male and as many female servants to assist him in his farming operations; and so well had his industry been rewarded, that he might be considered one of the most prosperous husbandmen in that part of the country.

Mary Hamilton, his only child, was, at the time we speak of, nineteen years of age. She was an extremely handsome girl, and, though living in so remote a quarter, the whole district of the Lowthers rung with the fame of her beauty. But this was the least of her qualifications, for her mind was even fairer than her person; and on her pure spirit the impress of virtue and affection was stamped in legible characters.

Allan, though a religious man, was not an enthusiast; and, from certain prudent considerations, had forborne to shew any of that ardent zeal for the faith which distinguished many of his countrymen. He approved secretly in his heart of the measures adopted by the Covenanters, and inwardly prayed for their success; but these matters he kept to his own mind, reading his Bible with his daughter at home, and not exposing himself or her to the machinations of the persecuting party.

It was on an August evening, that he and his daughter were seated together in their little parlour. He had performed all his daily labours, and had permitted his servants to go to some rural meeting several miles off. Being thus left undisturbed, he enjoyed with her that quiet rest so grateful after a day spent in toil. The day had been remarkably

beautiful; but towards nightfall, the heavens were overcast with dark clouds, and the sun had that sultry glare which is so often the forerunner of a tempest. When this luminary disappeared beneath the mountains he left a red and glowing twilight behind him; and over the firmament a tissue of crimson clouds was extended, mingled here and there with black vapours. The atmosphere was hot, sickening, and oppressive, and seemed to teem with some approaching convulsion.

"We shall have a storm to-night," Allan remarked to his daughter. "I wish that I had not let the servants out; they will be overtaken in it to a certainty as they cross the moors."

"There is no fear of them, father," replied Mary; "they know the road well; and at any rate the tempest will be over before they think of stirring from where they are."

Allan did not make any answer, but continued looking through the window opposite to which he was placed. He could see from it the mountain of Lowther, the highest in Lanarkshire: its huge shoulders and top were distinctly visible, standing forth in grand relief from the red clouds above and behind it. The last rays of the sun, bursting from the rim of the horizon, still lingered upon the hill, and, casting over its western side a broad and luminous glare, gave to it the appearance of a burnished pyramid towering from the earth. This gorgeous vision, however, did not continue long. In a few minutes the mountain lost its ruddy tint, and

the sky around it became obscurer. Shortly afterwards a huge sable cloud was observed hovering over its summit. "Look Mary," cried Allan to his daughter, "did you ever see any thing grander than this? Look at yon black cloud that hangs over Lowther." Mary did so, and saw the same thing as was remarked by her father. The cloud came down slowly and majestically, enveloped the summit of the mountain, and descended for some way upon its sides. At last, when it had fairly settled, confirming, as it were, its dismal empire, a flash of fire was seen suddenly to issue from the midst of it. It revealed, for an instant, the summit of Lowther; then vanishing with meteor-like rapidity, left every thing in the former state of gloom. Mary clung with alarm to her father. "Hush, my dear," said Allan, pressing her closely to him, "and you will hear the thunder." He had scarcely pronounced the word when a clap was heard, so loud that the summit of the mountain appeared to be rent in twain. The terrific sound continued some time, for the neighbouring hills caught it up and re-echoed it to each other, till it died away in the distance. A succession of flashes and peals from different quarters succeeded, and in a short time, a deluge of rain poured down with the utmost violence.

The two inmates did not hear this noise without alarm. The rain beat loudly upon the windows, while, every now and then, fearful peals of thunder burst overhead. Without, no object was visible: darkness alone prevailed, varied at intervals with

fierce glares of lightning. Thereafter gusts of wind began to sweep with tumult through the glen; and the stream which flowed past the house was evidently swollen, from the increased noise of its current rushing impetuously on.

The tempest continued to rage with unabated violence, when a knock was heard at the door. Allan opened it, expecting to find his domestics; but to his astonishment and dismay he beheld the Rev. Thomas Hervey, one of the most famous preachers of the Covenant. He was a venerable old man, and seemed overcome with fatigue and want, for he was pale and drooping, while his thin garments were drenched with rain. Now, though Allan Hamilton would yield to no man in benevolence, he never, on any occasion, felt so disposed, as at present, to outrage his own feelings, and cast aside the godlike virtue of charity. Mr. Hervey, like many other good men, was proscribed by the ruling powers; and persecution then ran so high, that to grant him a night's lodging amounted to a capital crime. Many persons had already been shot for affording this slight charity to the outlawed Covenanters: Allan himself had been an unwilling witness of this dreadful fact. It was not, therefore, with his usual alacrity that he welcomed in the wayworn stranger. On the contrary, he held the door half shut, and in a tone of embarrassment asked him what he wanted.

"I see, Mr. Hamilton," said the minister calmly, "that you do not wish I should cross your thresh-

old. You ask me what I want. Is that christian? What can any one want in a night like this, but lodgement and protection? If you grant it to me, I shall pray for you and yours; if you refuse it, I can only shake the dust off my feet and depart, albeit it be to death."

"Mr. Hervey," said Allan, "you know your situation, and you know mine. I would be loth to treat the meanest thing that breathes, as I have now treated you; but you are an outlawed man, and a lodging for one night under my roof is as much as my life is worth. Was it not last month I saw one of my nearest neighbours cruelly slain for doing a less thing — even for giving a morsel of bread to one of your brethren? Mr. Hervey, I repeat it, and with sorrow, that you know my situation, and that for the sake of my poor daughter and myself I have no alternative."

"Yes, I know your situation," answered the preacher, drawing himself up indignantly. "You are one of those faint-hearted believers who, for the sake of ease and temporal gain, have deserted that glorious cause for which your fathers have struggled. You are one of those who can stand by coolly and see others fight the good fight:—and when they have overcome you will doubtless enjoy the blessed fruits of their combating. You have held back in the time of need: you have abetted prelacy and persecution, in so far as you have not set your shoulder to the wheel of the Covenant. Now, when a humble forwarder of that holy cause

craves from you an hour of shelter, you stand with your door well nigh closed, and refuse him admittance. I leave God to judge of your iniquity, and I quit your inhospitable and unchristian mansion.

He was moving off, when Mary Hamilton, who had listened with a beating heart to this colloquy, rushed forward, and caught him by the arm. Her beautiful eyes were wet with tears, and she looked at her parent with an expression in which entreaty and upbraiding were mingled together. "You will not turn out this poor old man, father? indeed you will not. You were only jesting. Come in, Mr. Hervey; my father did not mean what he said;" — and she led him in by the hand, pushing gently back Allan, who still stood by the door. "Now, Mr. Hervey, sit down there and dry yourself; and, father, shut the door."

"Thank you, my fair maiden," said the Minister. "The Lord, for this good deed, will aid you in your distresses. You have shown that the old may be taught by the young; and I pray that this lesson of charity which you have given to your father, may not turn out to your scathe or his."

Allan said nothing: he felt that the part he had acted was hardly a generous one, although perhaps justified by the stern necessity of the times. His heart was naturally benevolent, and in the consciousness of self-reproach every dread of danger was obliterated.

The first attention of him and Mary was directed to their guest. His garments having been thorough-

ly dried, food was placed before him, of which he partook, after returning thanks to God in a lengthened grace, for so disposing towards him the hearts of his creatures. When he had finished the repast, he raised his face slightly towards heaven, closed his eyes, and clasping his hands together, fervently implored the blessings of providence on the father of that mansion and his child. When he had done this he took a small Bible from his pocket, and read some of the most affecting passages of the Old Testament, descanting upon them as he went along: how God fed Elijah in the wilderness; how he conducted the Israelites through their forty years of sojourn; how Daniel, by faith, remained unhurt in the lions' den; and how Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego walked through the fiery furnace, and not even their garments were touched by the flames. Allan and Mary listened with the most intense interest to the old man, whose voice became stronger, whose form seemed to dilate, and whose eyes were lit up with a sort of prophetic rapture, as he threw his spirit into those mysteries of Holy Writ.

After having concluded this part of his devotions, and before retiring to rest, he proposed that evening prayer should be offered up. Each accordingly knelt down, and he commenced in a strain of ardent and impassioned language. He deplored the afflicted state of God's kirk; prayed that the hearts of those who still clung to it might be confirmed and made steadfast; that confidence might be given to the wavering; that those who from fear or worldly

considerations had held off from the good cause, might be taught to see the error of their ways; and that all backsliders might be reclaimed, and become goodly members of the broken and distressed Covenant. "O Lord!" continued he, "thou who hast watched over us in all time—who from thy throne in the highest heaven hast vouchafed to hearken to the prayers of thy servants, thou wilt not now abandon us in our need. We have worshipped thee from the depths of the valley, and the rocks and hills of the desert have heard our voices calling upon thy name. 'Where is your temple, ye outcast remnant?' cry the scorners. We answer, O Lord! that we have no temple but such as thou hast created; and yet from that tabernacle of the wilderness hast thou heard us, though storms walked around. We have trode the valley of the shadow of death, and yet thou hast been a light in our path; we have been chased like wild beasts through the land, yet thy spirit hath not deserted us; armed men have encompassed us on all sides, threatening to destroy, yet our hearts have not failed; neither have the prison nor the torture had power to make us abjure thy most holy laws."

During the whole of his supplication, which he poured forth with singular enthusiasm, the storm continued without, and distant peals of thunder were occasionally heard. This convulsion of elements did not, however, distract his thoughts; on the contrary, it rendered them more ardent; and in apostrophising the tempest he frequently arose

to a pitch of wild sublimity. Mary listened with deep awe. Her feelings, constitutionally warm and religious, were aroused, and she sobbed with emotion. Allan Hamilton, though not by nature a man of imagination, was also strongly affected; he breathed hard, and, occasionally, a half suppressed groan came from his breast. He could not help feeling deep remorse for the lukewarmness he had shewn to the great cause then at stake.

The night, though fearfully tempestuous, did not prevent slumber from falling on the eyes of all. Each slept soundly, and the old minister, perhaps, more so than any. Many months had elapsed since he had stretched himself on such a couch as that which Mary Hamilton had prepared for him; for he was a dweller in the desert, and had often lain upon the heath, with no other shelter than his plaid afforded. His slumbers, therefore, were delicious; but they were not long, for no sooner had the morning light begun to peep through the window of his chamber than he was up and at his devotions. Allan, though an early riser, was still in bed, and not a little astonished when he heard his door open, and saw the old man walk softly up to his side.

"Hush! Allan Hamilton, do not awaken the dear maiden, your daughter, in the next room. I have come to thank you and bid you farewell. The morning sun is up, and I may not tarry longer here, consistent with my own safety or yours. There are spies through all the country; but, peradventure, I have escaped their observation. I am going a few

miles off near the Clyde, to meet sundry of my flock who are to assemble there. May God bless you, and send better times to this afflicted land."

When Allan and his daughter sat down to their homely breakfast, the morning presented a pleasing contrast to the previous night. The sky was perfectly clear and serene. Every mountain sparkled, and the earth had a peculiar freshness diffused over its surface. The few clouds visible were at a great elevation, and were hurrying away, as if not to leave a stain on the transparent concave of heaven. There was little wind on the lower regions, scarcely sufficient to ruffle the surface of a slumbering lake. The dampness of the grass, the clay washed from the pebbles, and the rivulet swollen and turbid, were the only relics of the tempest. The weather continued beautifully serene, and when the sun was at his height, one of the finest days was presented that ever graced this most gorgeous month of the year.

It was about the middle of the day when Mary, who happened to look out, perceived six armed troopers approaching. They were on foot, their broadswords hanging at their sides, and carbines swung over their shoulders. In addition to this, each had a couple of pistols stuck in his belt. As soon as she saw them she ran in to her father with manifest looks of alarm, and informed him of their approach. Allan could not help feeling uneasy at this intelligence; for the military were then universally dreaded, and whenever a number were seen together, it was almost always on some errand of

destruction. He went to the door; but just as he reached it the soldiers were on the point of entering. The leader of this body he recognized to be the ferocious Captain Clobberton, who had rendered himself universally infamous by his cruelties; and who, it was reported, had in his career of persecution caused no less than seventeen persons to be put to death, in cold blood, without even the formality of a trial. He was one of the chief favourites of Dalzell, who used to call him his "lamb." This man's aspect did not belie his heart, for it was fierce, lowering and cruel. His companions, with a single exception, seemed well suited to their leader, and fit instruments to carry his bloody mandates into execution. Allan, when he confronted this worthy agent of tyranny, turned back, followed by him and his crew into the house.

"Shut the door, my dear chucks," cried Clobberton; "we must have some conversation with this godly man. So, Mr. Hamilton, you have taken up with that pious remnant: you have turned a psalm-singer, eh! Come, don't stare at me as if you saw an owl: answer my question—yes or no."

Allan looked at him with a steady eye. "Captain Clobberton, you have asked me no question. I shall not scruple to answer any thing which may be justly demanded of me."

"Answer me, then, Sir," continued the Captain: "were you not present at the field-preaching, near Lanark, when one of the king's soldiers was slain, in attempting, with several others, to disperse it?"

"I was not," answered Allan; "I never in my life attended a field-preaching."

"Or a conventicle?"

"Nor a conventicle either."

"Do you mean to deny that you are one of that precious hypocritical set, who preach their absurd and treasonable jargon in defiance of the law? In a word, do you deny that you are one of the sworn members of the Covenant?"

"I do deny it, stoutly."

"Acknowledge it, and save your wretched life. Acknowledge it, or I will confront you with a proof which will perhaps astonish you, and cost you more than you are aware of."

"I will tell no untruth, even to save my life."

"Then on your own stupid head rest the consequences. Do you know one Hervey, a preacher?"

"I do," said Allan firmly.

"Ha, here it comes! you have then spoken to that man, most godly Allan?"

"I have spoken to him."

"He has been in your house?"

"I do not mean to deny that he has."

"Has he not sung psalms in your house, and prayed in your house, and lodged in your house? Eh? — and was it not last night that these doings were going on?"

"I will gainsay nothing of what you have said."

"Then, Allan Hamilton," said the other, "I tell you plainly that you have harboured a traitor; and that unless you deliver him up, or tell where he

may be found, I shall hold you guilty of treason, and punish you accordingly."

"The Lord's will be done!" answered Hamilton, with a deep sigh. "What I did was an act of common charity. The old man applied to me in his distress; and it would have been cruel to have closed my door against him. Wreak your will upon me as it pleases you. Where he has gone I know not; and though I did know, I would hardly consider myself justified in telling you."

"Then we shall make short work with you!" rejoined Clobberton with an oath. "Ross, give him ten minutes to say his prayers, and then bind up his eyes. It is needless to palaver with him. We have other jobs of a like kind to manage to-day."

Here Mary, who stood in a corner listening with terrified heart, uttered a loud scream when she heard her father's doom pronounced. She rushed forth into the middle of the room, and fell upon her knees before Clobberton.

"O! Captain, do not slay my father! Take *my* life. It was *my* fault alone that the old man was let into the house. My father refused to admit him. Take *my* life and save *his*. I shall be his murderess if he die — for I brought him into this trouble."

She continued some moments in this attitude, gazing up at him with looks of fear and entreaty, and clasping his knees. He had, however, been too long accustomed to scenes of this afflicting nature to be much moved; and he extricated himself from the unhappy girl with brutal rudeness. She fell

speechless at his feet. "Confound the wench! was there ever seen the like of it? She takes me for one of your chicken-hearted milksops: out of the way with the ninny." He was about to lay rough hands upon her, when a trooper stepping forward raised her gently up and placed her on a seat. This was the only one of Clobberton's followers whose appearance was at all indicative of humanity. He was a handsome and strongly built young man of six feet. His countenance was well formed; but its expression was rather dissolute, and rendered stern, apparently by the prevalence of some fierce internal passion. The marks of a generous heart were, notwithstanding, imprinted upon its bold outlines; and whoever looked upon him could not help thinking, that his natural disposition had been perverted by the wicked characters and scenes among which he was placed.

"Captain," said he, "I do not see the use of shooting this old fool. I begin to feel that we have had a surfeit of this work. Besides, if what the girl declares is correct, there is no great matter of treason in the case. At all events, I would vote to leave the business to the Justiciary."

"Graham," said Clobberton, eyeing him sternly, "give me none of your cursed whining palaver. What the h—— is your liver made of? When there is any thing in the way of justice to be done, you are as mealy and cream-faced as if you saw the devil. A fine fellow to wear the king's uniform!

If you say another word," added he, with a frightful oath, " I'll have you reported to the general !"

" Captain," said Graham, stepping modestly but firmly forward," you may speak of me as you please ; you are my officer — (though neither you nor any man of the regiment need be told, that when my service was needed in real danger, I was never behind) ; but I cannot stand by unmoved and see downright butchery. If you have any thing to urge against this man, let him be brought to Edinburgh, and there tried by the commission, which will punish him severely enough, in all conscience, if he be really guilty. I have assisted in some of these murders ; but my conscience tells me that I have done wrong : and, whatever the consequences be, I shall assist at them no more."

" Ay !" said Clobberton, " you are a pretty dainty fellow — fitter to strut about in regimentals before wenches than behave like a man ; but, Mr. John Graham, let me tell you that your eloquence, instead of retarding, has hastened the fate of this rascally traitor. And, let me tell you farther, that on my arrival at head quarters, I shall have you arraigned for mutiny and disobedience of orders. — Ross, blindfold Hamilton and lead him out."

His command was instantly executed ; while Mary, in a fit of distraction, flew up to her father, cast her arms round his neck, and kissed him with the most heart-rending affliction.

" My father, my father, I am your murderess ! I

will die with you! Ye cruel-hearted men, will none of you save him from this bloody death?"

"My dear Mary, may God protect you and send you a happier lot than mine," was all that the unhappy parent could articulate. He was then torn from her with violence, and hurried out to the green before the house. Mary, on this separation, fell into a short swoon; on awaking from which she found herself in the chamber with no one except Graham. His face was flushed with anger, and he walked impatiently up and down. By a sudden impulse she ran to the window, and the first sight which caught her eye was her father kneeling down, and opposite to him the four troopers, seemingly waiting for the signal of Clobberton, who looked intently at his watch. At this terrifying spectacle, and in an agony of desperation, she threw herself on her knees before the soldier.

"Young man—young man, save my father's life! O try, at least, to save him! I will love you, and work for you, and be your slave for ever! Blessings on your kind heart, you will do it — yes, you will do it!" And she rose up and threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. A tear rolled from Graham's manly eye, and his soul was moved with compassion for the lovely being who clung to him and implored him so feelingly. He turned an instant to the window. "Let me go, my dear — the accursed miscreant is putting up his watch and has told them to present; there is not a second to lose." Without saying another word, he

unslung his carbine, rushed to the open air — and shot Clobberton dead on the spot.

The troopers were confounded at this sudden action. They lowered the weapons which they had that instant raised to their shoulders, and stood for some time gazing confusedly at each other — then at Graham—then at the body of their Captain. When they recovered their self-possession they raised up the latter to see if any spark of life remained. He was perfectly dead. The following colloquy then ensued between them.

Russell. "Whoy, I thinks as how he be dead."

Smith. "Dead! ay, as dead as Julius Cæsar. I wonder what old Dalzel will say when he hears of his dear *lamb* being butchered thus?

Russell. "Now, domn it, Smith, don't speak ill of the Coptain. He was a worthy man, that is to say, after his own fashion; and no one ever sarved his country better in the way of ridding it of crop-eared preachers: he was worth a score of hangmen."

Ross. "Gentlemen, there is no occasion to stand jesting and talking nonsense. Here is as pretty a piece of murder as ever was committed; and it remains for us to decide what we will do, first with the traitor Hamilton, and secondly with the murderer Graham."

Graham. "Whatever you do with me, I hope you will not harm that poor man. Let him go; and thus do a charitable action for once in your lives."

Russell. "I always, do you zee gentlemen, goes with the majority. Domn it, shoot or not is all

one to Dick Russel. If you make up your minds to let him go scot free, whoy, I'se not oppose it."

Jones. "Well, well, let him go and sing psalms in his own canting fashion."

The fact is, these men were getting sick of shedding innocent blood, and although ready to spill more on being ordered, rather shunned it than otherwise — especially when their victims were unresisting.

"I see, comrades, you are agreed to let the old fool go unharmed," said Ross. Then walking up to Allan, who still knelt — his daughter with her arms around him, awaiting in terrible suspense the result of their deliberation — "Get up," said he, "and bless your stars; but take care, in future, of your treasonable covenanting tricks under the cloak of charity. It is not every day you will get a young fellow to shoot your executioner and save your life. As for you, Graham," turning to his companion, "I hold you prisoner. You must accompany us to head quarters, and there take your trial for this business. You have committed a black murder on the body of your officer; and if we failed to bring you up, old Dalzell would have us shot like so many piets the minute after."

Graham's carbine and pistols were immediately taken from him, and his hands tied behind his back by the remaining troopers. "Farewell, young woman," said he to Mary, who looked at him with tears of gratitude; "farewell! I have saved your father's life and forfeited my own: don't forget Jack Graham." The unfortunate girl was distracted at

this heart-rending sight; and she rushed forward to entreat his guards to give him liberty. One of them presented his carbine at her. "Off, mistress; blast my heart, if it were not for your pretty face I would send an ounce of cold lead through you. What the devil, haven't we spared your father's life, and you would have us connive at the escape of a murderer, to the risk of our own necks!" "Do not distress yourself about me, my sweet girl," cried Graham —"farewell, once more!" And she turned back weeping, while the troopers held their way towards the western outlet of the valley.

Mary was too generous to be happy in the safety even of her father, when that was bought with the life of his brave deliverer. When Graham was taken away she felt a pang as if he had been led to execution. Instead, therefore, of indulging in selfish congratulation, her whole soul was taken up in the romantic and apparently hopeless scheme of extricating him from his danger. There was not a moment to lose; and she asked her father if he could think of any way in which a rescue might be attempted.

"Mary, my dear, I know of none," was his answer. "We live far from any house, and before assistance could be procured, they would be miles beyond our reach."

"Yes, father, there is a chance," said she with impatience. "Gallop over to Allaster Wilson's on the other side of the hills. He is a strong and determined man, and, as well as some of his near neighbours, is acustomed to contest. You know he

fought desperately at Drumclog; and though he blamed you for not joining the cause, he will not be loth to assist in this bitter extremity."

Allan, at these words, started up as if awakened from a reverie. "That will do, my dear bairn. I never thought of it; but your understanding is quicker than mine. I shall get out the horse; follow me, on foot, as hard as you can."

This was the work of a minute. The horse was brought from the stable, and Allan lashed him to his full speed across the moor. Most fortunately he arrived at Allaster's house as the latter was on the point of leaving it. He carried a musket over his shoulder, and a huge claymore hung down from a belt girded around his loins. "You have just come in time," said this stern son of the Covenant, after Allan had briefly related to him what had happened. "I am on my way to hear that precious saint, Mr. Hervey, hold forth. You see I am armed to defend myself against temporal foes, and so are many others of my friends and brethren in God, who will be present on that blessed occasion. Come away, Allan Hamilton: you are one of the timid and faint-hearted flock of Jacob, but we will aid you as you wish, and peradventure save the young man who has done you such a good turn."

They went on swiftly to a retired spot at the distance of half a mile: it was a small glen nearly surrounded with rocks. There they beheld the Reverend Mr. Hervey standing upon a mound of earth, and preaching to a congregation, the greater

part of the males of which were armed with muskets, swords, or pikes; they formed, as it were, the outworks of the assembly, the women, old men, and children being placed in the centre. These were a few of the devoted Christians who, from the rocks and caves of their native land, sent up their fearless voices to heaven — who, disowning the spiritual authority of a tyrannic government, thought it nowise unbecoming or treasonable to oppose the strong arm of lawless power with its own weapons; and who finally triumphed in the glorious contest — establishing that pure religion, for which posterity has proved, alas, too ungrateful! In the pressing urgency of the case, Allaster did not scruple to go up to the minister, in the midst of his discourse. Such interruptions indeed were common in these distracted times, when it was necessary to sculk from place to place, and perform divine worship as if it was an act of treason against the state. Mr. Hervey made known to his flock in a few words what had been communicated to him, taking care to applaud highly the scheme proposed by Wilson. There was no time to be lost, and under the guidance of Allaster the whole of the assemblage hurried to a gorge of the mountains through which the troopers must necessarily pass. As the route of the latter was circuitous, time was allowed to this sagacious leader to arrange his forces. This he did by placing all the armed men, about twenty-five in number, in two lines across the pass. Those who were not armed, together with the women and

children, were sent to the rear. When therefore the soldiers came up, they found to their surprise a formidable body ready to dispute the passage.

"What means this interruption?" said Ross, who acted the part of spokesman to the rest. Whereupon Mr. Hervey advanced in front—"Release," said he, "that young man whom ye have in bonds."

"Release him!" replied Ross. Would you have us release a murderer? Are you aware that he has shot his officer?"

"I am aware of it," Mr. Hervey answered, "and I blame him not for the deed. Stand forth, Allan Hamilton, and say if that is the soldier who saved your life—and you, Mary Hamilton, stand forth likewise."

Both, to the astonishment of the soldiers, came in front of the crowd. "That," said Allan, "is the man, and may God bless him for his humanity." "It is the same," cried his daughter, "I saw him with these eyes shoot the cruel Clobberton. On my knees I begged him to sue for mercy, and his kind heart had pity upon me, and saved my father."

"Soldiers," said Mr. Hervey, "I have nothing more to say to you. That young man has slain your captain, but he has done no murder. His deed was justifiable; yea, it was praiseworthy, in so far as it saved an upright man, and rid the earth of a cruel persecutor. Deliver him up and go away in peace, or peradventure ye may fare ill among these armed men who stand before you."

The troopers consulted together for a short time,

till seeing that resistance would be utter madness against such odds, they reluctantly let go their prisoner. The first person who came up to him was Mary Hamilton. She loosened the cords that tied him, and presented him with conscious pride to those of her own sex who were assembled round.

"Good bye, Graham!" cried Ross, with a sneer. "You have bit us once, but it will puzzle you to do so again. We shall soon *harry* you and your puritanical friends from your strong holds. An ell of strong hemp is in readiness for you at the Grass-market of Edinburgh. Take my defiance for a knave, as you are!" added he, with an imprecation.

He had scarcely pronounced the last sentence when Graham unsheathed the weapon which hung at his side, sprang from the middle of the crowd and stood before his defier. "Ross, you have challenged me, and you shall abide it—draw!" Here there was an instantaneous movement among the Covenanters, who rushed in between the two fierce soldiers, who stood with their naked weapons, their eyes glancing fire at each other. Mary Hamilton screamed aloud with terror, and cries of "separate them!" were heard from all the women. Mr. Hervey came forward and entreated them to put up their swords, and he was seconded by most of the old men; but all entreaties were in vain. They stood fronting each other, and only waiting for free ground to commence their desperate game. "Let me alone," said Graham furiously, to some who were attempting to draw him back; "am I to be bearded to my teeth

by that swaggering ruffian?" "Come on, my sweet cock of the Covenant," cried Ross, with the most insulting derision, "you or any one of your canting crew—or a dozen of you, one after the other." "Let Graham go," was heard from the deep stern voice of Allaster Wilson; "let him go, or I will meet that man with my own weapon. Mr. Hervey, your advice is dear to us all, and well do we know that the blood of God's creatures must not be shed in vain; but has not that man of blood openly defied us, and shall we hinder our champion from going forward to meet him? No, let them join in combat and try which is the better cause. If the challenger overcomes, we shall do him no harm, but let him depart in peace: if he be overcome, let him rue the consequences of his insolence."

This proposition, though violently opposed by the women and the aged part of the crowd, met the entire approbation of the young men. Each felt himself personally insulted, and allowed, for a time, the turbulent passions of his nature to get the better of every milder feeling. A space of ground was immediately cleared for the combat, the friends of Ross being allowed to arrange matters as they thought fit. They went about it with a coolness and precision which showed that to them this sort of pastime was nothing new. "All is right—fall on," was their cry, and in a moment the combatants met in the area. The three troopers looked on with characteristic sang froid, but it was otherwise with the rest of the by-standers, who gazed upon the

scene with the most intense interest. Some of the females turned away their eyes from it, and among them Mary Hamilton, who almost sunk to the earth, and was with difficulty supported by her father.

The combat was desperate, for the men were of powerful strength, and of tried courage and skill in their weapons. The blows were parried for some time on both sides with consummate address, and neither could be said to have the advantage. At length, after contending fiercely, Ross exhibited signs of exhaustion — neither guarding himself, nor assaulting his opponent so vigorously as at first. Graham, on noticing this, redoubled his efforts. He acted now wholly on the offensive, sending blow upon blow with the rapidity of lightning. His last and most desperate stroke was made at the head of his enemy. The sword of the latter, which was held up in a masterly manner to receive it, was beat down by Graham's weapon, which descended forcibly upon his helmet. This blow proved decisive, and Ross fell senseless upon the ground. His conqueror immediately wrested the weapon from him, while a shout was set up by the crowd in token of victory. The troopers looked mortified at this result of the duel, which was by them evidently unexpected. Their first care was to raise up their fellow-comrade. On examination, no wound was perceived upon his head. His helmet had been penetrated by the sword, which however did not go farther. His own weapon had contributed to deaden the blow, by partially arresting

that of Graham in its furious descent. It was this only which saved his life. In a few minutes he so far recovered as to get up and look around him. The first object which struck him was his opponent standing in the ring wiping his forehead.

"Well, Ross," said one of his companions, "I always took you to be the best swordsman in the regiment; but I think you have met your match."

"My match? confound me!" returned the vanquished man, "I thought I would have made minced meat of him. There, for three years, have I had the character of being one of the best men in the army at my weapon, and here is all this good name taken out of me in a trice. Blast my eyes, how mortifying — and to lose my good sword too!"

"Here is your sword, Ross, and keep it," said Graham. "You have behaved like a brave man; and I honour such a fellow, whether he be my friend or foe. Only don't go on with your insolent bragging — that is all the advice I have to give you; nor call any man a knave till you have good proof that he is so."

"Well, well, Graham," answered the other, "I retract what I said; I have a better opinion of you than I had ten minutes ago. Take care of old Dalzell — his *lambs* will be after you, and you had better keep out of the way. Take this advice in return for my weapon which you have given me back. It would, after all, be a pity to tuck up such a pretty fellow as you are; although I would care very little to see your long-faced acquaintances

there dangling by the necks. Give us your hand for old fellowship, and shift your quarters as soon as you choose. Good bye." So saying, he and his three comrades departed.

After these doings, it was considered imprudent for the principal actors to remain longer in this quarter. Mr. Hervey retired about twenty miles to the northward, in company with Allan Hamilton and his daughter, and Allaster Wilson. Graham went by a circuitous route to Argyleshire, where he secreted himself so judiciously, that though the agents of government got information of his being in that county, they could never manage to lay hand upon him. These steps were prudent in all parties; for the very day after the rescue, a strong body of dragoons was sent to the Lowthers, to apprehend the above-named persons. They behaved with great cruelty, burning the cottages of numbers of the inhabitants, and destroying their cattle. They searched Allan Hamilton's house, took from it every thing that could be easily carried away, and such of his cattle as were found on the premises. Among other things, they carried off the body of the sanguinary Clobberton, which they found in the spot where it had been left, and interred it in Lanark churchyard with military honours. None of the individuals, however, whom they sought for were found.

For a short time after this, the persecution raged with great violence in the south of Lanarkshire; but happier days were beginning to dawn; and the ar-

rival of king William and dethronement of the bigoted James put an end to such scenes of cruelty. When these events occurred, the persecuted came forth from their hiding-places. Mr. Hervey, among others, returned to the Lowthers, and enjoyed many happy days in this seat of his ministry and trials. Allan and his daughter were among the first to make their appearance. Their house soon recovered its former comfort; and in the course of time every worldly concern went well with them. Mary, however, for a month or more after their return, did not feel entirely satisfied. She was duller than was her wont; and neither she nor her father could give any explanation why it should be so. At this time a tall young man paid them a visit, and strange to say, she became perfectly happy. This visitor was no other than the wild fighting fellow, Graham,—now perfectly reformed from his former evil courses, by separation from his profligate companions, and by the better company and principles with which his late troubles had brought him acquainted.

A few words more will end our story. This bold trooper and the beautiful daughter of Allan Hamilton were seen five weeks thereafter going to church as man and wife. It was allowed that they were the handsomest couple ever seen in the Lowthers. Graham proved a kind husband; and it is hardly necessary to state, that Mary was a most affectionate and exemplary wife. Allan Hamilton attained a happy old age, and saw his grandchildren ripening into fair promise around him. His daughter, many

years after his death, used to repeat to them the story of his danger and escape which we have here imperfectly related. The tale is not fictitious. It is handed down in tradition over the upper and middle wards of Lanarkshire, and with a consistency which leaves no doubt of its truth.

SONNET.

BY JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

"Truly this was the son of God."

"Innocent blood I basely have betrayed,"
Exclaimed the wretched Traitor, conscience-stung,
As on the Temple's paved court he flung
The accursed silver by the murderers paid.
"I find no fault in him," the Roman said:
"What evil hath he done?" Yet must he die;
For still the infernal shout was, "Crucify!"
So Pilate called for water, and he laid
On them the crime, as with washed hands he stood,
Proclaiming, "I am guiltless of his blood."
And as He hung beneath the darkened sun,
The trembling soldier owned the murderous deed:
(A threefold witness: thus they all agreed:)
"Truly this was the Christ, the righteous One."

Painted by G. Arnald, A.R.A.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

CAMPBELL CASTLE.

Published by Smith Elder & Co. 65 Cornhill.

CASTLE CAMPBELL.

BY DELTA.

The ruins of Castle Campbell are romantically situated in a gorge of the Ochills, at the northern extremity of Clackmannanshire. It is of unknown antiquity, and passed into the hands of the Argyle family when the Scottish Court held their meetings in Dunfermline.

Its original designation was the "Castle of Gloom," from some wild, but unauthenticated legend, connected with its early history. Its name was altered to "Castle Campbell," by its subsequent proprietors.

Behind us tower the Ochills green
  Before us winds the waveless sea,
And there we greet, superbly seen,
  Grey Castle Campbell, thee!
By the grim storm-clouds overcast,
Even like a spectre of the past,
Of rapine, feudal strife, and blood,
  Thou tellest an old, wild, warlike story,
When squadrons on thy ramparts stood,
  With spear and shield, in martial glory!

Far in the night of ages back,
  Castle of Gloom, thy pile arose,
When, spurning legislation's track,
  Each strath contained both friends and foes;

Then passed unto Macaillian More
The drawbridge of thine entrance o'er;
And, while within Dunfermline grey
Each Celtic chief his king attended,
Power, pomp, and pride could'st thou display,
Than royalty's alone less splendid.

Then often here, where only now
We list the trickling of the rill,
The green leaf rustling on the bough,
The music of the linnet's bill,—
With quivered back and levelled spear,
The early hunters chased the deer
Through grove and glen with wild halloo,
Startling from eyrie high the eagle;
And bugles shrill reveillé blew,
And soared the hawk, and bayed the beagle.

The times have altered: to the north
The gillies of Argyle have gone;
And on thy battlements gleam forth
The wild flowers, where their tartans shone.
The days of chivalry have fled;
The red claymore is scabbarded:
No more for foray or for feud,
The fiery-cross a summons blazes,
And here, alone, on dark green wood,
And ruined walls, the traveller gazes.

A CHEVALIER'S SONG.

BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

If burnished helm, and spear in rest,
And knightly deeds of high renown,
Had any power to move thy breast,
I'd throw my ready gauntlet down;
And challenge all, both prince and peer,
For thy dear sake to break a spear.

Or if thou dost these triumphs scorn,
And penance drear and deep enjoin,
A shirt of hair, a scourge of thorn,
I'd gladly bear to make thee mine;
And in the lonely desert lie,
My bed the rock, my roof the sky.

But nought will do! thy cruelty
Is proof 'gainst penance, glory, grief;
Th' unfeeling glance of that cold eye
Too plainly tells there's no relief;
And all my love for many a year
Will ne'er wring out one little tear.

EPISTLE

TO THE EDITOR OF FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Honoured and gifted Friend,
Why ask of me, a votary of the Nine,
My bootless aid to lend
E'en to one page of such a tome as thine?

Hast thou not heard the news,
That Bards and Poesy are "out of date?"
And that the only Mews,
Now cared for, is of *quadrupedal* state?

"Cui bono?" is the cry:—
Mechanics' Institutes, Steam-engines, Shares
In some New Company,—
Omnium, and Scrip, the talk of Bulls and Bears.

Some new and vulgar wonder
Far more than Poetry may hope to please; —
Thames and its Tunnel under,
Or else Don Miguel and the Portuguese!

Or Wright, and his Champagne,
So much per dozen, counting in the packing;
The price of hides and grain,
Or peerless qualities of Warren's Blacking!

Such are the themes and things
Which now are popular: but who for such
Could tune the lyre's sweet strings,
Nor feel that he profaned them by his touch?

Then be the harp unstrung
'Till simple Nature re-assert her reign;
And hearts, once more grown young,
Respond with feeling to its gentlest strain.

'Till then, alas! I fear
Whoe'er may sing the world will heed them not;
But just as soon would hear
Sir William Curtis as Sir Walter Scott!

THERE'S JOY WHEN THE ROSY MORNING.

BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

THERE's joy when the rosy morning floods
The purple East with light;
When the zephyr sweeps from a thousand buds
The pearly tears of night:
There's joy when the lark exulting springs
To pour his matin lay;
From the blossomed thorn when the blackbird sings,
And the merry month is May.

There's joy abroad when the wintry snow
Melts as it ne'er had been;
When cowslips bud, and violets blow,
And leaves are fresh and green:
There's joy in the swallow's airy flight;
In the cuckoo's blithesome cry;
When the floating clouds reflect the light
Of evening's glowing sky.

There's joy in April's balmy showers,
'Mid gleams of sunshine shed;
When May brings forth a thousand flowers
To deck the earth's green bed:

There's joy when the pale pale moon comes out,
With all her starry train;
When the woods return the reaper's shout,
And echo shouts again.

There's joy in childhood's silvery voice,
When the laugh rings blithe and clear,
And the sounds that bid young hearts rejoice
Are music to the ear:
There's joy in the sweet romance of youth,
Ere care a shadow throws
Across the radiant brow of truth,
To mar the soul's repose.

There's joy in the youthful lover's breast,
When his bride by the altar stands,
When his trembling lips to hers are pressed,
And the priest has joined their hands.
There's joy — deep joy — in the mother's heart,
When she clasps her first-born son,
And the tears of holy rapture start
To bless the lovely one.

There's joy! above — around — beneath —
But 'tis a fleeting ray;
The world's stern strife, the hand of death,
Bid mortal hopes decay:
But there's a deeper joy than earth
With all her charms can give,
Which marks the spirit's second birth,
When man but dies to live!

NATURE.

BY MISS JEFFREY.

I WOULD that I might wander far away,
Into some quiet valley's green recess,
Where not a sound should stir the peaceful day,
Save forest melodies, whose wild excess,
Blown by the passing winds, might gently sway
My soul from her dark thinkings, and repress
Cares which have worn away my happiness.

It were a pleasant thing to stray alone
'Mid palace trees, whose thick boughs intertwined
Make softened twilight of the gorgeous noon;
Or haply, 'neath some aged oak reclined,
Gather its fairy goblets; or, far-gone
In a rich dream of poësy, unwind
Rare spells to disenthral the prisoned mind:

To live alone with Nature; to unfold
Her seeming mysteries; to rove at will
Through her untrodden haunts; at will behold
Her varied forms of beauty—lake and hill,
And purple vintage, and the living gold
Of her full harvests; or at midnight still
Mark the bright stars their radiant course fulfil.

Eternal Nature! I have ever vowed
My worship unto thee; thy changeful moods
Of summer loveliness and wintry cloud,
The majesty of thy deep solitudes,
My soul has loved: then, while the toiling crowd
Bow unto Fortune for her fancied goods,
Give me the silence of thy pathless woods.

NATURE.

BY JOHN CLARE.

How many pages of sweet Nature's book
Hath Poësy doubled down as favoured things:
Such as the wood leaves in disorder shook
By startled stockdove's hasty flapping wings;
Or the coy woodpecker that, tapping, clings
To grey oak trunks, till, scared by passing clowns,
It bounces forth in airy ups and downs
To seek fresh solitudes; the circling rings
The idle puddock makes around the towns,
Watching young chickens by each cottage pen:
And such are each day's party-coloured skies;
And such the landscape's charms o'er field and fen,
That meet the Poet's never weary eyes,
And are too many to be told again.

SURPRISES;

OR,

THE RETURN HOME.

BY MRS. OPIE.

It is, I believe, a general observation, that as one advances in life, persons and scenes recur to one's recollection which had for a considerable number of years been utterly banished from it.

I know that I am constantly remembering names, faces, occurrences, and anecdotes, which had seemingly wholly disappeared from my memory, and which I welcome again with a sort of pensive interest and mournful pleasure, because they are associated with recollections of those removed from me by the hand of death, but who will ever live in my remembrance, till I am passed away like them, and "my place here shall know me no more."

In one of these visions of my earliest years, I frequently behold a tall, thin, pale, crippled old lady, of some consequence in our county, whom my parents greatly respected, and whom, young as I was, I had pleasure in visiting, for she abounded in anecdote, had moreover an agate snuff-box set in gold, and also a silver bonbonnière filled with bar-

ley-sugar, to which I was occasionally permitted to find the way.

How vividly I can at this moment recall her to my mind! I can even hear the thick impeded tone of her voice; and the other day I told an amusing story which I am well convinced I have heard her relate. Not long ago the following anecdote pressed upon my mind as a long-forgotten acquaintance; — and I cannot but believe that this dear old lady in her high-backed chair was the original narrator, though in relating it myself I shall draw no doubt almost as much on the bank of imagination as on the bank of memory. But, be that as it may, I shall venture to tell it as it occurs to me, because it tends to illustrate the truth of the saying, that "a prophet has honour every where but in his own country;" and to prove that, at least in former times, persons might be even celebrated, courted, and distinguished in the world at large, and yet their relations and friends, if residing at a distance, might be wholly unconscious both of their talents and their renown.

Once on a time, and when the names of the famous and the infamous did not travel as far and as fast as they now do, for mail-coaches were not then invented, a young north countryman tramped up to London, with almost all his wardrobe on his back, and his purse slenderly filled with guineas, but his head full of learning, and what was better still, with great intellectual powers of various kinds. He had also self-denial, and unwearied industry; and at length, after long toiling days, and short nights, he

found himself suddenly raised into opulence, consequence, and fame, by the successful exertion of his talents, and his scientific knowledge, assisted no doubt by the fortunate circumstances which had called them into action. But his health required some relaxation; and as his heart yearned towards that tender mother who had been widowed during his absence, and the brothers and sisters, who were grown, since he saw them, out of childhood into maturity, he resolved to indulge himself in a visit to his native mountains; and with an eager, impatient heart, he set off on his long journey. My hero, whom I shall call William Deleval, was conscious of his high reputation, and no doubt enjoyed it; but when he first saw his native hills, and was at last welcomed by his mother and his family, he felt that there was a pleasure in the indulgence of natural affection far beyond any enjoyment which wealth could bestow; and while they hung round his neck, and welcomed the long absent wanderer home, the joys of family love banished awhile from his recollection the pleasures of gratified ambition. He soon discovered that his mother was wholly ignorant what a celebrated person she had the honour of entertaining; and as he travelled without a servant, and was as plainly dressed as a gentleman at that time of day could venture to be, it was not possible for her even to suspect that he was a man of property; and when he produced some handsome presents for herself and his sisters, she expressed her fears that he had laid out more money

than was prudent; "and though," added she, "I know that thou art *well to do* in the world, and can maintain thyself, still, Willie dear, remember to take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Willie smiled complacently on this effusion of maternal prudence; but perhaps he could not help being a little mortified at seeing that he who was somebody in the world's opinion and esteem, was a mere nobody in his mother's, compared with her eldest son, Robin, who looked after the farm; and as he had lost his powers of climbing, running, wrestling, and breaking ponies, his younger brothers and sisters thought him very inferior to themselves; but as he was kind and generous, and admired them for the abilities which he did not possess, he was very soon their dear, dear Willie, and they did not know how they should ever bear to part with him again.

Things had gone well with his family as well as himself during his long absence, for the father, a weak do-little man, as the phrase is, had been a hindrance rather than a help; therefore his death was an advantage to his survivors in a pecuniary point of view, and the mother and the children had, before Willie's arrival, increased both in consequence and wealth, and were looked upon as considerable farmers. William Deleval's arrival was soon known amongst their relations and friends; and he was warmly welcomed as a young man who had been so pains-taking and industrious, as not for many years to require assistance from his

parents: but this was, as far as they knew, the very height of Willie's excellence, for it was not in his nature to boast of himself; and he was contented to leave the discovery of what he really was, to time, and what we call accident.

"Pray mother," said he, soon after his arrival, "are Lord and Lady W —— at the castle?"

"No; but they are expected. I suppose they live a great way from thee, Willie, and thou art not likely to see them in London?"

"I do not see them very often."

"No, my dear, I dare say not; they do not often come in the way of a body like thee."

Deleval smiled, but said nothing. On the sabbath day following he went to church with his family; and as he beheld them in their holiday attire, and saw the respect which was paid to them by all descriptions of persons whom they met in the church-yard, he experienced the most heartfelt enjoyment; and never during the service, probably, was his soul more fervently, though humbly, offered up to his Creator in thanksgiving and praise.

The next day one of his sisters came jumping into the room and exclaimed, "Why Willie! I wonder what great man thou art like?"

"Indeed," replied he, his eyes involuntarily sparkling, "I believe I am like no great man but myself, Annie."

"Oh! but thou must be, for a fine gentleman stopped me in the road just now, and said, 'Pray young lady, if I may be so bold, did I not see a

celebrated man walking with you from church yesterday afternoon?' No indeed, sir, said I, it was only my brother, my brother Willie from London."

"What is that thou art saying?" said a neighbour present, who was that disagreeable thing, a *banterer*, or a dealer in sarcastic flings, as the phrase is.

Annie repeated what she had said before; and poor Deleval had to undergo, during the rest of the day, the coarse jokes of this person, and those which it provoked from others, on his being taken for a great man.

"Well, well," said he, at last, impatiently, "perhaps I may one day be a great man myself."

"Thee, Willie! Thee! Well, to think of the conceit of these Londoners! Thee a great man indeed!"

"No, and I am sure I hope not," said his mother, affectionately passing her hand over his face; "for perhaps if thou wert a great man, Willie, thou wouldst forget thy poor old mother!"

A most pleasing consciousness, accompanied by a sort of choaking feeling which impeded utterance, forced the tears into the eyes of the affectionate son as he held the caressing hand to his lips;—at length he articulated in a hoarse voice, "Forget thee, mother! never, never!"

The next morning Lord W—— called, but the whole family were out; and when they returned, Deleval was the only one of them who did not feel surprised at sight of the peer's card.

"Why what does this mean?" said his mother to the deaf old servant who had gone to the door; "Lord W —— never called here before."

"It was a call of civility, no doubt," said Deleval.

"Pho, nonsense!" cried his mother; "he is too proud to call on such as we."

"He asked for you, I am sure," said the deaf servant.

"For me! oh, I now know why he called;—he wants to buy my grey pony, neighbour Norton says—and that is what he called for; but here is our neighbour, I will ask him about it;"—and the banterer mentioned before entered the room, on which she immediately showed him Lord W——'s card, adding, "Our Willie here thought he came to call out of civility; but I told him I thought he came about the pony."

"No doubt," replied banterer Norton, grinning sarcastically at Deleval; "but I suppose that conceited London gentleman thought he called upon him."

"Perhaps I did," replied Deleval, giving way to irresistible laughter, in which he was joined by the banterer; but Deleval remembered the proverb, "Let those laugh who win;" and he knew he had the laugh on his side, and that time would prove it to be so.—Nor did his incognito last long.—The next morning, just before Norton and the family were sitting down to dinner, and while Deleval was devising means to get away unsuspected as soon as dinner was over, to return

Lord W——'s call, Annie exclaimed, "Well! I declare, if there be not that fine gentleman who spoke to me coming up to the door!" And before any one could express surprise, the stranger was in the parlour, had announced himself as Sir George L——, and, after sundry low bows to Deleval, had muttered "proud to make his acquaintance," and so forth, he requested to see him in another room, as he was the bearer of a message and note from Lord W——.

Great, no doubt, was the surprize of Deleval's family, and great the mortification of the banterer at this evident proof of Willie's being *somebody*, till the latter exclaimed, striking his hand on the table, "I have it, I see how it is; this Sir George Thingimmy is going to stand for the county at the next election, and he takes Willie for the son who has a vote;—ay, ay, and the fellow will be coming grinning, and bowing, and flattering to me *next*, I suppose."

After a short conference, Sir George L—— departed, and Deleval returned to his friends with a look of mild benignity. "*So, London Sir*," said Norton, "I suppose that fine spark with his bows and his speeches came to ask your vote and interest at the next election, taking you for the landholder?"

"No sir," returned Deleval, smiling, "he came to offer his vote and interest to *me*; and if you please, I will read aloud the note which he brought from Lord W——."

Before his astonished auditors could reply, Deleval read as follows: —

"My Dear Sir,

"I hope you will do us the favour of dining with us to-morrow; but I lose no time in assuring you that I find, with the greatest satisfaction you will certainly be returned for the borough of ——— as soon as ever you shew yourself; and Sir George L—— will accompany you thither. Parliament is the proper place for talent like yours.

"I am,

"Dear Sir,

"Your admirer and friend,

"W——."

When Deleval had ceased to read, the silence, caused no doubt by good and also partly by bad feelings, remained awhile unbroken; while he was absorbed in watching the emotions of his agitated mother, who, at length, bursting into tears, and throwing herself on his neck, exclaimed, "Oh! Willie, Willie! now then I see thou art *already* a great man; ay, and still a good man too (blessed be He who has made and kept thee so!)—for thou hast not *forgotten* thy poor old mother!"

THERE'S NONE A FEELING HATH WITH ME.

BY HENRY SCOTT.

'Tis morn; the sun comes blithely on
And rouseth Nature's glee;
All earth is glad; but there is none
A feeling hath with me!
The very trees are not alone,
The breeze doth fan them, and the sun
Doth woo them fervently;
The birds are singing to the flowers,
And Spring is busy in the bowers.

'Tis sad to mark the joy and life
Around, above, below,—
Earth, ocean, air, with joyance rife
In Nature's vernal glow,—
Then turn and gaze into my breast,
And mark all there in darkness drest,
Where weeds of sorrow grow;
And watch the spirit's strife within,
And fear Despair the victory win!

Alas, how changed! To me this earth
Was one wide field of joy;
For me the sun more bright shone forth,
For me more blue the sky;
For me more freshly bloomed the flowers,
More rich for me the green-wood bowers;
The birds for me sang high;
The very thunder cloud that came
Awaked wild rapture with its flame!

'Tis not dull misanthropic gloom
That darkens all I see;
Nor grief for those within the tomb,
Or bright hopes reft from me;
Nor bitter dregs of long distress,
That make me feel such loneliness—
'Tis that cold thought which ne'er doth flee,
"There's none a feeling hath with me!"

But hush! thou impious heart of clay,
Thyself in ashes bow;
How dare a thing created say,
"High Heaven, what doest thou?"
I surely am not all alone—
There *is* a FRIEND—a mighty one—
Whose blood for me did flow:
And hope doth whisper unto me
"There's ONE a feeling hath with thee!"

THE SWORD CHAUNT

OF

THORSTEIN RAUDI.

BY W. MOTHERWELL, ESQ.

'Tis not the grey hawk's flight
  O'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course
  Tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print
  Of black steed or grey,
Though sweltering it gallop
  A long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships
  I challenge as mine:
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
  And numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute,
When I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, "There am I lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falchion's red gleam,
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding
In brave bower and hall;
I've drank the sweet music
That bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing —
But away with this idle
And cold jargoning;
The music I love, is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle,
And garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean
  Thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the main land
  Thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father,
  Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
  The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
  Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
  And scourge of the strong,
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
  Than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely
  Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
  And lives but for thee.
In dreamings of gladness,
  Thou'rt dancing, with me,
Brave measures of madness,
  In some battle field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And, cloven, yawn helmet,
  Stout hauberk and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
  Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
  Fair woman's heart:
Changeful as light clouds,
  And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
  Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
  As its polish is bright;
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, starlike, burns fiercer,
  The darker the night.
HEART GLAD'NER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished
  By war or by wave—
Now, childless and sireless,
  I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
  Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
  Below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
  And with it decay—
While harps shall be ringing
And scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
  Our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

Painted by W. Kidd. Engraved by J. Mitchell.

THE WILL.

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THE WILL.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE, ESQ.

Characters.

VESPER. GRUMBLETHORPE. CHARLES.
FLORA. MINNIKIN.

SCENE I.— *Mr. Vesper's Study.— Enter Vesper and Grumblethorpe.*

Vesper.—Content—content, my dear Grumblethorpe, that is the summum bonum! Wealth is only an incumbrance to a man of independent mind; every additional guinea is a new tie that chains him to the formalities of society, till, at length, he can no more turn himself round at his own free will, than Gulliver when fastened to the earth by the hairs of his head. Now look at that poor brother of mine

wallowing in gold and misery—thank heaven, I am not a rich man!

Grumb.—Your brother's miseries are over.

Vesper.—What! because his already full measure has been heaped to overflowing by the late rise in the funds? You little know him. It will only increase his malady; and, indeed, I should almost be apprehensive of suicide, were it not that I know his torments will be somewhat alleviated by the increased power he now possesses of tormenting others. His wife, indeed, from whom he was separated a dozen years ago, is dead, and he will no longer have the mortification of withdrawing, on her account, an annual hundred pounds from his almost countless thousands; but the daughter—the girl I love—

Grumb.—What would *you* do if circumstances placed her destiny in your hands?

Vesper.—What would I *not* do! Oh, my friend, you little know the feelings that lie dormant under the sunny calm of this bosom. It is true, I have never yet been rich enough to be charitable; my fortune fits me like a well-made cloak—neither too scanty for my own comfort, nor large enough to be shared with others. But should heaven rain superabundance upon me,—and every thing beyond my present enjoyments I should reckon such,—the world would then see—

Grumb.—The world would not take the trouble to look. In a word, you are contented as you are?

Vesper.—Have I not reason to be so? Healthy,

for I never provoke disease by intemperance: rich, for I have sufficient for my wants: surrounded by friends, for the sages of the world are my closet companions! Look there, on the left; (*pointing to his books*) that is Plato.

Grumb.—The fellow who demonstrated that there is only one source of enjoyment, by overlooking all the others.

Vesper.—Beside him stands Socrates — at least, all that we know of him.

Grumb.—Whose philosophy obtained for him a happiness so incomplete, as to be left without regret.

Vesper.—Well, well,—let me introduce you to the moderns: there, on the right, is Bacon.

Grumb.—Who pretended to teach others wisdom, but was ass enough to be a rogue himself.

Vesper.—You are incorrigible. Here, then, are never-failing sources of enjoyment (*throwing up the sash*). Ha! Delicious! "Sweet is the breath of cows"—

Grumb.—Don't be nasty. The breath of cows, indeed! John is cleansing out the fermenting filth from the stable, and throwing it, to poison the air, upon that dunghill.

Vesper.—Those glorious skies! I never look upon them without dreaming that the radiant masses, misnomered clouds, which flit like visions above our head, are the etherial abodes of some mysterious beings, whose blessed existence is passed as far off from the miseries of human nature, as from the impurities of the grosser earth.

Grumb.—Are you mad? Are you not looking at a congregation of vapours, exhaled from all the villanous pools and puddles of the world — the very essence of filth, distilled by the heat of the sun, and providentially carried to the firmament, three or four miles off, to be out of the way of doing mischief!

Vesper.—Wretch! But there are gratifications here even for vulgar senses like yours. Look at those glowing fruits, hanging in clusters by the wall,—ripe beauties of inanimate nature, that tempt us even by the sight. Of them we may say

Amor entra per gli occhi al core;

but, like the passion of the poet, our love is gratified only in the destruction of its object.

Grumb.—Defend me, heaven, from so preposterous a passion! Fruits are nothing more than symptoms of periodical diseases—vegetable tumours, that carry off the constitutional impurities of plants, and leave them fit for inhaling with benefit the life-stirring breath of a new spring. But I must go before you talk me out of my good humour *(Going — returns)*. By the way, I came here on purpose to tell you a piece of news, which, after all, I find you will not give a straw to hear. Your brother is dead.

Vesper.—What!

Grumb.—He has left you his heir.

Vesper.—Mercy on us!

Grumb.—And cut Flora off with a shilling. Why, you look thunderstruck. What is the matter? There

—you have knocked Plato down—Zounds, I shall be smothered with the dust of the schools!

Vesper.—Oh! Plato, Plato—my brother dead and I his heir! A shilling! No more than a shilling?—Oh Flora—Plato—my poor brother—Oh!—oh! *(Weeps.)*

Grumb. (Aside.)—There's a sage for you! Flora, Plato, and the defunct brother are dancing a three-some reel in his brain, to the chink of the old miser's money. But now to business. See, he is holding court—grave, solid, sententious. He nods his head, signs with his hand, as who should say, "true—very right—a second Daniel!—say you so?—well argued i' faith." Oh, there is wonderful emphasis in a fore-finger! Now the scales of justice begin to take leave of each other. Books, skies, fruits, and perfumes, content, charity, benevolence, a bulky freight for a single scale;—all spungework!—up they go like a gossamer. For why?—because the weighty devil of gold is seated in t'other basket, and, with a grim and yellow smile, speeds downward—ay, down-ward, till it raps the counter. But, see, it is over, and he awakes. Now will I ensconce myself be-hind this door, and study philosophy. [*Retires.*

Vesper.—Dead—and what then? Every moment that passes is loaded with a death-moan; we are surrounded by an atmosphere of sighs; and the great globe itself is only a mighty charnel-house. An unit has been withdrawn from the sum of human population. The loss is not much; a wise man will never grieve for it; he will at once set

himself to consider how the momentary confusion may best be remedied, and in what way to turn the private misfortune into a public good. My brother's wealth has hitherto been useless — a sinking fund laid up for the benefit of futurity. In the hands of a green girl it would be worse than useless. Money is like the seed of the fruits of the earth. Neither must it be hoarded in a barn for the imaginary benefit of one man, nor scattered on the highways, and on the rivers, and in the rank fatness of a churchyard; the eyes of the husbandman should be as open as his hand. Am I or Flora the better fitted for so nice and weighty a labour? The world believes me the heir, and I feel myself worthy to be such. In the meantime I *know* that I am *not* the heir, having myself witnessed a later deed leaving the whole fortune to Flora. Does the fortuitous circumstance of my *knowing* how the fact stands — for on that alone, and not on the fact itself, the affair turns — does this circumstance, existing only in my own mind, and not more real and palpable than any of the other thoughts and imaginations that lie there, dormant yet alive, to be called into activity at my pleasure, alter the moral fitness of things? Surely not; — and yet I will think more of it — yes, I will think — *(stumbles over a book)* Ha — Plato! Get thee gone, friend; one has something more to do in this world than to study philosophy. [*Exit.*

Grumb.—Now have I just one of two things to do. Either will I turn hermit and rail at the folly and villany of mankind, or turn dog, and follow

that philosopher through the world, snapping at his heels at every step. But in the first case I should torment only myself; while in the second, I should revenge my torments on another. This latter consideration determines me; I will after him. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Garden—Charles leaps down from the wall.*

Charles.—Here am I again, in spite of my teeth! For this good half hour have I been holding council astride on the garden wall; love pulling me by one leg, and pride by the other. Tush, man, says love, —it was but a little fit of female caprice, and Flora is by this time sorry for it. Flora is by this time an heiress, whispers pride: her father is dead; and even if the sour old man should not have done his daughter justice, her uncle, the good, dear, philosophic Mr. Vesper, will set all right. And if she is an heiress, rejoins love, she is not the less a woman; she sets too high and just a price on her affection, to waste a thought on the paltry gold she throws into the bargain; but pride at the moment tickles me under the chin, like the cane of a drill sergeant; and were it not that somehow or other a window suddenly opened, with a creak that I could swear to, all would have been lost. Softly — some one comes — I must not be seen here by more than one pair of eyes. I will borrow the shade of this old willow till the coast is clear again. (*Stands aside.*)

Enter Vesper.

Vesper.—Who goes there? Stand! It is but the waving of that willow—the very trees seem to shake their venerable heads at me; and a hissing sound follows my steps through the garden. My hand shakes, and my eye abhors my own shadow as it steals behind, like a witness or an accomplice. What can be the meaning of this? I am engaged in no ill; Flora loses nothing, for she knows not her loss; and the world gains much by the change in the stewardship. It is the weakness of my nature which allows thus the associations of mystery to overpower me. Evil thoughts and evil deeds naturally seek concealment; *my* thoughts and deeds are shrouded from human observation; therefore—that is the false syllogism which pales my cheek and palsies my hand. Out, treacherous witness, and I will trample thee! It is strange that a few leaves of blotted paper stitched together with a packthread, should weigh heavier in my pocket than a bag of gold. I would have burned them, had not the servants, when I asked for a candle, looked at me, as if I meant to set the house on fire. Here will I bury them in this damp luxurious earth, which will soon wheedle them out of their contents; for I will not trust even the worms long with such a secret. There—I am lighter now by a ton. Farewell, thou testamentary Jonah; methinks the tempest is already abated, since I have cast thee overboard; and, even, if the earth should spew thee up again, I care not; for in less than three

days thou wilt have never a tongue wherewith to prophecy against me. [*Exit.*

Charles (*coming forward*). — A mighty pretty ceremony, upon my word! Would I were learned enough to know the meaning of it! The philosopher doubtless is planting an academic grove, and expects this ancient looking pamphlet to grow into a tree (*digs up the will*). Let me see — "Houses, lands, tenements — three per cent., four per cent., five per cent. — nevertheless, notwithstanding." Very sagacious indeed, were it only written in Greek.

Enter Minniken.

Min. — Well, sir, you will take no refusal, I see — sneaking about us as usual, with a bundle of sonnets in one hand, addressed to my mistress, and a shilling in the other to bribe me to deliver them.

Charles. — This is insufferable; but if her head was not quite turned by her new fortune, she would have refrained at least from sending her servant to insult me. I have no commands for your mistress (*turning away*).

Min. — Oh, my gentleman is in the sulks; but I have been sent down on purpose to receive his despatches, and I dare not go home without them. There — that is the shortest way (*snatches the will from his hand*); you can owe me the shilling till next time (*runs off, followed by Charles*).

Scene III. — *Flora's dressing-room.*

Flora, at the toilette. — Was there ever anything

so tiresome? Nothing goes right: the very pins make a point of being missing; and that odious creature, Minniken, has taken a full hour just to run to the end of the willow walk. Heigh-ho! I wonder how it is that I can be so ill-natured as to quarrel with poor Charles, when it puts me so out of humour myself. Not so much as a papillote, I declare — that careless gipsy! Minniken! — Minniken! (*bawling*).

Enter Minniken.

—Oh, you are come, are you?

Min. — Yes, I am come — and if people want sonnets and nonsense that other people write, I am sure I wish people —

Flora. — Hold your tongue, and put up my hair.

Min. — And what am I to do with this?

Flora. — With what? with that great ugly, yellow, dirty, paper book?

Min. — Well, I am sure — marry come up, quotha — yellow, indeed! But it is no concern of mine; I wash my hands of it; and now that I take time to look, it is yellow, and dirty, and crumpled — faugh! If a sweetheart of mine sent me such a thing, I would box his ears for him, that I would (*throws it on the floor*).

Flora. — What an ill-tempered creature! Now, there will be no smoothing her for an hour to come; and I would just give a bit of my tongue this moment to know what is in that paper. Put up my hair, child; you may tear a piece off your precious

poetry — I dare say it is good for nothing else (*Minnikin tears off some pieces angrily*). Let me see — "for ten thousand pounds;" I declare he means he would not have quarrelled with me for ten thousand pounds. Poor fellow! "Nevertheless, notwithstanding" (*a loud knocking at the door*) — Oh!

Enter Grumblethorpe.

Grumb. — Oh, you she-scorpion — you suicida baggage! Have you quite destroyed yourself? Where is the will — what have you done with it? Don't dare to say that you have burned it, or I'll set fire to the house!

Flora. — You odious, odious creature — you have frightened me out of seven years' growth. Go, you old crab, this is no place for you; or, since you are here, do make yourself useful for once in your life, and help me to curl my hair.

Grumb. — Can I believe my eyes? Curling her hair with a document which would raise her from beggary to splendour!

Flora. — Poor man! But I am not surprised that one who scowls with jaundiced eyes on this lovely world — seeing in the blushes of the rose only the glow of vegetable fever, and looking up to the trooping stars that walk the heavens in a mystery of light, as to mere dull, heavy, dismal masses of dark earth, hung up in mid space, the cages of imprisoned and tormented beings — Oh, no! I am not surprised that *you* should mistake — ha, ha, ha! — these dirty leaves for a talisman — ay, or a star.

Grumb.—Poor thing! It is almost a pity to make her rich—what is it but tying a bag of gold about the neck of her imagination? It will never soar again!

Flora.—I'll tell you what, Mr. Grumblethorpe, I have a long while suspected that—*vous n'etes pas tant diable comme vous etes noir*—not by a great deal; and now that I look better at you, I am really of opinion that if you would only pull off that odious Turkish sort of affair you choose to wear upon your head—and oil the hinges of your neck a little—and turn out your toes—you would absolutely be rather a personable-looking, queer, oldish man. I declare there is something amiable in your eyes; I will positively make you my confidant, and while I curl my hair, you shall read a sonnet to me brimfull of love and lies. There.

Grumb. (reads).—"The following is a list of my worldly possessions,"—hum—hum—"the whole of which, being in sound mind and body, I hereby give and bequeath—"

Flora.—Well—

Grumb.—To my daughter, Flora—

Enter Vesper.

Oh, you—you—you—philosopher! how dare you look an honest man in the face?

Vesper.—How!

Grumb.—Rascal, thief, oppressor—you are discovered; there is the will—there, in the hands of the heiress! Flora, your uncle is a villain.

Flora. — What! my uncle — my dead father's brother! Wretch — it is false! (*tears the will in pieces*).

Grumb. — Hold — hold! — noble spirit! you can afford to live without a fortune.

Vesper (*approaching*). — Flora —

Flora (*with dignity, but shrinking back*). — It is enough, sir; the honour of my father's family is still untarnished.

Vesper. — Untarnished indeed, my admirable girl, for your virtue has wiped out the blot. Forgive me! (*she throws herself into his arms*).

Enter Charles.

Charles. — Flora, I have come for an answer to my love-letter.

Flora (*giving her hand*). — There. Not a word!

Grumb. — That young jade — zounds, I am not crying! — I! — Come, this will never do. The dream is ended — and now, let us go back to Plato and philosophy.

THE WILD-BEE.

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

I saw a little wanton bee,
That rifled every honied flower,
And sucked—and sucked, with sportive glee,
'Till on him came the whelming shower:

For bees don't reason, though they sting,
Nor always fly when prudence tells them;
The little rakes will have their fling,—
Like men, the draught of pleasure spells them.

There lies the bee—to hum no more,
To fill his trunk no more with honey—
I'll show you mortals, by the score,
As mad as he, for love and money.

So, men, take warning by his fate,
Or you may rue it, ere 'tis long;
And, women, ere you 're out of date,
Come, kiss your Poet, for his song!

THE TRUANT.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

I NEVER, on the forest's edge,
  Pass the ruined cottage door,
But comes the vision o'er my mind
  Of what it was before.

I dream again the Widow's wheel
  Is humming in my ears,
And when I think of what has been,
  I scarce refrain from tears.

I think how often there,
  When the weary day was done,
I sat beside her cheerful fire,
  And nursed her little son:

How he would pluck me by the coat,
  And earnestly would teaze,
To tell him tales of woful men,
  Who perished on the seas:

Of gypsies in the glens and wolds;
Of desperate robber bands;
Of savage beasts, and men as wild,
That herd in foreign lands.

And it was joy to see
His blue eyes sparkling bright,
When I had filled his little heart
With tales of wild delight.

As thence he onward grew,
And left his infant years,
The more his mother's love increased,
The more increased her fears.

For, of a bold and active mind,
No danger did he dread;
And the most fearless of his mates
He in adventures led.

No trees about their native fields
So tall and thin were found,
But he would climb them for a nest,
And bring it to the ground.

A daring swimmer in the stream,
He dashed through waters clear;
And then, for vigour in the race,
The boy had not his peer.

One fine and dewy April morn,
Loud at the Widow's door,
Eager to run in search of nests,
Were comrades, three or four.

They went — he never thought of school —
They went from dawn till eve;
Nor did the mother of her son
Intelligence receive.

But, hungry, in at dusk he stole,
His knees and elbows torn,
And both his hands displayed the marks
Of many a ragged thorn.

Chastised, indignant, when in bed
He never closed his eyes;
And he was gone before the gold
Had tinged the eastern skies.

Oh, what a weary space of years
That widow dwelt alone!
And still she cried, "Whate'er his fate,
'T would ease me were it known."

At length there came intelligence,
When on a bed of pain,
That told, a few days ere she died,
He in the East was slain.

It dwelt upon his valorous deeds,
And the wealth that he had won; —
She thought not of the wealth or deeds,
But of her dying son.

And yet he died not in the East;
He home returned, to trace
The greensward on his mother's grave,
And their ruined dwelling-place.

One day he in the village staid,
And of his gold was free;
Then, with a woful look, he went
Again unto the sea.

I never, on the forest's edge,
Pass the ruined cottage door,
But swells the feeling to my heart
Of what it was before.

Again I dream the Widow's wheel
Is humming in my ears;
And when I think of what has been
I scarce refrain from tears.

THE HEART'S CONFESSIONS.

BY J. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ.

HEART! wrung with grief and bitter care,
  Thy wounds unsalved and bleeding still,
Who pierced thee thus, poor heart, declare?
  —"'Twas my own will."

Thy will! What tempter full of guile
  Could turn thee from thy hopes aside,
And life's young well with wrath defile?
  —"'Twas my own pride."

Bad counsellor! When all around,
  Great, fair, and good, conspired to move,
From humble joys what had thee bound?
  —"'Twas my self-love."

Alas! the Charities were near,
  The Duties too, an armed troop,
To guide, to fortify, to cheer!
  —"I could not stoop."

Faith stretched from Heaven her golden key,
And Purity, twice-born, before
The narrow portal beckoned thee!
—"I could not soar."

Wretched! from earth and heaven returned
Empty, what findest thou within,
To balance what thy madness spurned?
—"Error and sin!"

TO IANTHE.

Would I were with thee!—but the bright stars shine
On many a mountain that between us lies:
Would I were with thee, and, in thy blue eyes,
Read all that Earth can teach of Heaven to mine.
Ah! it may be not; and, with pensive heart,
I lean on this mossed pine-tree, in the wood,
Where we have oft our twilight path pursued,
And found it bliss to meet, though death to part.
Light of my life! distance more firmly binds
The cords of that love wherewith I love thee;
Linked with my soul it shall for ever be;
In holiest thoughts a hallowed place it finds:
Oh bliss of bliss, when two congenial minds
Together hang, like roses on one tree!

THE SPIRIT'S LAND.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

The Spirit's Land! — where is that land
  Of which our Fathers tell?
On whose mysterious, viewless strand
  Earth's parted millions dwell!
Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
  Creation's flaming space remote;
Beyond the measureless career,
  The phantom flight of thought.

There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave
  Beneath a cloudless sky;
And there the latest lingering tear
  Is wiped from every eye;
And souls beneath the trees of life
  Repose upon that blessed shore,
Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
  Shall never reach them more.

And yet, methinks, a chastened woe
E'en there may prompt the sigh—
Sweet sorrows we would not forego
For calm, unmingled joy,
When strains from angel harps may stray
On heavenly airs, of mortal birth,
That we have heard far, far away,
Amid the bowers of earth.

Ah! then, perchance, their saddening spell,
That from oblivion saves,
May wander, like a lorn farewell,
From this dim land of graves;
And, like the vision of a dream,
Shed on the disembodied mind
Of mortal life a dying gleam,
And loved ones left behind.

Yes — yes, I will, I must believe
That Nature's sacred ties
Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
Immortal in the skies;
And that imperfect were my bliss
In heaven itself, and dashed with care,
If those I loved on earth should miss
The path that leadeth there.

STANZAS.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

"Oh! that I had wings like a dove!"

Oh! for the wings we used to wear,
When the heart was like a bird,
And floated, still, through summer air,
And painted all it looked on fair,
And sung to all it heard!
When Fancy put the seal of truth
On all the promises of youth!

Oh! for the wings with which the dove
Flies to the valley of her rest,
To take us to some pleasant grove,
Where hearts are not afraid to love,
And Truth is sometimes blest!
To make the spirit mount again,
That grief has bowed—and care and pain!

It may not—oh! it may not be!
I cannot mount on *Fancy's* wing,
And *Hope* has been—like thee, like thee!
These many weary years, to me,
A lost and perished thing!
—Are there *no* pinions left, to bear
Me where the good and gentle are!

Yes! rise upon the Morning's wing,*
And far beyond the farthest sea,
Where Summer is the mate of Spring,
And Winter comes not withering,
There is a home for thee!
Away—away! and lay thy head
In the low valley of the dead!

* "If I take the wings of the morning."

THE PUBLICAN'S DREAM.

AN IRISH TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

The fair-day had passed over in a little straggling town in the south-east of Ireland, and was succeeded by a languor proportioned to the excitement it never failed to create. But of all in the village, its publicans suffered most under the reaction of fatigue and inanity. Few of their houses appeared open at broad noon; and some—the envy of their competitors—continued closed even after that late hour. Of these latter, many were of the very humblest kind; little cabins, in fact, skirting the outlets of the village, or standing alone on the road-side, a good distance beyond it.

About two o'clock upon the day in question, a house of "Entertainment for Man and Horse," the very last of the description noticed, to be found between the village and the wild tract of mountain country adjacent to it, was opened by the proprietress, who had that moment arisen from bed.

The cabin consisted of only two apartments, and scarce more than nominally even of two; for the half-plastered wicker and straw partition, which professed to cut off a sleeping nook from the whole area enclosed by the clay walls, was little higher than a tall man, and, moreover, chinky and porous in many places. Let the assumed distinction be here allowed to stand, however, while the reader casts his eye around what was sometimes called the kitchen, sometimes the tap-room, sometimes the "dancing flure." Forms which had run by the walls, and planks, by way of tables, which had been propped before them, were turned topsy-turvey, and, in some instances, broken. Pewter-pots and pints, battered and bruised, or squeezed together and flattened, and fragments of twisted glass tumblers, lay beside them. The clay floor was scraped with brogue-nails, and indented with the heel of that primitive foot-gear, in token of the energetic dancing which had lately been performed upon it. In a corner still appeared (capsized, however) an empty eight-gallon beer barrel, recently the piper's throne, whence his bag had blown forth the inspiring storm of jigs and reels, which prompted to more antics than ever did a bag of the laughing-gas. Among the yellow turf-ashes of the hearth lay, on its side, an old blackened tin kettle, without a spout—a principal agent in brewing scalding water for the manufacture of whiskey-punch; and its soft and yet warm bed was shared by a red cat, who had stolen in from his own orgies, through some cranny, since day-break.

The single, four-paned window of the apartment remained veiled by its rough shutter, that turned on leather-hinges; but down the wide-yawning chimney came sufficient light to reveal the objects here described.

The proprietress opened her back door. She was a woman of about forty; of a robust, large-boned figure; with broad, rosy visage, dark, handsome eyes, and well-cut nose; but inheriting a mouth so wide, as to proclaim her pure aboriginal Irish pedigree. After a look abroad, to inhale the fresh air, and then a remonstrance (ending in a kick) with the hungry pig, who ran, squeaking and grunting, to demand his long-deferred breakfast, she settled her cap, rubbed down her *prauskeen* (coarse apron), tucked and pinned up her skirts behind, and saying, in a loud, commanding voice, as she spoke into the sleeping-chamber—"Get up, now, at once, Jer, I bid you"—vigorously, if not tidily, set about putting her tavern to rights.

During her bustle, the dame would stop an instant, and bend her ear to listen for a stir inside the partition; but at last losing patience, she resumed—

"Why, then, my heavy hatred on you, Jer Mulcahy, is it gone into a *sauvaun* (pleasant drowsiness) you are, over again? or may be you stole out of bed, an' put your hand on one o' them ould, good-for-nothing books, that makes you the laziest man that a poor woman ever had under one roof wid her? ay, an' that sent you out of our dacent shop an' house, in the heart o' the tawn, below, an'

banished us here, Jer Mulcahy, to sell drams o' whiskey an' pots o' beer to all the riff-raff o' the counthry-side, instead o' the nate boots an' shoes you sarved your honest time to?"—She entered his, or her chamber, rather, hoping that she might detect him luxuriantly perusing in bed one of the mutilated books, a love of which (or, more truly, a love of indolence, thus manifesting itself) had indeed chiefly caused his downfall in the world: her husband, however, really tired after his unusual bodily efforts of the previous day, only slumbered, as Mrs. Mulcahy had at first anticipated; and when she had shaken and aroused him, for the twentieth time that morning, and scolded him until the spirit-broken blockhead whimpered, nay, wept, or pretended to weep, the dame returned to her household duties.

She did not neglect, however, to keep calling to him, every half-minute, until at last, Mr. Jeremiah Mulcahy strode into the kitchen; a tall, ill-contrived figure, that had once been well filled out, but that now wore its old skin, like its old clothes, very loosely; and those old clothes were a discoloured, threadbare, half-polished kerseymere pair of trowsers, and an aged superfine black coat, the last relics of his former Sunday finery: to which had recently and incongruously been added a calf-skin vest, a pair of coarse sky-blue, peasant's stockings, and a pair of brogues. His hanging cheeks and lips told, together, his present bad living and domestic subjection; and an eye that had been blinded by the small-pox, wore neither patch nor band;

although in better days, it used to be genteelly hidden from remark—an assumption of consequence now deemed incompatible with his altered condition in society.

"Oh, Cauth! oh, I had such a dhrame," he said, as he made his appearance.

"An' I'll go bail you had," answered Cauth, "an' when do you ever go asleep without having one dhrame or another, that pesters me off o' my legs, the livelong day, 'till the night falls again to let you have another? Musha, Jer, don't be ever an' always such a fool; an' never mind the dhrame now, but lend a hand to help me in the work o' the house; see the pewther there; haive it up, manalive, an' take it out into the garden, an' sit on the big stone, in the sun, an' make it look as well as you can, afther the ill usage it got last night; come, hurry, Jer—go an' do what I bid you."

He retired in silence to "the garden," a little patch of ground luxuriant in potatoes and a few cabbages. Mrs. Mulcahy pursued her work till her own sensations warned her that it was time to prepare her husband's morning or rather day-meal; for by the height of the sun, it should now be many hours past noon. So she put down her pot of potatoes; and, when they were boiled, took out a wooden trencher full of them, and a mug of sour milk, to Jer, determined not to summon him from his useful occupation of restoring the pints and quarts to something of their former shape.

Stepping through the back door, and getting him

in view, she stopped short, in silent anger. His back was turned to her, because to the sun, and while the vessels, huddled about him in confusion, seemed little the better of his skill and industry, there he sat on his favourite round stone, studiously perusing, half-aloud to himself, some idle volume which, doubtless, he had smuggled out into the garden, in his pocket. Laying down her trencher and her mug, Mrs. Mulcahy stole forward on tiptoe, gained his shoulder without being heard, snatched the imperfect bundle of soiled pages out of his hand, and hurled it into a neighbour's cabbage-bed.

Jeremiah complained, in his usual half-crying tone, declaring that "she never could let him alone, so she could'nt, and he would rather list for a soger, than lade such a life, from year's end to year's end, —so he would."

"Well, an' do then—an' whistle that idle cur off wid you," pointing to a nondescript puppy, which had lain happily coiled up at his master's feet, until Mrs. Mulcahy's appearance, but that now watched her closely, his ears half cocked, and his eyes wide open, though his position remained unaltered. "Go along to the divil, you lazy whelp, you!"—she took up a pint in which a few drops of beer remained since the previous night, and drained it on the puppy's head, who instantly ran off, jumping sideways, and yelping as loud as if some bodily injury had really visited him;—"Yes—an' now you begin to yowl, like your masther, for nothing at all, only because a body axes you to stir your idle

legs — hould your tongue, you foolish baste!" —she stooped for a stone — "one would think I scalded you."

"You know you did, once, Cauth, to the back-bone; an' small blame for Shuffle to be afeard o' you ever since," said Jer.

This vindication of his own occasional remonstrances, as well as of Shuffle's, was founded in truth. When very young, just to keep him from running against her legs, while she was busy over the fire, Mrs. Mulcahy certainly had emptied a ladleful of boiling potatoe-water upon the poor puppy's back; and from that moment it was only necessary to spill a drop of the coldest possible water, or of any cold liquid, on any part of his body, and he believed he was again dreadfully scalded, and ran out of the house, screaming in all the fancied throes of excessive torture.

"Will you ate your good dinner, now, Jer Mulcahy, an' promise to do something to help me, after it? — Mother o' Saints!" —thus she interrupted herself, turning towards the place where she had deposited the eulogised food — "see that, you unlucky bird! May I never do an ill turn but there's the pig afther spilling the sweet milk, an' now shovelling the beautiful white-eyes down her throath, at a mouthful!"

Jer, really afflicted at this scene, promised to work hard, the moment he got his dinner, and his spouse, first procuring a pitch-fork to beat the pig into her sty, prepared a fresh meal for him, and re-

tired to eat her own in the house, and then to continue her labour.

In about an hour, she bethought of paying him another visit of inspection, when Jeremiah's voice reached her ear, calling out in disturbed accents — "Cauth! — Cauth! *a-vourneen!* For the love o' heaven, Cauth! where are you?"

Running to him, she found her husband sitting upright, though not upon his round stone, amongst the still untouched heap of pots and pints, his pock-marked face very pale, his single eye staring, his hands clasped and shaking, and moisture on his forehead.

"What!" she cried, "the pewther just as I left it, over again!"

"Oh, Cauth! Cauth! don't mind that, now—but spake to me kind, Cauth, an' comfort me."

"Why, what ails you, Jer, *a-vourneen?*" affectionately taking his hand, when she saw how really agitated he was.

"Oh, Cauth, oh! I had such a dhrame, now, in earnest, at any rate!"

"A dhrame!" she repeated, letting go his hand, "a dhrame, Jer Mulcahy! so, afther your good dinner, you go for to fall asleep, Jer Mulcahy, just to be ready wid a new dhrame for me, instead of the work you came out here to do, five blessed hours ago!"

"Don't scould me, now, Cauth; don't, a-pet: only listen to me, an' then say what you like. You know the lonesome little glen, between the hills, on the

short cut for man or horse, to Kilbroggan?—well, Cauth, there I found myself in the dhrame; and I saw two sailors, tired afther a day's hard walking, sitting before one of the big rocks that stand upright in the wild place; an' they were ating, or dhrinking, I couldn't make out which; an' one was a tall, sthrong, broad-showldhered man, an' the other was sthrong, too, but short an' burly; an' while they were talking very civilly to each other, lo an' behould you, Cauth, I seen the tall man whip his knife into the little man; an' then they both sthruggled, an' wrastled, an' schreeched together, till the rocks rung again; but at last the little man was a corpse; an' may I never see a sight o' glory, Cauth, but all this was afore me as plain as you are, in this garden! an' since the hour I was born, Cauth, I never got such a fright; an'—oh, Cauth! what's that now?"

"What is it, you poor fool, you, but a customer, come at last into the kitchen—an' time for us to see the face o' one this blessed day. Get up out o' that, wid your dhrames—don't you hear 'em knocking? I'll stay here to put one vessel at laste to rights—for I see I must."

Jeremiah arose, groaning, and entered the cabin through the back door. In a few seconds he hastened to his wife, more terror-stricken than he had left her, and, setting his loins against the low garden wall, stared at her.

"Why, then, duoul's in you, Jer Mulcahy—(Saints forgive me for cursing!)—and what's the matter wid you, at-all-at-all?"

"They're in the kitchen," he whispered.

"Well, an' what will they take?"

"I spoke never a word to them, Cauth, nor they to me; — I couldn't —an' I wont, for a duke's ransom; I only saw them stannin' together, in the dark that's coming on, behind the dour, an' I knew them at the first look — the tall one, an' the little one."

With a flout at his dreams, and his cowardice, and his good-for-nothingness, the dame hurried to serve her customers. Jeremiah heard her loud voice addressing them, and their hoarse tones answering. She came out again for two pints to draw some beer, and commanded him to follow her, and "discoorse the customers." He remained motionless. She returned in a short time, and fairly drove him before her into the house.

He took a seat remote from his guests, with difficulty pronouncing the ordinary words of "God save ye, genteels," which they bluffly and heartily answered. His glances towards them were also few; yet enough to inform him that they conversed together like friends, pledging healths, and shaking hands. The tall sailor abruptly asked him how far it was, by the short cut, to a village where they proposed to pass the night — Kilbroggan? — Jeremiah started on his seat, and his wife, after a glance and a grumble at him, was obliged to speak for her husband. They finished their beer; paid for it; put up half a loaf, and a cut of bad, watery cheese; saying that they might feel more hungry a few miles on, than they now did; and then they arose to leave

the cabin. Jeremiah glanced in great trouble around. His wife had fortunately disappeared; he snatched up his old hat, and, with more energy than he could himself remember, ran forward to be a short way on the road before them. They soon approached him: and then, obeying a conscientious impulse, Jeremiah saluted the smaller of the two, and requested to speak with him, apart. The sailor, in evident surprise, assented. Jer vaguely cautioned him against going any farther that night, as it would be quite dark by the time he should get to the mountain pass, on the bye-road to Kilbroggan. His warning was made light of. He grew more earnest, asserting, what was not the fact, that it was "a bad road," meaning one infested by robbers. Still the bluff tar paid no attention, and was turning away. "Oh, Sir; oh stop, Sir," resumed Jeremiah, taking great courage, "I have a thing to tell you;" and he rehearsed his dream, averring that, in it, he had distinctly seen the present object of his solicitude set upon and slain by his colossal companion. The listener paused a moment: first looking at Jer, and then at the ground, very gravely: but the next moment he burst into a loud, and, Jeremiah thought, frightful laugh, and walked rapidly to overtake his ship-mate. Jeremiah, much oppressed, returned home.

Towards dawn, next morning, the publican awoke in an ominous panic, and aroused his wife to listen to a loud knocking, and a clamour of voices at their door. She insisted there was no such thing, and scolded him for disturbing her sleep. A renewal

of the noise, however, convinced even her incredulity, and showed that Jeremiah was right for the first time in his life, at least. Both arose, and hastened to answer the summons.

When they unbarred the front door, a gentleman, surrounded by a crowd of people of the village, stood before it. He had discovered on the bye-road through the hills from Kilbroggan, a dead body, weltering in its gore, and wearing sailor's clothes; had ridden on, in alarm; had raised the village; and some of its population, recollecting to have seen Mrs. Mulcahy's visitors of the previous evening, now brought him to her house to hear what she could say on the subject.

Before she could say anything, her husband fell senseless at her side, groaning dolefully. While the by-standers raised him, she clapped her hands, and exalted her voice in ejaculations, as Irishwomen when grieved, or astonished, or vexed, usually do; and now, as proud of Jeremiah's dreaming capabilities, as she had before been impatient of them, rehearsed his vision of the murder, and authenticated the visit of the two sailors to her house, almost while he was in the act of making her the confidant of his prophetic ravings. The auditors stept back in consternation, crossing themselves, smiting their breasts, and crying out, "The Lord save us! The Lord have mercy upon us!"

Jeremiah slowly awoke from his swoon. The gentleman who had discovered the body, commanded his attendance back to the lonesome glen,

where it lay. Poor Jeremiah fell on his knees, and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, prayed to be saved from such a trial. His neighbours almost forced him along.

All soon gained the spot; a narrow pass between slanting piles of displaced rocks; the hills from which they had tumbled rising brown and barren, and to a great height above and beyond them. And there, indeed, upon the stripe of verdure which formed the winding road through the defile, lay the corse of one of the sailors who had visited the Publican's house the evening before.

Again Jeremiah dropt on his knees, at some distance from the body, exclaiming, "Lord save us! — yes! oh, yes, neighbours, this is the very place! — only — the saints be good to us, again! — 'twas the tall sailor I seen killing the little sailor, and here's the tall sailor murthered by the little sailor!"

"Dhrames go by conthraries, some way or another," observed one of his neighbours; and Jeremiah's puzzle was resolved.

Two steps were now indispensable to be taken: the county coroner should be summoned, and the murderer sought after. The crowd parted to engage in both matters, simultaneously. Evening drew on when they again met in the pass; and the first, who had gone for the coroner, returned with him, a distance of near twenty miles; but the second party did not prove so successful. In fact, they had discovered no clue to the present retreat of the supposed assassin.

The coroner impanelled his jury, and held his inquest under a large, upright rock, bedded in the middle of the pass, such as Jeremiah said he had seen in his dream. A verdict of wilful murder against the absent sailor was quickly agreed upon; but ere it could be recorded, all hesitated, not knowing how to individualize a man of whose name they were ignorant.

The summer night had fallen upon their deliberations, and the moon arose in splendour, shining over the top of one of the high hills that enclosed the pass, so as fully to illumine the bosom of the other. During their pause, a man appeared standing upon the line of the hill thus favoured by the moonlight, and every eye turned in that direction. He ran down the abrupt declivity beneath him; he gained the continued sweep of jumbled rocks which immediately walled in the little valley, springing from one to another of them with such agility and certainty, that it seemed almost magical; and a general whisper of fear now attested the fact of his being dressed in a straw hat, a short jacket, and loose white trowsers. As he jumped from the last rock upon the sward of the pass, the spectators drew back; but he, not seeming to notice them, walked up to the corpse, which had not yet been touched; took its hand; turned up its face into the moonlight, and attentively regarded the features; let the hand go; pushed his hat up on his forehead; glanced around him; recognised the person in authority; approached, and stood still before him, and said — "Here I am, Tom

Mills, that killed long Harry Holmes, and there he lies."

The coroner cried out to secure him, now fearing that the man's sturdiness meant farther harm. "No need," resumed the self-accused; — "here's my bread-and-cheese blade, the only weapon about me;" he threw it on the ground: "I come back just to ax you, Commodore, to order me a cruize after poor Harry, bless his precious eyes, wherever he is bound."

"You have been pursued hither?"

"No, bless your heart; but I would'nt pass such another watch as the last twenty-four hours, for all the prize-money won at Trafalgar. 'Tisn't in regard of not tasting food or wetting my lips ever since I fell foul of Harry, or of hiding my head, like a cursed animal o' the yearth, and starting if a bird only hopped nigh me; no; but I cannot go on living on this tack no longer; that's it; and the least I can say to you, Harry, my hearty."

"What caused your quarrel with your comrade?"

"There was no jar or jabber betwixt us, d'you see me."

"Not at the time, I understand you to mean; but surely you must have long owed him a grudge?"

"No, but long loved him; and he, me."

"Then, in heaven's name, what put the dreadful thought in your head?"

"The devil, commodore — (the horned lubber!) and another lubber to help him" — pointing at Jere-

miah, who shrank to the skirts of the crowd. "I'll tell you every word of it, Commodore, as true as a log-book. For twenty long and merry years, Harry and I sailed together, and worked together, thro' a hard gale, sometimes, and thro' hot sun, another time; and never a squally word came between us till last night, and then it all came of that there lubberly swipes-seller, I say again. I thought as how it was a real awful thing that a strange landsman, before ever he laid eyes on either of us, should come to have this here dream about us. After falling in with Harry, when the lubber and I parted company, my old mate saw I was cast down, and he told me as much in his own gruff, well-meaning way; upon which I gave him the story, laughing at it. *He* did'nt laugh in return, but grew glum—glummer than I ever seed him; and I wondered, and fell to boxing about my thoughts, more and more—(deep sea sink that cursed thinking and thinking, say I!—it sends many an honest fellow out of his course:)—and 'its hard to know the best man's mind,' I thought to myself. Well; we came on the tack into these rocky parts, and Harry says to me all of a sudden, 'Tom, try the soundings, here, a-head, by yourself—or let me, by myself.' I axed him, why? 'No matter,' says Harry, again, 'but after what you chawed about, I don't like your company any farther, till we fall in again at the next village.' 'What Harry,' I cries, laughing heartier than ever, 'are you afeard of your own mind with Tom Mills?' 'Pho,' he made answer, walking on before me, and I followed him.

"'Yes,' I kept saying to myself, 'he *is* afeard of his own mind with his old ship-mate.' 'Twas a darker night than this, and when I looked a-head, the devil (for now I know 'twas *he* that boarded me!) made me take notice what a good spot it was for Harry to fall foul of me. And then I watched him making way before me, in the dark, and could'nt help thinking he was the better man of the two — a head and shoulders over me, and a match for any two of my inches. And then, again, I brought to mind that Harry would be a heavy purse the better of sending me to Davy's locker, seeing we had both been just paid off, and got a lot of prize-money, to boot; — and, at last — (the foul fiend having fairly got me helm-a-larboard), I argufied with myself that Tom Mills would be as well alive, with Harry Holmes's luck in his pocket, as he could be dead, and *his* in Harry Holmes's; not to say nothing of taking one's own part, just to keep one's self afloat, if so be Harry let his mind run as mine was running.

"All this time, Harry never gave me no hail, but kept tacking thro' these cursed rocks; and that, and his last words, made me doubt him more and more. At last he stopped nigh where he now lies, and sitting with his back to that high stone, he calls to me for my blade to cut the bread and cheese he had got at the village; and while he spoke I believed he looked glummer and glummer, and that he wanted the blade, the only one between us, for a some'at else than to cut bread and cheese; tho'

now I don't believe no such thing howsumdever; but then I did; and so, d'you see me, Commodore, I lost ballast all of a sudden, and when he stretched out his hand for the blade — (hell's fire blazing up in my lubberly heart!) — 'Here it is, Harry,' says I, and I gives it to him in the side! — once, twice, in the right place!" — (the sailor's voice, hitherto calm, though broken and rugged, now rose into a high, wild cadence) — "and then how we did grapple! and sing out one to another! ahoy! yeho! aye; till I thought the whole crew of fiends answered our hail from the hill-tops! — But I hit you again and again, Harry! before you could master me," continued the sailor, returning to the corpse, and once more taking its hand — "until at last you struck, — my old messmate! — And now — nothing remains for Tom Mills — but to man the yard-arm!"

The narrator stood his trial at the ensuing assizes, and was executed for this avowed murder of his shipmate; Jeremiah appearing as a principal witness. Our story may seem drawn either from imagination, or from mere village gossip; its chief facts rest, however, upon the authority of members of the Irish bar, since risen to high professional eminence; and they can even vouch that, at least, Jeremiah asserted the truth of "The Publican's Dream."

Painted by C.R. Leslie R.A. Engraved by A. Duncan

THE MUSICAL BOY.

THE MINSTREL BOY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Tread light this haunted grove of pleasure,
And list the fall of that dying measure;
O breathe not, stir not foot or hand —
There are visitants here from the Fairy land!
For such a sweet and melting strain
Was never framed in this world of pain;
It had breathings of ecstasy and bliss —
Of a happier, holier sphere than this!

I see the vision — I see it now —
And the grey hairs creep upon my brow;
For I know full well, from a thrilling smart
And a joy that quivers through my heart,
That this most sweet and comely boy,
With his pipe and his looks of sunny joy,
Is either the prince of the land unseen,
The child of my loved Fairy Queen,
Or cherub sent from a region higher,
The son of Apollo the king of the lyre!

Hail lovely thing! Ah might it be
That I were again such a being as thee,
With my pipe and my plaid in the wild green
wood,—
If thou art indeed of flesh and of blood!
But be thou a child of this world of strife,
Or a stranger come from the land of life,
Where the day of glory closes never,
And the harp and the song prevail for ever,
Still, vision fair, I long to be
A thing as holy and pure as thee.

Is it a dream or fairy trance,
This scene of grandeur and wild romance?
That chrystal pool with its sounding linn,
And the lovely vista far within,
The weeping birch and the poplar tall,
And the minstrel boy, the loveliest of all,
Thus singing his lay to the waterfall?

It is no vision of aught to be,
But a wild and splendid reality.
Then here let me linger, enwrapt, alone,
And think of the days that are past and gone—
Days of brightness, but fled as soon
As the bow from the cloud in the afternoon —
Gone like the purpled morning ray —
Gone like the blink of a winter day —
Gone like the strain of ravishing joy,
Late poured from the pipe of the minstrel
boy,

That has left no trace in its airy flight,
Though the leaves were dancing with delight;
Gone like the swallow far over the main,
But never like her to return again!

Yes, there was a time with memory twined,
(But time has left it afar behind),
When I, like thee, on a summer day
Would fling my bonnet and plaid away,
And toil at the leap, the race, or the stone,
With none to beat but myself alone.
And then would I raise my tiny lay
And lilt the songs of a former day;
Till I believed that over the fell
The fairies peeped from the heather bell;
That the lamb, so fraught with fond regard,
Had ceased to nibble the flowery sward;
That the plover came nigh with his corslet brown,
And the moorcock showed his scarlet crown;
That I even beheld, with reverence due,
The goss-hawk droop his pinion blue,
And the tear in the eye of the good curlew:
These things I trowed in my ecstasy,
So they were the same as truth to me;
And I decided, with placid brow,
That at the leap, the race, or the throw,
Or tuneful lay of the greenwood glen,
I was the chief of the sons of men.

Well, time flew on; and this conceit,
This high resolve not to be beat,

So urged me on these sports to head,
Though rarely the first, I had no dread
With *all* the first my skill to try,
And little lose in the contest high.
—Without resolve that mocks controul,
A conscious energy of soul
That views no height to human skill,
Man never excelled and never will.
Forgive, dear boy, this barren theme,
But be this phrase thy apothegm —
Better in the first race contend,
Than all that follows to transcend.

But thou shalt rise, full well I know,
If health still beam on thy comely brow;
For thou hast a hand to lead thee on
That stands unequalled and alone,
While thy old monitor had none —
None, save the song of the rural hind,
The bleating flocks, and the wailing wind,
The wildered glen with its gloomy pall,
The cliff, and the cairn, and the waterfall,
The towering clouds of ghastly form,
And the voice that spoke in the thunder storm!

Yes — there was another — a fervid flame,
Dear of remembrance, and dear of name,
With a thousand pains and pleasures blent,
But scarcely a thing of this element;
And thou shalt know it some time hence
To thy sweet and thy hard experience;

And thou shalt heave the burning sigh,
And be its slave as well as I.
Much do I owe to its sacred sway,
For he who sends thee this simple lay,
In his remote and green alcove
Was the pupil of NATURE and of LOVE.
With these and ART, shalt thou excel:
Dear Minstrel Boy! a while farewell.

Mount-Benger, June 14, 1828.

SONNET.

DECEMBER 31, 1827.—EVENING.

A day of cloudy grandeur,—o'er the main
Rolling its stormy volumes from the west,
That carrying eastward on their fiery breast
The vivid glow of many an evening stain,
Reflected from the ocean edge again
In faintly ruddy belt,—while all the rest
Over the heavens with lighter hue imprest,
Or from dark skirts scattering the flying rain,—
In splendour and in storm dismiss the year:
Emblem of Earth's disordered pageants through
Its course,—oft-times their glory by a tear
Succeeded, nor retaining long one view;
Yet through these rending clouds, serene and clear
Heaven's vistas open,—through Time's shadows too!

R. M.

HARMONY.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

I BADE the Day-break bring to me
Its own sweet song of ecstasy:
An answer came from leafy trees,
And waking birds, and wandering bees,
And wavelets on the water's brim —
The matin hymn — the matin hymn!

I asked the Noon for music then:
It echoed forth the hum of men;
The sounds of labour on the wind,
The loud-voiced eloquence of mind;
The heart — the soul's sublime pulsations —
The song, — the shout — the shock of nations.

I hastened from the restless throng,
To soothe me with the Evening song:
The darkening heaven was vocal still,
I heard the music of the rill —
The homebound bee — the vesper bell —
The cicadæ — and philomel.

Thou Omnipresent Harmony!
Shades, streams and stars are full of thee;
On every wing — in every sound
Thine all-pervading power is found;
Some chord to touch — some tale to tell —
Deep — deep within the spirit's cell.

WORDS TO A POPULAR AIR.*

BY J. F. W. HERSCHEL, ESQ.

WHITHER, whither shall I flee,
Far from look or thought of thee?
By what spell persuade my heart
From its baffled love to part?

Like the dove that round the Ark,
O'er those waters lone and dark,
Urging far her weary race,
Flew, yet found no resting place —

So to thee my thoughts, in vain
Driven abroad, return again,
Spite of scorn and broken vow —
All without is cheerless now.

Yet perchance, as worldlings say,
Time will bring a calmer day;
Years will blight love's sweetest wreath,
Absence do the work of death.

* "Cherry Ripe."

Say, can adverse winds assail
Him who courts no favouring gale?
Fate hold scourges yet in store
For him who hopes or loves no more?

Vain! 'tis vain. The heart, bereaved
Of all its brightest dreams conceived,
Where a stamp like thine is set,
Pines, or breaks — can ne'er forget!

Whither, whither shall I flee,
Far from look or thought of thee?

SONNET.

JANUARY 1, 1828.

The cloudless moon, after the storm dispers'd,
Held through the Heaven her high and pearly way,
The little stars attendant round her gay,
And gave good morrow to the new year first,—
A happy omen!—And may evils, nurst
In secret, fly before her cheerful ray—
Ascendant of the season, nor display
Opposing banners from some house accurst!
Yet she is changeable, and so we can
Expect no course of joy perpetual;
Enough to meet what commonly to man
Allotted, both of good and ill, may fall,
Amid all changes while we look to One
Unchanging, who directs and governs all.

R. M.

THE JEWISH PILGRIM.

NACHAMAN, the Rabbi, the son of Zechaiah, returning from a visit to the remnant of Israel in the land of the Afghans, landed at Babelmandel, on his way to weep over the tombs of his fathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and pass the evening of his days in the presence of his daughter Thamar. He was old, but in the vigour of intellect and virtue. On touching the soil of Arabia, he prostrated himself three times on the sand, and vowed never to be rocked upon the billows again. "Henceforth," said he, "I shall tread a firm element. I shall not be tossed forward to-day fifty leagues, and to-morrow tossed backward a hundred. I shall not rub the skirts of my clothing against unbelievers, that all the water round me could not wash clean in either clothes or conscience. I shall not be compelled to see wretches growing fat upon pork, while I must join them and commit sin, or starve. I shall not be drenched from head to foot in salt water,

when I only want to pour enough on my hands for an ablution. I shall not be rolled about like a mad derveish in my bed, when I only want to sleep and lie in peace. I shall not be bruised, kicked, famished, sick, dungeoned, drowned. In short, I shall not be at sea; which may heaven keep in future for fishes and sailors, who are born to it. To-day, Moses be praised! I tread the land of Yemen."

His mild manners, his venerable beard, and his eating scarcely any of the ship's provisions, had conciliated the Persian captain who brought him from Ceylon. He never had a passenger that cost him so little, or that allowed of being robbed so freely; and, after insisting on being paid twice the sum for the voyage, in consideration of its having been twice the length he promised, he condescended to express his regret at parting with the Rabbi.

"I leave you in bad hands among these Arabs," said he; "they learn thievery from the cradle. The children drink in roguery with their mother's milk; and man, woman, and child, they will rob you, with your eyes open, of your last sequin."

"I defy them," said the Rabbi, "for my last sequin is gone within these five minutes. I have taken leave of it for ever."

"True," said the Persian, "and a most affectionate leave it was. The tears stood in your eyes, and you looked so long at its visage, that if it has any gratitude it will remember you while it wears a face. But now, farewell. I warn you to look

about you; you are among rascals who have nothing to learn in the way of robbery."

"They have not been at sea yet," mildly said Nachaman, as, with his hands folded on his breast, he walked away.

Yemen is the paradise of Arabia, and a hundred thousand poets have sung its praises, each copying the other, as is the custom, at least among the Arab poets; and each ready to live and die in the faith that all his predecessors knew nothing about the matter. Many millions of reeds were dipt in ink yearly upon the controversy; and more volumes were written than, fairly spread out, would paper the six provinces from Aden to Bassorah. But the Rabbi had not travelled above a league, when he began to think that he had formed a very hasty idea of Paradise. The sun all but burned through his turban. The sands were like fire reduced to very small particles, that scorched his feet through sandals and all. Myriads of flying plagues, to which the mosquitoes of the Panjaub were butterflies, fell furiously on his skin; and, so far as prospect was concerned, his view from the summit of the first range of stony hills only showed him what, but for his memory of the Arab poets, and his fear of the knives of their admirers, he would have at once declared to be nothing but an immense oven for baking the whole human race alive.

But Nachaman, though advanced in years, was sinewy and active. He was accustomed to travel; and he felt, that after having sailed with the

Persian from Cape Comorin to the three plantains that wither over the coffee-house on the landing-place at Aden, he might scorn the troubles of the world. His way was solitary; and indeed in the first hundred yards after he left the gates of the town, he began to think that the sun and the soil together had done their duty, and broiled mankind out of the land. But he was not quite companionless, for he brought with him a little Indian monkey, which had escaped every attempt of the crew to catch and eat him; a nightingale given to him by the daughter of an Afghan prince, as a testimony to the land of her fathers; the Book of the Law; and the lamp by which he regularly read it, from nightfall until the first cock-crowing.

Day was rushing down, and the sun, like an expiring torch, was flashing up a fiercer flame, when Nachaman, desperately exhausted, halted beside a small stream that stole out of a crevice in the rock, but, like his own virtues, seemed to hate being observed, for it had scarcely trickled into the light when it sank again. But here was at least coolness; and the companions of his journey exhibited such a liking to the spot, that the mild Rabbi sat down, and, before tasting the rill, returned thanks according to the manner of his people. The nightingale gratefully flapped his little dusty wings, and began a song without waiting for the moon; and the monkey, tired to death, and thankful for his cup of water, rubbed his head against his master's beard, and fell asleep in his lap. The world thus quiet

around him, the learned Rabbi lighted his lamp, and began to read.

But his studies were soon interrupted by the noise of many human feet crashing through the pebbles: he looked up, saw a single, strange-looking man gazing at him, and, before he had time to recover his presence of mind, saw the stranger gather his lips, and with a strong puff blow out the lamp. The night was pitch-dark; and Nachaman, though thoroughly alarmed at the neighbourhood of such a figure, dared not stir, where the next step might be down a precipice. But the sound of the feet gradually died away, and in half an hour the moon was broad as a shield of silver. Silence and solitude were around him, in the loveliness of an Eastern night. The monkey sprang forward in the light, bounding among the rocks; the nightingale perched on his shoulder, and began a wild prelude, sweeter than a thousand flutes; and, with his little guide and his little musician, the Rabbi, refreshed and cheered, marched up the mountain's side.

Another day of travel succeeded, long, breezeless, and burning: the very soul of Nachaman was scorched within him, and he envied the fishes, even though they were destined to pass their lives at sea. "But then," said he, "they are not forced to pass them in ships, which alters the case prodigiously; and, at all events, they need never see the sun but when they like it."

But, as the evening fell, he saw a solitary date tree, and hastened towards its shelter. To his in-

finite surprise he found, gravely sitting under its branches, the very same personage who had blown out his lamp the night before. But the Rabbi was a slow-thoughted Oriental, and he did not feel that brilliant rapidity of genius which in Europe decides a character by a single action. "He blew out my lamp," said he; "but am I thence to conclude that he intended to knock out my brains?"

They entered into conversation, ate dates together, and were on the point of becoming the best friends in the world; when the Rabbi accidentally alluding to the magnificence of the tree that hung its broad canopy over their heads, said that "it was about the size of the tree that Adam and Eve were married under in Eden."

The Stranger shot a glance from one of the blackest eyes that ever looked into a rabbi's face, and laughing, merely answered, "Poh! trash from that wisest of blockheads, Rabbi Joshuah Ben Levi. So; you read the Cholin?"

Nachaman did not care the dust of his sandal for Rabbi Joshuah Ben Levi, whom he knew to be a blockhead of the first water; but no man likes to have the truth thrust down his œsophagus. He was stung too by the smile with which the fact was accompanied, and, like other doctors of supreme science, he indulged his vexation under cover of his zeal.

He argued hotly, but he argued in vain. At last, losing the balance of his temper, and determined to silence his provoking antagonist at a word, he turned

on him, and asked whether he "did not believe that the pen of the Rabbi Tanchuma was guided by the angel Gabriel from morning till sunset, and by the angel Raphael from sunset till morning?"

"Not one word," was the Stranger's answer; "I hope the angels were better employed than to have any thing to do with that most consummate of asses."

Nachaman almost fell off his seat with surprise. "What, then!" at last he scarcely recovered strength to say, "I suppose you don't believe that the Mishna is the finest work of the human mind?"

"Not a syllable."

"Nor that the Gemara is the most illustrious, profound, and eloquent of all commentaries?"

"Nonsense from beginning to end."

Nachaman was the least irritable Rabbi that ever walked the earth, but he had been an author, was bred in a college, and had spent ten of his best years in the unremitting study of the doctors. He started upon his feet in an indignation that half choked him. But to give the scoffer a last chance, he haughtily asked, "What he thought of the Talmud?"

The Stranger, without changing a muscle at the writhing features and formidable frown of the Rabbi, answered, "A fragment of bread flung in a province of sand—a naked babe in an Arabian desert—a bushel of wheat floating in an ocean of barrenness—a grain of truth buried under ten thousand tons of imposture."

Nachaman was horror-struck: he involuntarily

looked up to see what cloud was preparing the flash to smite the scorner; he looked down to see what cleft in the soil was enlarging to swallow him up. But the Stranger amused himself with watching the flutter of the nightingale, that, as the night approached, was pluming itself, and preparing its throat, as a daughter of the Zenana would have prepared for the display of her charms at the banquet of the Shah.

With this imperturbable being what was to be done, but kill him or bid him "good night?"

Nachaman, though a tolerably learned doctor, and long distinguished in polemic divinity, was not far enough advanced for the former. So he turned on his heel, with the bitterest civility wished him a happy slumber, and, to avoid further debate, walked as fast as he could to a village; where, in command of twenty huts, and a thousand square miles of weeds and gravel, reposed the invincible Sheik of Nisjad.

But he soon found that this expedient was like going to law to avoid being plundered by one's neighbours. He had plunged into a nest of plunderers. The Sheik summoned him to his presence, and ordered the delivery of his last sequin on the spot. The unfortunate Rabbi in vain protested that if he were to coin his blood, he could not supply a grain of any current coin on the face of the globe. The bastinado was commanded; and, to the tenfold alarm of the Rabbi, when he lifted his face from the ground, he saw in the executioner his scoffing

friend. In his secret soul he made a vow against ever quarrelling for the Talmud, until he was sure that his antagonist had nothing to do with the ministry of justice. He expected a tenfold excoriation of the soles of his devoted feet for his lecture on the wisdom of Rabbi Levi, and prepared to die, an unwilling martyr to the Mishna and its commentary.

But never was executioner more curiously fastidious in the choice of his instruments. He broke a dozen bamboos in successive attempts to discover one worthy to consummate the sentence of the "sublime Sheik upon the wretch found guilty of being a beggar." This bamboo was "so long that every blow would fall among the by-standers;" the other was "so pliant that it would strike nothing;" the next was "so slight that he might as well strike with a feather;" the next was "so heavy that a single blow would put the wretch beyond the justice of the Commander of the Faithful." The executioner broke them all, whether thick or thin, and flung them outside the tent, as unworthy to be touched by fingers so eminent in flagellation. At length the Sheik, impatient at this fastidiousness, grasped a bamboo as thick as a tent-pole, and jumping from his throne, a buffalo's skull, was proceeding to apply the discipline in person. But the public officer of justice was not to suffer his sovereign to be so ill-employed; he suddenly plucked the staff from the hands of the astonished Sheik, and, whirling it round his head, threatened a blow that would have put an end to

the Rabbi's pilgrimages and polemics for ever. The blow fell, but not on the appointed soles. The Sheik, curious to see the result of an operation recommended by himself, had ventured too near; the bamboo was no respecter of persons, and as the sovereign's head projected within the circumference of its sphere, they came into natural collision. Twenty turbans could not have stood between the bamboo and his brains. The Sheik dropped on the ground, never to behold bastinado more. The rabble rushed in, and having ascertained that he was actually dead, appointed a successor instantly; began to treat the late chief with truths which might have been of more service to him an hour before; and openly wondered how they could ever have suffered such a beast to tread upon the necks of the Faithful.

The successor came in, looked at what was done, talked of destiny, and intending to begin by enjoying the pleasures of empire, ordered a general carouse of mares' milk, and set the example by getting intoxicated without delay. As he felt no ill-will to the perpetrator, he ordered him and the Rabbi to be taken to one of the government huts, and fed and housed until they should be hanged next morning.

The Rabbi, exhausted by fatigue and fright, supped like a cormorant, and threw himself on the carpet. But, just as he was closing his eyes, he demanded whether his companion was actually mad enough to doubt the superiority of the Tal-

mud to all the books that ever were or are to be written?

The Stranger answered him only by "poh," and bade him fall asleep. The argument was upon the point of beginning; but the nightingale perching in the window on a vine branch, thrilled out such a strain of luxury, that the Talmud was wiped out of its defender's brain; he listened, muttered something about the music of the angels, began to talk the nonsense of a half dream, and at last fairly sank into the soundest slumber that ever turned a controversialist into an endurable being.

But his brain soon became busy again, and he dreamed that he stood in the presence of the Sanhedrin, delivering the most irresistible oration that ever flowed from the lips of man; his reasonings were keen as the edge of a Damascus scymitar, and his metaphors rich as the flourishes inlaying its blade. His pathos was at once as melting and precious as the pearl when it is just beginning to mould itself in the shell, and his voice was the very voice of thunder. The unfortunate and vanquished Stranger seemed to stand before him withering into the earth; and the air was echoing with the plaudits of the enraptured and wondering multitude. He felt his cheek glow with the pride of unrivalled talent; the applause grew louder and louder, and with his cheek still more glowing, he awoke: a torch was blazing within an inch of his beard. The words "Get up Rabbi, if you don't wish to be roasted alive," were the next phenomenon; he col-

lected his senses; looked round; the hut was large, and he saw the Stranger tranquilly taking his strides, and applying the torch to every thing, roof or wall, that could burn.

Nachaman for once gave up argument, and rushed from under the thatch that was falling in fragments of flame round him. He saw the whole village in conflagration.

Without another word he fled to a date-grove a mile off, carrying with him all his substance, his monkey, his nightingale, his lamp and the Law. The Stranger speedily joined him. But the Rabbi shrank with open indignation and secret fear from a man whom no gratitude could bind, and no argument could convince, who set fire to villages, and, worse than all, doubted the Talmud.

"Rabbi," said the impracticable Stranger, "we may now argue at our ease; there is no likelihood of disturbance from the young Sheik; and after having set a community on fire, I feel myself in a vein for the next step, a good sound controversy."

"Begone!" was the only answer. But the hope of a convert grew on the Rabbi; and he was approaching with a demand of all the points in question, as a preliminary to a fair view of the subject, when he was startled by the trampling of a crowd of horsemen, who swept along the skirts of the wood, and fell upon the burning village. Cries of terror soon told what the new comers were doing, and the Rabbi listened until, after a furious fight, the last sounds decayed.

"You saved my life by awaking me," were his first words to the Stranger. Those robbers would have minced me among the rest. I will acknowledge you have some sagacity, though you deny the Talmud."

"You don't yet know half your obligations to me," was the answer; "and you must pay me for wasting my time, and to so little purpose as saving the cuticle of your heels, and the vertebræ of your neck. Give me your marmozet, your nightingale, and your lamp. Your Law you may keep, as an antidote to your nonsense upon every other subject."

Nachaman hesitated. The little animals were his old companions, had been given to him by fair and noble hands, and he was bringing them as a present to his daughter Thamar, the loveliest of the lovely, whom he thought he saw every hour looking from her chamber in Jerusalem for the return of her father. He was in some doubt, too, whether he was benefited by the services of the Stranger, when the result was only to be robbed. Besides, whatever his gratitude might have done, no man likes a forced loan of all he is worth in the world. He began to reason; and was proceeding in the most eloquent and convincing manner of his dream; but the Stranger told him promptly, that he ought to keep such "fooleries for the old women of the Sanhedrin;" and catching hold of the monkey in the act of chattering on a bough, squeezed his throat and threw him dead at his master's feet. The nightingale, pouring out a honeyed stream of sound that

would have bewitched any thing but a wolf or the Stranger, was likewise plucked from his branch and laid silent beside the monkey. The Rabbi in horror sprang up and endeavoured to save his last possessions, the lighted lamp in one hand and the Law in the other. But the Stranger instantly seized the lamp, and crushed it under his heel. "You may keep the book," said he, "for it can do you neither good nor harm, until you have brains enough to comprehend it."

The Rabbi fled through the wood with a cry, but with no attempt to reason. He had at length despaired of converting the Stranger, whom he began to conceive either Satan or a heretic. The sounds of horsemen galloping in all directions among the thickets, still continued to perplex him; and with the rapidity of fear he ran, never looking behind him, terrified beyond measure by all kinds of cries and dashings of scymitars, and thus ran on plunging through brake and briar until the feeble grey of morning shewed him a wall that stopped his course, and that to him seemed to be built up to the very skies.

The pursuit had sunk away, the vision of the brown faces, flying rags, and shining weapons of the Arab troopers troubled him no longer; and as his senses had time to cool, the wall looked less lofty; by degrees it subsided to very ordinary dimensions, and finally appeared what it was, a little, rough, brick wall, in which besides he discovered by the increasing light so mortal an appendage as a low wooden

door. After holding some deliberation with himself on the hazard of disturbing such inmates as walls in Arabia might inclose, he felt that mighty impulse, which all over the world is the true foundation of courage — for which the soldier braves the battle, and the sailor the storm, the politician deserts his pillow, and the highwayman risks his neck, — the necessity of eating. He knocked; the door was opened, and the Rabbi fell twenty paces backward at the sight of the opener: he was the identical Stranger.

"Any more news about the Mishna?" asked this singular being, with a look of the same easy contempt that he had worn the evening before.

But Nachaman had no power to speak; his tongue was tied by fright and fatigue. He made an attempt to turn away, and fell exhausted. The Stranger now came forward, raised him from the ground, and led him into a small ill-furnished chamber, of which the shutters were still closed, and whose only light was from a dying lamp. "I suppose," said he to the almost insensible Rabbi, "you think me by this time, a perverse kind of being; and though you are welcome to think me a monster, if you like,—for who can care a pinch of dust for the opinion one way or other of one ready to swallow such a mountain of absurdity as you carry in your soul, —yet listen for once to the truth for the truth's sake. I burned the village, because I had discovered from pretty good authority, that the villagers intended to cut our throats as soon as they

should catch us asleep. Yet badly off as the fire left them, they might have fared worse without it; for, Rabbi, the man who prefers having a scymitar through his midriff, to having the thatch burned over his head, is fit for nothing but to believe in the Talmud."

The Rabbi groaned, but was too much awed to do more; and for once that glorious concentration of all wisdom went without a word in its favour. "The burning of the village," continued the Stranger, "roused the inhabitants, and lucky it was for them that they were not as fast asleep and as drunk as their Sheik; for their neighbours, the Ben Ali Sackari, the most pious of any in those parts, and descended of the pure blood of Ishmael, without a drop of profane mixture for three thousand years of robbery, had fixed upon that very night to cut them up root and branch. The fire prepared them for the visit, and the two tribes, after slaying one half of each other, are at this moment making a solemn compact of friendship and alliance over the bodies of the Sheiks on both sides. The whole transaction would do honour to the most civilized communities; and the treaty, like those of better clothed nations, will be kept with the most rigid fidelity, until it suits either party to break it."

Nachaman, recovering his speech, allowed that he was glad to have been any where but present, while those copper-coloured principles of war and peace were in discussion. "But my nightingale, and my monkey," sighed he; "what offence was there in them?" "Offence!" interrupted the

Stranger, " what could be greater? They had talent, and they were determined on shewing it. Among men, a genius that will not learn to be silent, will learn to be kicked out of the society of all who have the good things of life in their hands. Your Sanhedrin will vouch for the fact. If your nightingale had been content to sing only when it was desired, and your marmozet to jump and tumble over his own tail only when we wanted his pleasantries, they might have been immortal for me. They would have been worthy of gilded cages, and of swinging from morning till night for the general admiration, in a bower of roses by a string of pearls. But I was merciful to the clever little culprits. If they had been human, they would have seen their lives dwindle down day after day, until they stole to some corner where they might decay unseen, and die. I squeezed their delicate throats in the midst of enjoyment. The pang was nothing; and with a touch their troubles were at an end."

Nachaman still regretted his favourites so much, that he was about to reason.

" Why I indulged them with my mercy at that moment," said the Stranger, stopping him with a gesture of authority, " I shall now condescend to tell you, as I am tired of you, and must get rid of so very argumentative a companion. The Arabs who came to murder the villagers, followed us to the wood for the same purpose; but the night, the thickets, and the cave, would have been of little use to hide us, if your nightingale had kept up the fine

song that he was chanting; or your marmozet continued chattering and jumping about, or your lamp twinkling. The Gemara, perhaps, may induce its believers to prefer a song or a dance to existence; but to the less enlightened, life is dear; and I would not have felt the whirl of a sabre on my neck for the best quaver or tumble under Heaven. Now, begone!"

Nachaman in humility rose, acknowledged his misconception, and with thanks for his safety tottered to the door: but he tried the lock with his feeble fingers in vain. The Stranger angrily bade him hasten. The lock was more stubborn than ever. As if to perplex him, he heard too, a variety of sounds; a female voice of the most touching sweetness was mingled with the melody of birds and a low and indistinct murmur, which seemed familiar to his ear, yet of which he could make nothing.

In strong emotion he glanced round to the Stranger, who was still observing his process; but the eye that returned his glance glittered with such keenness from under a brow so frowning, that he dared look no more. With a violent effort he now threw himself against the door, which at last gave way, and the suddenness of the shock flung him head-foremost over the threshold. But, had he mistaken the entrance? He saw no forest. He was lying on the floor of a small richly furnished chamber, with a female figure pouring water and perfumes on his temples, who raised him up, and exclaiming, "My father!" sprang into his arms. The casements had been thrown open, and

the morning sun was pouring a flood of crimson light through the flowers that shaded it; the Rabbi gazed upon the being before him in fear, wonder, and delight. The fear passed away, the delight remained. It was Thamar, his beauteous, his beloved, that he held to his reviving bosom. Her tears fell on his feverish countenance, like the drops of a shower at dawn, falling from the loveliness of heaven to refresh the earth. The wonder still remained. How had he come? He was in Judea, nay, in his own house. The pictures, the tissues, the books, all were the same as when, three years before, he had taken his sorrowful departure, and, on this very spot, sent up his prayer for the protection of his child. For the explanation of all, he turned to the Stranger, who was sitting calmly in his chair, and turning over the huge leaves of the Talmud. Nachaman rejoiced in the sight; however elated by his extraordinary escape, he was still more elated by seeing the study of his companion. Had he for once triumphed? Had he compelled this most scoffing of sceptics, to give up his opinion? In his transport he gently disengaged himself from his daughter's ivory arms and rosy cheeks, and taking the Mishna and Gemara from their embroidered cases, approached him with a load of wisdom that almost crushed his exhausted frame to the ground.

The Stranger took no notice of the Rabbi as he stood panting under the weight of his theology; but continued reading, uttering from time to time, such words as "partly true—nonsense—surprising stu-

pidity—folly inconceivable—good sense in clouds—total insanity—mountain of lies!"

At last the Rabbi could restrain himself no longer; he laid the sacred books with a feeling of assured conquest beside the student, and with some difficulty succeeded in inducing him to turn his eyes upon them."

"Have you no more than those?" said the Stranger.

"A hundred," exclaimed the delighted Rabbi; "or I should be no Doctor of Laws." He opened his chests, and poured upon the table volume on volume, inscribed, "Medrash Rabbah"—"Shabbath"—"Rabbi Huna,"—"Taanith,"—"Mendelsohn," and a heap of others.

"And you have read all those?" asked the Stranger; "yet dare to stand up in the presence of Heaven, that gave every man's time for some useful purpose. Where is the little book that you were reading last night by the lamp?"

"That book," answered the Rabbi, "our doctors honour from the bottom of their souls; but they never read it when they can get these. If the Law is good, the tradition is better. Such is the decree of the illustrious Sanhedrin."

"Master of Israel!" pronounced the Stranger in a stern tone; "I did not want you to tell me, that the illustrious Sanhedrin are a parcel of blind blockheads, and that they insist upon every one's being as blind as themselves. But as you are an honest man in spite of your education, you shall have a lesson in contempt of the Sanhedrin. Thank

your daughter's prayers for having brought you home; but thank me for giving you the chance of being less a fool than your doctors. Give me the Book of the Law."

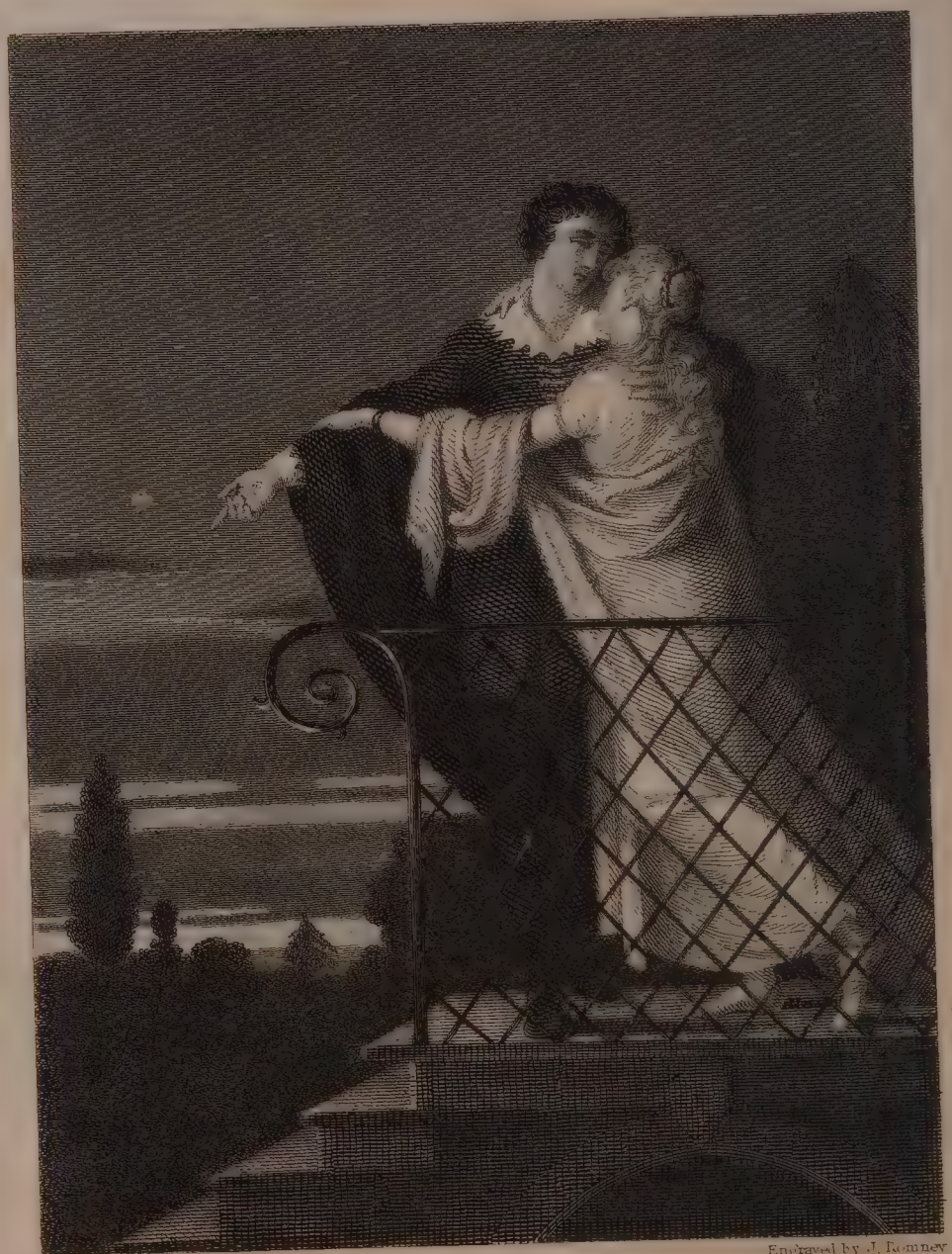
The Stranger took it in his hand, bowed his forehead over it in the most solemn reverence, and laid it on the summit of the pile of volumes. It had scarcely touched them before a thick smoke rose up; flame followed; the whole wisdom of the Rabbi was in a blaze. Nachaman rushed forward to seize the destroyer of so much holiness; but astonishment stopped him. Through the blaze the Stranger's eyes flashed like two stars; his countenance was sudden loftiness and beauty combined; he looked upon the trembling Rabbi with an intense yet benign vision that seemed to penetrate his soul. The smoke of the volumes rose to the roof of the chamber; a solemn sound was heard, like the waving of trees in the blast, or the rushing of a mighty wind. The flame at length grew dim. The volumes sank in ashes. The Rabbi took from them one surviving book; it was the Law and the Prophets, totally untouched. He laid it to his bosom, and kneeling made a vow, which it would not have been safe to utter under any other roof in Jerusalem. When he looked up, the Stranger was gone, but Thamar was at his side; even the little animals that he had seen perish, came playing round him. He fell on his knees, and never from that hour argued, doubted, or was wiser than the word of God again.

SONNET

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

When the faint daylight waneth from the west
O'er thee a canopy the foliage weaves,
And pleasant is the sound of stirred leaves,
And sweet the blossoms waving round thy nest.
As with a blessed child's uncaring breast,
Forth gushing strong as some clear mountain rill,
Thy happy mate thy heart with song doth fill,
When down all others fold them into rest.
And when the last stars dimly wane away,
And the first sunbeams round thee tint the dews,
Amid the clamorous melodies of day,
Again thy mate his rapturous song renews.
By day, by night, thy pleasures are in prime—
Mate of all beauty, through the summer time.

R. H.



Painted by B.R.Haydon. Engraved by J. Romney

THE PARTING.

Published by Smith, Elder, & Co. 65 Cornhill.

THE PARTING.

BY L. RITCHIE, ESQ.

Oh! let not thus that tearful eye
  Close sadly o'er my long adieu;
What needs our Parting Hour to fly
  In darkness and in sorrow too?
Be thou the watch-fire on the steep
  To guide the wanderer from the shore—
The last that fades upon the deep—
  The first to light him home once more!

As diamonds, glittering in the night,
  Like things of marvel and of fear,
But give again the hoards of light
  They gathered when the sun was near—
Shine on me, Sweet!—that even so
  My heart those gleams of love may see,
And in the hour of darkest woe
  Be radiant with bright thoughts of thee!

Of thee—of thee, my early friend,
The playmate of my infant years—
What other thoughts with thine can blend
That a whole youth of love endears?
The soft, the kind, and oh! the true,
In sun and shade, in good and ill—
My cheering light—my softening dew—
Who loved me, and who loves me still!

Yes, there are redder cheeks than thine,
And brighter eyes indeed may be;—
Pictures! But ah! the charm divine
They want—life-giving memory.
Like summer lightnings, these may play
Fantastic round my careless heart;
But, lost in *thy* calm daylight, they
"Like shadows come, and so depart."

Farewell, farewell, my early friend!
Farewell, farewell, my only love!
With this no mean suspicions blend,
No dream of change, no thought to prove.
My tried! my true! thou art to me
A holy faith—a sainted shrine;
As soon my soul could fall from thee
As doubt the heavenly truth of thine.

THE SEA-STORM.

BY CAPTAIN M^{c}NAGHTEN.

THE anchor was weighed; and light-breathed gales
Courted the yet coy fluttering sails,
Which yielded slowly their bosoms fair
To be fanned and swelled by that wanton air;
And hope in each heart on that deck was high,
And joy was lighted in every eye;
For they were not going, as erst, to roam,
But from a far land returning home.
They had sojourned many a weary day
Under India's sun, and its death-fraught ray;
And sickness and sorrowings some had seen,
And some had in nobler dangers been;
But all alike were in gladness now,
And there was not a sad nor a clouded brow,
As the sails were unfurled, and the anchor weighed
And in the light breezes the pennon played.
Yet I may not say that there flowed not a tear,
For where is the land so unblessed and drear,
In which long years of stay will not tend
To raise for the lone heart a love or a friend?
Oh! such a clime, if there be, is accurst,
Where neither friendship nor love is nursed:

Yes!—there were tears and half-breathed sighs
That told of severed sympathies:
But let them pass.—The sails at last
Were forced by the jealous wind from the mast,
Where they had clung, like a new-made bride,
In timid love, to her mother's side;
And proudly the vessel her way held on,
Till the land from the lingering eye was gone.
A sky there was like a woman's smile,—
But smiles and skies, though bright, beguile!
And the sea was as calm with its waters blue
As the mildest eye it might match in hue:
Nor was there seen in that wide expanse
One sign of ill by the seamen's glance;
And they are well used to the treachery
Of the shining heavens, and the quiet sea;
But here there was no one doubt expressed,
And hope was unchecked in every breast.

It is a beauteous thing to see
The ocean slumbering tranquilly;
Its waves as harmless as a child,
And its blue surface calm and mild,
As is a pensive beauty's face,
When first to faint smiles tears give place;
And the light winds almost afraid
Lest their soft breathings, as they played
So gently o'er the heaving breast
Of ocean, might disturb its rest.—

The lover thus who softly steals
Where sleep his loved one's eyelids seals,
Beneath some cool sequestered shade
In the warm flush of beauty laid,
Still trembles, as he fondly gazes,
At every leaf the zephyr raises,
And fears that even his silent glance
May wake her from that rosy trance.—
Above, there was a beauteous sky,
And it appeared, in Fancy's eye,
To look upon the placid water,
Like a fond mother on her daughter;
And if a cloud, however light,
Broke on the blue with its fleecy white,
The playful breeze would waft it o'er,
And all be stainless as before;—
Such fleecy cloud as transient proves
As woman's anger, where she loves.
And who, 'mid such a gentle scene,
Of elemental calm serene,
Would think that furious discord ever,
Such tranquil union could dissever?
Could those small sportive waves transform
To mountains, foaming 'neath the storm?
While yon blue heaven arrayed in black
Should urge the tempest's ruthless track,
And on its lightning death-shafts hurled,
Send desolation through the world!
As well might we expect to see
The infant, from its parent's knee,

With head reposing on her heart,
Into quick strength and fury start,
As those unagitated seas,
And that almost too timid breeze,
And the mild heaven, put forth such rage,
And such relentless conflicts wage.

Gay were the breasts in that stately ship,
And joy from the heart still flew to the lip;
For they were in blissful ignorance yet
Of the fate to be borne and the dangers met:
And from care, and grief, and ill-boding free,
Some gazed upon the glittering sea,
And communed with their own musings only,
Blessed in glad thoughts, though a moment lonely.
And two there were on the decks who strayed,
In new love plighted — a youth and a maid;
With their young bosoms in that sweet thrall,
When in one dear object the heart holds all.
The youth's dark eye beamed ardently,
As he spoke of the land—he was doomed not to see!
And of blissful days that awaited him there,
When he claimed as his own that bosom fair.
And though with his rapture *she* might not speak,
There was answer enough in that young girl's cheek:
And hope sprung up in her pensive eye,
And it might be seen that her heart beat high,
Her glance was down; but her light brown hair
Was fanned from her forehead by the air;

And gave so polished a brow to the sight,
That not one blue vein broke the dazzling white:
All was as pure, as saintly fair,
As if neither blood nor life had been there:
Like that part of a calm lake it might seem,
Which the moon hath lit with her clear mild gleam.
Her eye was blue, but its pensive cast
Spake less of the future than of the past;
It brightened not with hope, save when
By her lover's voice raised—but it fell again,
As though that dwelling could never prove
Such a home for hope as it was for love.
No!—the look of *remembrance* was there alone,
And it gave her beauty that softened tone,
Which will not abide in livelier eyes,
And from the soul's glad laughter flies;
But it tells of a heart full of tenderness,
Whose love, once won, will never grow less;
And which no sorrow nor pain will make
Forget, abandon — or aught but break.
Her cheek was pale, save when a blush
(Raised by the youth's love-theme) cast a flush
For a moment o'er it,— and then 't would gleam,
Like a white rose-leaf, in the sun's last beam,
Reflected from some cloud's bright hue—
As lovely, but ah! as transient too!
It else was pale—that unearthly cheek;
Yet vainly the boy-god of love might seek
A heavenlier dwelling beneath the skies,
Than that roseless cheek and those pensive eyes:

They could light up with smiles, but it seemed the while,
That a tear were welcomer there than a smile:
And oft might be marked (when none were deemed nigh
To behold her weeping or hear her sigh,)
A heave of the breast, and a gush of the eye.
Her voice — But wherefore of one tell more,
Whom desolation hath triumphed o'er? —
With her lover she then was happily straying,
On the sun-bright deck, with the soft winds playing
Among her tresses. And I have told
How some the broad waters did behold,
Viewing the dolphin's sportive hues,
So rapidly changeful, the eye will lose
The richest tints ere a moment seen,
While lovelier come where the last had been.
And others had opened the poet's page,
Where Harold's immortal Pilgrimage,
Or the chivalry-chanting Lay of the North,
Or Hope's gifted Bard, poured their sweetness forth;
Or where, under Fancy's endless control,
Erin's Enchanter spell-binds the soul;
Or where She, the inspired one, young and fair,
The violet of that sweet parterre,
Genius's rapt and burning child,
Tells of sad love by hope beguiled,
Draws feeling's tear-gem to the eye,
And makes it even sweet to sigh.*

* L. E. L.

And some spread the mimicking colours bright;
And some touch the wild harp with fingers light,
And warbled, in half-heard melting notes,
(Oh! music never so sweetly floats
On the trembling air as when warbled so)
A tale of first love that ended in woe.
How little seemed then those tones of sorrow
Prophetic of what befel on the morrow!
A young mother soothed her babe to rest,
On the pillow which nature gave — her breast:
It was sobbing gently — for sorrows begin
Before we have power or will to sin:
And it had been weeping, and now was soothed;
For Infancy's path is quickly smoothed,
Unlike the rugged steep ways before it,
To be trodden as future years roll o'er it.
And there the small rosy girl reposed,
The beautiful lids of its young eyes closed,
While its tiny hand was in fondness placed
On its mother's soft lips — and it *thus* embraced.

* * * * *

Pass on: — The skies that were so fair,
Were blackened, and the gentle air
Grew troubled; and the billows rose
Like a chafed lion, when his foes
Have first disturbed him in his rest,
And rising fury fills his breast.
On the wind, as yet from a distance, came
The thunder's voice; and the lightning's flame

Threw a ghastly glare on the ambient gloom,
Which no longer the sun had power to illume.
And darker than night it quickly grew,
And harder each moment the fresh gale blew,
While the flashes of pale electric light
But showed the thick black of that noon-day night.

The war of the elements now began;
And the heavens and the seas and the fierce winds ran
Into one chaotic convulsive strife,
Where terror, destruction, and death were rife.
How sped the ship? — She was as a child
In a giant's hands, 'mid that warfare wild,
She seemed as a weapon used by each wave,
To hurl against the winds—which gave
Desperate repulsion, and sent back
The missile to her gulfy track,—
Whence battered, she again was driven
Against the furious blasts of heaven.—
Her chief had sailed for many a day,
And toil and time had sprinkled grey
Upon his long-experienced head;
And his was a heart that knew not dread —
But they who his anxious eye could mark,
As the keen flash broke, for a time, the dark,
Could gather from that but little of hope,
That the high-tossed ship with the storm could cope.

All, all on the decks had crowded now;
And tho' the black day obscured each brow,
It was easy to tell what each bosom felt,
While the timid shook, and the pious knelt,
And the brave stood erect, prepared to die
As best becomes a spirit high;
And the farewell grasp of friendship's hand
Spoke of a heart almost unmanned;
Unlike the grasp of hands at meeting,
When the heart supplies the tongue with greeting;
And all unlike the affectionate pressing,
In common adieus where, blessed and blessing,
Hope blithely speaks of a day more bright—
But it dared not whisper in that noon's night!
Closely the mother held to her breast
Her babe—and the maid to her lover's was pressed;
And fiercely the waves o'er the vessel dashed;
And loudly the mast, as it tumbled, crashed;
And screams were heard—but the maiden and mother
All sounds, save of prayer, in their bosoms smother;
While to that heaven which dark clouds cover,
One prayed for her infant, and one for her lover.
High raged the storm; and upon the mad blast,
The Fiend of the tempest seemed riding past,
Exulting loud, with a demon's joy,
And urging the elements to destroy!
Oh! 'tis alone in such wild commotion,
We view the full majesty of the ocean—
Each wave in its foaming career hurled on
By another, as huge, and as quickly gone;

Howling like famished wolves for their prey,
And, with their white, churned, glittering spray,
Dazzling the eyes which behold them, more
Even than they daunt the heart with their roar;
Towering above the loftiest mast,
As though they dared heaven's fiercest blast,
And wreaking on the frail bark's head
Their fury when discomfited!

The battered ship lay as a wreck,
And Despair was king of her crowded deck;
For even the hope in prayer had fled,
And the billows dashed over each bended head.
As yet no victim was snatched away;
But the waters *will* have their destined prey:
And they came o'er the vessel more quick and vast,
And each plunge she gave was more deep than the last;
And the best hearts there it might well appal,
As she dashed into each wide interval.
Brief were the orisons then given,
But none sincerer e'er reached heaven;
Nor ever were purer sent above,
Than that fair-cheeked girl put up for her love:
It was not for herself her innocent tongue
Prayed, but for him to whose breast she clung;
Trusting to share his unquiet grave,
If the God she bowed to refused to save.
Like a cloud-touching mountain a wave came on;
It broke o'er the ship and was speedily gone —

And whom bore it with it?—View that girl's face—
Her lover has sunk in its dark embrace!
The prayer she prayed, the grasp she gave him—
Could not that fond prayer, that wild grasp save him?
Thrice called she upon him—but his dear voice
May never again her heart rejoice:
And she felt where he last stood, and hoped to die—
But there was for her more misery:
She died not—each fast-following wave
Passed her—unborne to her lover's wide grave—
While the roughest heart round her writhed to see
Her mute—fixed—bitter agony!
Not all were passed so:—Hark! that scream,
Which now the roar of the tempest smothers—
Or did it to the ear but *seem*
To be—ah! no, it *was*—the mother's!
With one weak white arm she had hugged the mast,
With the other her child, as each billow passed;
And close to her bosom it trembling crept,
And nestled, and hid its young face, and wept;
And its small fingers clasped her neck and hair,
As like a young dove it lay moaning there—
Guiltless, but doomed—Oh! heaven, that wave!
Her fragile form cannot hope to brave
Its strength—like the hand of God it moves—
And the arm of flesh all too feeble proves!
Dashed on the whelmed deck the mother lay,
And her helpless infant was hurried away—
It uttered one shrill cry of pain and fear,
And that last sound came to its parent's ear—

She echoed it back with a wilder cry,
And the next flash gleamed on a maniac's eye!

* * * * *

The mercy of heaven had come at length:
The hushed winds had relaxed their strength;
And the sea was calming its troubled breast,
Like an infant sobbing itself to rest;
And that high command put the clouds to flight,
And day had replaced that unnatural night;
And the ray of the sun again was beaming,
And the glassy waves in that ray were gleaming;
And all, but that mother's and girl's despair,
Was as if the tempest had not been there:
But never to either deserted brain
Did the banished reason return again:
They were blessed with madness—the best relief,
Where death is denied, to a cureless grief!
But sometimes a flash of remembrance crossed
The mother's lorn mind, of her infant lost;
And if ever a scream her quick ear heard,
From a human voice, or the shrill sea-bird,
She would start, and give back a piercing cry,
And fix on the waters her wildered eye,
As if the screech, and her answer wild,
Recalled the dark hour when she lost her child.
'Twas anguish indeed to behold her then,
When the mind for an instant *remembered* again;
And, like to a meteor-flame, her grief
Rose on her knowledge—as vivid and brief.

Full many the sights of misery are —
Despair and famine, disease and war;
And I have beheld them in every form —
The criminal dying, the murdered still warm:
And woe I have known in its deeper dress—
The famishing babe, and its cry of distress
Piercing it's mother's fast-dying heart,
When succour her breast could no more impart:
I have witnessed the soldier's fury and lust,
When the war-sacked city has bowed to the dust;
The imploring virgin dragged helpless away,
To be the ruthless destroyer's prey;
And the babe, unconscious of war's alarms,
Stabbed, as it slept, in its mother's arms:
Such sights as these have before me passed,
And my soul in horror has shrunk aghast;
But time may banish *their* memory yet,
While in death alone I can *one* forget —
It is the sight I was doomed to trace,
Of a maniac-eye in a beautiful face —
Its mournful gaze of mindless vacancy —
Its utter desolation! —I would be—
Far rather be the bird that cannot fly
The basilisk's fatal, winkless gaze — and die
In its allurement,— than again be fixed
By that wild look, in which no soul was mixed!
It was a lovely ruin; and there shone
Such sweetness in the face, though sense was gone,
It seemed—I know not like to what it seemed,
Nor what, in place of mind, all o'er it beamed —

The cheek, the lip, the very brow still spoke ;
That eye alone the deadness never broke;
In it alone the sign of madness kept —
It gazed unmoving, and unchanged it wept.

The maiden's reason too had fled,
But her's was that soft pensive madness,
Which scarcely imaged memory dead,
It seemed so like the heart's deep sadness.
There was not intelligence in her eye,
Which yet was so serene and mild,
It seemed to speak, as it gazed on high,
And to beam of heaven when she faintly smiled:
It loved the skies when they were blue,
But gathering clouds its glance depressed;
And her polished arms across her breast
Hid not its heavings from the view,
As her heart, with each sigh, seem'd bursting through;
She would thus, like a bending lily, remain,
Till the firmament shone in brightness again.
Her cheek grew wanner than it had been,
But never a tear in her eye was seen;
And—although the *mind* was wanting there —
In that eye so sweet, and that cheek so fair,
There still was that pure seraphic beam,
Which glows o'er saints when of heaven they dream;
Or glorifies the young virgin's brow,
When she makes to her God her holiest vow,

And fondly thinks that, as heaven's chaste bride,
She can freely resign the world beside.
But her melting voice was rarely heard,
And then it was more like the warbling bird,
When in its woods it melodiously ranges
From strain to strain—still sweet though its changes.
She had forgotten the songs *he* loved
Whom fate had from her arms removed;
But if the notes of some favourite air
Would come unbid, she would start and listen,
And her half-oped lip would be moveless there,
And her heart would throb, and her eye would glisten:
Such once-loved sounds would seem to fall
Like the whispers of Hope on Despair's sad ear;
And animation would lighten all
Her ineffable face; and she would appear,
For that enraptured minute, more
Than beauty ever attained before:
Her eye, lit by a ray of soul,
Though for such brief duration given,
Pure as the spark Prometheus stole,
To warm his imaged man, from heaven,
Shone forth with such angelic love,
As blesses only those above:
Thus quick it would come, and thus quickly fly,
Like the sunset gleam of an Indian sky.

* * * * *

PATTY'S NEW HAT.

A COUNTRY STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

WANDERING about the meadows one morning last May, absorbed in the pastoral beauty of the season and the scenery, I was overtaken by a heavy shower just as I passed old Mrs. Mathews's great farm-house, and forced to run for shelter to her hospitable porch. A pleasant shelter in good truth I found there. The green pastures dotted with fine old trees stretching all around; the clear brook winding about them, turning and returning on its course, as if loath to depart; the rude cart-track leading through the ford; the neater pathway with its foot-bridge; the village spire rising amongst a cluster of cottages, all but the roofs and chimneys concealed by a grove of oaks; the woody back ground, and the blue hills in the distance, all so flowery and bowery in the pleasant month of May; the nightingales singing, the bells ringing, and the porch itself, around which a honeysuckle in full bloom was wreathing its sweet flowers, giving out such an odour in the rain, as in dry weather nothing but the twilight will bring forth — an atmosphere of fragrance. The whole porch was alive and musical

with bees, who, happy rogues, instead of being routed by the wet, only folded their wings the closer, and dived the deeper into the honey-tubes, enjoying, as it seemed, so good an excuse for creeping still farther within their flowery lodgement. It is hard to say which enjoyed the sweet breath of the shower and the honeysuckles most, the bees or I; but the rain began to drive so fast, that at the end of five minutes I was not sorry to be discovered by a little girl belonging to the family; and, first, ushered into the spacious kitchen, with its heavy oak table, its curtained chimney corner, its bacon rack loaded with enormous flitches, and its ample dresser, glittering with crockery ware; and, finally, conducted by Mrs. Mathews herself into her own comfortable parlour, and snugly settled there with herself and her eldest grand-daughter, a woman grown; whilst the younger sister, a smiling light-footed lass of eleven, or thereabouts, tripped off to find a boy to convey a message to my family, requesting them to send for me, the rain being now too decided to admit of any prospect of my walking home.

The sort of bustle which my reception had caused having subsided, I found great amusement in watching my hospitable hostess, and listening to a dialogue, if so it may be called, between her pretty grand-daughter and herself, which at once let me into a little love secret, and gave me an opportunity of observing one, of whose occasional oddities I had all my life heard a great deal.

Mrs. Mathews was one of the most remarkable

persons in these parts; a capital farmer, a most intelligent parish officer, and in her domestic government not a little resembling one of the finest sketches which Mr. Crabbe's graphical pen ever produced.

> "Next died the widow Goe, an active dame,
> Famed ten miles round and worthy all her fame;
> She lost her husband when their loves were young,
> But kept her farm, her credit, and her tongue:
> Full thirty years she ruled with matchless skill,
> With guiding judgment and resistless will;
> Advice she scorned, rebellions she suppressed,
> And sons and servants bowed at her behest.
> No parish business in the place could stir
> Without direction or assent from her;
> In turn she took each office as it fell,
> Knew all their duties and discharged them well.
> She matched both sons and daughters to her mind,
> And lent them eyes, for love she heard was blind."
>
> *Parish Register.*

Great power of body and mind was visible in her robust person and massive countenance; and there was both humour and good-humour in her acute smile, and in the keen grey eye that glanced from under her spectacles. All that she said bore the stamp of sense; but at this time she was in no talking mood, and on my begging that I might cause no interruption, resumed her seat and her labours in silent composure. She sat at a little table mending a fustian jacket belonging to one of her sons—a sort of masculine job which suited her much better than a more delicate piece of sempstress-ship would probably have done; indeed the taylor's needle, which she brandished with great skill, the whity-brown

thread tied round her neck, and the huge dull-looking *shears* (one can't make up one's mind to call such a machine scissars), which in company with an enormous pincushion dangled from her apron-string, figuring as the pendant to a most formidable bunch of keys, formed altogether such a working apparatus as shall hardly be matched in these days of polished cutlery and cobwebby cotton-thread.

On the other side of the little table sat her pretty grand-daughter Patty, a black-eyed young woman, with a bright complexion, a neat trim figure, and a general air of gentility considerably above her station. She was trimming a very smart straw hat with pink ribbons; trimming and untrimming, for the bows were tied and untied, taken off and put on, and taken off again, with a look of impatience and discontent, not common to a damsel of seventeen when contemplating a new piece of finery. The poor little lass was evidently out of sorts. She sighed, and quirked, and fidgetted, and seemed ready to cry; whilst her grandmother just glanced at her from under her spectacles, pursed up her mouth, and contrived with some difficulty not to laugh. At last Patty spoke.

"Now, grandmother, you will let me go to Chapel Row revel this afternoon, won't you?"

"Humph," said Mrs. Mathews.

"It hardly rains at all, grandmother!"

"Humph!" again said Mrs. Mathews, opening the prodigious scissars with which she was amputating, so to say, a button, and directing the rounded

end significantly to my wet shawl, whilst the sharp point was reverted towards the dripping honeysuckle.

"Humph!"

"There's no dirt to signify!"

Another "Humph!" and another point to the draggled tail of my white gown.

"At all events, it's going to clear."

Two "Humphs!" and two points, one to the clouds, and one to the barometer.

"It's only seven miles," said Patty; "and if the horses are wanted, I can walk."

"Humph!" quoth Mrs. Mathews.

"My aunt Ellis will be there, and my cousin Mary ——."

"Humph!" again said Mrs. Mathews.

"And if a person is coming here on business, what can I be wanted for when you are at home, grandmother?"

"Humph!" once again was the answer.

"What business can any one have with me?"

Another "Humph!"

"My cousin Mary will be so disappointed!"

"Humph!"

"And I half promised my cousin William — poor William!"

"Humph!" again.

"Poor William! Oh, grandmother, do let me go! And I've got my new hat and all — just such a hat as William likes! Poor William! You will let me go, grandmother?"

And receiving no answer but a very unequivocal

"Humph!" poor Patty threw down her straw hat, fetched a deep sigh, and sate in a most disconsolate attitude, snipping her pink ribbon to pieces; Mrs. Mathews went on manfully with her "stitchery;" and for ten minutes there was a dead pause. It was at length broken by my little friend and introducer, Susan, who was standing at the window, and exclaimed — "Who is this riding up the meadow all through the rain? Look! — see! — I do think — no, it can't be — yes, it is — it is certainly my cousin William Ellis! Look, grandmother!"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Mathews.

"What can cousin William be coming for?" continued Susan.

"Humph!" quoth Mrs. Mathews.

"Oh, I know! — I know!" screamed Susan, clapping her hands and jumping for joy as she saw the changed expression of Patty's countenance,—the beaming delight, succeeded by a pretty downcast shamefacedness, as she turned away from her grandmother's arch smile and archer nod. "I know! — I know!" shouted Susan.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Mathews.

"For shame, Susan! Pray don't, grandmother!" said Patty, imploringly.

"For shame! Why I did not say he was coming to court Patty! Did I, grandmother?" returned Susan.

"And I take this good lady to witness," replied Mrs. Mathews, as Patty, gathering up her hat and her scraps of ribbon, prepared to make her escape—

"I call you all to witness that I have said nothing. Good bye Patty!" added she, "you have spoiled your pink trimming; but I think you are likely to want white ribbons next, and, if you put me in mind, I'll buy them for you!" And, smiling in spite of herself, the happy girl ran out of the room.

SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR,

JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS.

BY T. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Whose is that sword—that voice and eye of flame—
That heart of inextinguishable ire?
Who bears the dungeon keys, and bonds, and fire?
Along his dark and withering path he came—
Death in his looks, and terror in his name,
Tempting the might of heaven's Eternal Sire.
Lo! THE LIGHT shone!—the sun's veiled beams expire—
A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim!
Whose is yon form, stretched on the earth's cold bed,
With smitten soul and tears of agony
Mourning the past? Bowed is the lofty head—
Rayless the orbs that flashed with victory.
Over the raging waves of human will
The Saviour's spirit walked—and all was still!

AULD JOE NICHOLSON'S BONNY NANNIE.

A SANG.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

The daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonny;
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nannie.
O my Nannie,
My dear little Nannie,
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nannie;
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nannie.

Ae day she came out wi' a rosy blush
To milk her twa kye sae couthie an' cannie;
I cowered me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonny Nannie.
O my Nannie, &c.

Her looks so gay o'er nature away,
Frae bonny blue een sae mild an' mellow,
Saw naething sae sweet in nature's array
Though clad in the morning's gowden yellow.
O my Nannie, &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green,
In quaking quavering agitation;
And the tears came trickling down frae my een,
Wi' perfect love an' wi' admiration.
O my Nannie, &c.

There's mony a joy in this warld below,
And sweet the hopes that to sing were uncannie;
But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
There's none like the love o' my dearest Nannie.
O my Nannie,
My dear little Nannie,
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nannie;
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonny Nannie.

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PAINTING CONTRASTED.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

The portrait painter, doomed to trace
Each tenth transmitter's foolish face,
  And pore on human features,
Copies from symbols that express
Each foible, fault, and littleness
  Of all his fellow creatures.

Ugly and base together rush,
To purchase from his venal brush
  Its flattering expedients:
And seldom can the head or heart
Be elevated by an art
  That deals in such ingredients.

But, Nature! he whose pencil loves
Thy plains and mountains, waves and groves,
  With heavenly azure vaulted,
Looks on a face from passion free,
And feels himself by sympathy
  Soothed, gratified, exalted.

With every change that hails his sight,
His inexhaustible delight
  And reverence are greater;
For beauties of created things
Give to his spirit quicker wings
  To soar to their Creator.

CONSTANCY.

BY C. REDDING, ESQ.

I saw her in her looks of light
  And beauty's calmness, like the sky
When the rich summer eve is bright,
  Glorious in its tranquillity.

She to a sylvan fountain came,
  And leaned against a shivered tree,
Her pure cheek mantling into flame
  As I approached her silently.

For neither spoke but with the eyes —
  Can tongue Love's language speak so well?
Sweet looks and tale-betraying sighs
  Linked our young hearts in mystic spell.

Our spirits wedded from that hour,
  Two sun-beams blended in one ray,
That none can see commingling pour
  Their warm light on the brow of day.

She placed a token in my hand,
  To prove her vow she'd never break,
That her free spirit she'd command,
  Though fraud might blind or force might take.

And thus we parted! — Years swept on,
Wide oceans rolled their waves between,
In heart each loving each alone
Through every change of time and scene.

They led her forth in bride's array,
As marble saints, tearless and cold,
The victim of parental sway,
The sacrifice to power and gold.

Her heart they led not — that was true,
She told them, to another's love,
Fixed, till the source of being flew
To spirit-isles of bliss above.

And she grew paler day by day —
This bride of body without soul;
Nor long the time that passed away,
Ere she had quitted earth's controul.

And I returned from far employ,
And found how true her heart had been,
Then sought her tomb — oh! tombs have joy
For mourners over those within!

And there was graven on her urn
That token secret but to me; —
While I, alas! did but return
To mourn o'er buried constancy!

MEMORY.

BY J. FAIRBAIRN, ESQ.

The Muse in solitude was nurst,
In solitude her songs began;
From some lone burning bosom burst
The tide of song, that, as it ran
In glory o'er the golden sands
Of memory back to childhood's prime,
Revived the drooping shadowy bands
Of feelings, tender or sublime;
Thoughts, images, beloved or feared,
Tears, smiles, regrets — whate'er the wing
Of Time had scattered first, then seared,
Or left in darkness withering —
All were renewed in that blest hour
Of boundless passion, boundless power.

The Past — no more a dreary waste
Which the sad spirit feared to roam —
Now charmed the wanderer from her haste
To seek with hope a distant home.

She now beheld in Fancy's light,
  Serene, eternal, ever new,
Bowers, skies, more beautiful and bright
  Than her aspiring ardour drew,
In dreams, for coming years of bliss,
  And all her own; — no mortal power,
Nor chance, nor change, can snatch from this
  Clear mirror one enchanted flower:
No fears disturb, no sorrows wait
In this fair world redeemed from fate.

SONNET.

With marvellous natures we familiar grow
Up from our infancy; the sun at noon
Wakes not our wonder, nor the wan broad moon,
That piles the azure void with peaks of snow,
And pales the fiery stars. Like seraphs glow
Heaven's starry host — yet worships not the mind.
In silence and in darkness there is power;
A soul of beauty intense in leaf and flower;
And a mild spirit in the stirring wind:
But these unto our senses are grown old,
And have no mystery. Natures new and bold
Have on us come as light unto the blind:
Minds, godlike minds, we almost could adore —
Free, boundless, vast — as seas that have no shore.

R. H.

A FATHER'S LAMENT.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

Thou takest not away, O death!
Thou strik'st --- and absence perisheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore. *Wordsworth.*

Two creatures of a pleasant life were mine;
My house they filled with a perpetual joy;
Twin lamps that chased all darkness did they shine,
My fairy girl and merry-hearted boy.
I never dreamt death would their mirth destroy;
For they were dwelling 'mid life's freshest springs;
And I was busied with a fond employ,
Ranging the future on Hope's fearless wings,
And gathering for them thence how many pleasant
things!

In truth I was a proud and joyful man,
As from the floor unto the very roof
Their murmured songs and bursts of laughter ran,
And jocund shouts which needed no reproof.
All weariness, all gloom was kept aloof
By their quaint shows, and fancies ever new;
Now bending age with staff in its behoof;
Now island Crusoe and "man Friday" true;
Now shipmates far at sea with all their jovial crew.

But a dark dream has swept across my brain,
A wild, a dismal dream that will not break;
A rush of fear, an agony of pain—
Pangs and suspense that inly make me quake.
My boy! my boy! I saw thy sweet eyes take
A strange, unearthly lustre, and then fade;
And oh! I deemed my heart must surely break
As, stooping, I thy pleasant locks surveyed,
And felt that thou must die, and they in dust be laid.

Oh! precious in thy life of happiness!
Daily and hourly valued more and more!
Yet, to the few brief days of thy distress
How faint all love my spirit knew before!
I turn, and turn, and ponder o'er and o'er,
Insatiate, all that sad and dreamy time.
Thy words thrill through me;—in my fond heart's core
I hoard thy sighs, and tears shed for no crime,
And thy most patient love sent from a happier clime.

How dim and dismal is my home!—a sense
Of thee spreads through it, like a haunting ill: —
For thou—for ever — thou hast vanish'd thence!
This, this pursues me, pass where'er I will:
And all the traces thou hast left but fill
The hollow of thine absence with more pain.
I toil to keep thy living image still,
But Fancy feebly doth her part maintain,
I see, yet see thee not, my child! as I would fain.

In dreams for ever thy dear form I grasp;
In noon-day reveries do I rove — then start —
And certainty, as with an iron clasp,
Shuts down once more to misery my heart.
The world from thee as a shorn flower doth part,
Ending its care and knowledge with — "Farewell!"
But in my soul a shrined life thou art,
Ordained with Memory and strong Hope to dwell,
And with all pure desires to sanctify thy cell.

Spring like a spirit is upon the earth —
Forth gush the flowers and fresh leaves of the tree;
And I had planned, with wonder and with mirth,—
The bird, the nest, the blossom, and the bee,
To fill thy boyish bosom — till its glee
O'erflowed my own with transport! In far years
I felt thy hand in mine, by stream and lea
Wandering in gladness — But these blinding tears,
Why will they thus gush forth, though richer hope appears?

Far other land thy happy feet have trod;
Far other scenes thy tender soul has known;
The golden city of the Eternal God;
The rainbow splendours of the Eternal Throne.
Through the pearl-gate how lightly hast thou flown!
The streets of lucid gold — the chrysolite
Foundations have received thee.—Dearest one!
That thought alone can break Affliction's might —
Feeling that thou art blest, my heart again is light.

Thanks to the framer of life's mystery!
Thanks to the illuminator of the grave!
Vainly on Time's obscure and tossing sea
Hope did I seek, and comfort did I crave;
But He who made, neglecteth not to save. —
My child! — thou hast allied me to the blest;
I cannot fear what thou didst meekly brave;
I cannot cease to long with thee to rest —
And heaven is doubly heaven with thee, with thee,
possessed!

BALLAD.

'Tis a beautiful morn in the time of the Spring:
The lark and the linnet are forth on the wing;
The fountains are sparkling and gushing along,
And the cuckoo is shouting the woodlands among.
A maiden is twining a garland of flowers,
The sweetest that grow in the fields or the bowers
And a white-plumed warrior is kneeling hard by,
You may read what he saith in his passionate sigh!

The year has gone round.—It is Spring-time again
The sky-lark is singing o'er dingle and glen;
The echoes are mocking the cuckoo's loud call;
And the lilies are bright near the high waterfall.
There's a mound of green grass where the violets grow,
And the wreath-twining maiden is sleeping below;
And the warrior will never return back again —
He hath shed his best blood on the dark battle-plain!

R. F. H.

Painted by Edwin Landseer, A.R.A

Engraved by J. A. Wright.

HOURS OF INNOCENCE.

HOURS OF INNOCENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY."

"HURRAH! hurrah! my gallant boat
Goes blithely on before the gale;
And never yet did streamlet float
So gay a flag, so white a sail."
Brave boy! and may'st thou never fail,
When launch'd on Life's uncertain sea,
As fair and calm a breeze to hail,
Till anchor'd in Eternity.

"Alas! alas! upon it's side,
That white sail now hath drifted o'er;
Plunge, my *Retriever*, in the tide,
And bring my sinking ship to shore!"
So, should misfortune on thee pour,
Then may one friend beside thee stand,
As staunch and stout to brave it's roar,
And bear thee safely to the land.

For thou may'st find, in future hours,
This Summer noon, this sylvan shade,
The time of youthful sports and flowers,
And the heart's rapture — all decay'd:

Yet let thy manly breast pervade
The innocence which now is thine;
Still be upon thy cheek display'd,
The conscious worth of RUSSELL's line.

With all thy Mother in thine eye,
With all thy Father in thine heart,
With all a famous ancestry
Of rank or virtue could impart,—
Hereafter be, what *now* thou art,
A noble pledge of noble race;
Which Time but strikes with blunted dart,
And vainly labours to efface.

And that thou wilt the pledge redeem
Upon thy cheek that seems to dwell,
We trust, by her, whose fondest theme
Her offspring and their virtues swell,
As if they form'd a holy spell,
Or deck'd her like some radiant gem,
And, like Cornelia, she might well
Boast them her proudest diadem.

Yes; as a crown unto the head,
Her own fair sons illustrious stand;
And round their stately sire are spread,
"Like arrows in a giant's hand;"
Blent with the smiles of beauty bland,
Whose charms increase as Time flies on;
And of that fair and noble band,—
Son of a RUSSELL — thou art one!

ZALIM KHAN.

A TALE OF MODERN PERSIA.

BY J. B. FRASER, ESQ.

"And the Khan will certainly be here to-night?" inquired the Ketkhodah (or magistrate) of the village of Goorbadeh, in a tone of alarm,—addressing a portly red-faced man with heavy brows and a huge black beard, who, seated at his ease upon a carpet at the door of the Ketkhodah's house, and, attended by two fierce-looking followers, was zealously smoking his pipe.

"Certainly," replied the person thus addressed; "you may rely upon it, that before the sun shall be concealed behind yon mountain, his highness, Zalim Khan, will be in this village, where it is his august intention to pitch his tent for the night; and, indeed, as the air and water are esteemed to be particularly salubrious, it may be his pleasure to prolong his stay for several days. Take care, therefore, that all things be provided and prepared according to the list I have given you."

"It is impossible—it is utterly impossible," re-

plied the Ketkhodah; "we can never furnish so much wheat, corn, and straw;—the whole lands of the village do not produce so much in two seasons. And where should we get the fine rice? we, who never see a pillaw—who are glad to get a morsel of barley bread and a little sour milk to feed our families upon?"

"With all that I have nothing to do," rejoined the other; "all I say is, that you must find the articles in the specified quantities"——

"And sugar, sugar-candy, sweetmeats of various sorts, plums of Bockhara, raisins of Kishmee, and dried apricots of Caubul!" interrupted the other; "from whence, in the name of Allah, do you suppose these are to come? Where are men, who neither can get nor require other sauce than hunger to season their coarse food, to find the conserves, the spices, the sweet and sour sauces you require? And as for your sherbets of cinnamon, of lemon, of pomegranates; and your rich perfumes, with all the rest of your list of dainties,—we hardly know their names, and never saw them in our lives."

"All that may be true," replied the other with provoking indifference; "but in spite of all you have said, I tell you the Khan's orders must be obeyed, or you must take the consequences. Neither must you forget the fruits that are mentioned; the delicious melons of Ispahan, the pomegranates of Cashan, or the oranges and lemons of Mazunderan. Above all, fail not to prepare a suitable present for his highness: shawls of Cashmere, bro-

cades, chintzes of India, or arms of choice fabric, will answer; but hard cash is always most acceptable. And hark ye, fellow! forget not in this selection of valuables, the worthy Nazir of the Khan: if you seek to propitiate his master, let your offering to that officer be suited to its object; so shall your favour in the sight of the great Zalim Khan be secured, and the rose of security shall spring from the seed sown by the hand of liberality."

"Allah kereem! Ai kumbucht!—God be merciful to a wretch like me!" exclaimed the astounded Ketkhodah, whose eyes had gradually dilated as the Nazir enumerated, one after another, the items of his alarming list, and whose face became elongated, till every feature was fixed in utter dismay. "What dust has fallen on my head! what evil influence has obscured my happy star, and threatens to overwhelm me in ruin! Not only corn and butter by the hundred mauns,* with sherbets, sweetmeats, fruits, and perfumes, but rich presents too! La-illah-il-ullah! † Shawls, forsooth! and money, God help me!—why, where in the devil's name are such things to be got from? Were you to make a jelly of my feet with the bastinado, or tear my limbs piecemeal from my body, I could not furnish a tenth part of these things; it would be all in vain; I swear it by your head!"

"Nevertheless they must be found, and that with-

* A maun is a measure weighing 7¼ pounds English.

† A common colloquial Persian exclamation, equivalent to "Good God!"

out delay," responded the Nazir very coolly, after emitting a huge puff of smoke from the bottom of his lungs, so as to stream it down his ample beard, which he stroked with grave complacency. "A single omission will call down upon you the particular attention of Zalim Khan, and entail consequences which you will remember the longest day you have to live. You know, friend, that his highness seldom fails to travel with means sufficient to work his pleasure and enforce his commands. And some there are among his followers, who are well acquainted with the village of Goorbadeh, and its worthy Ketkhodah. Nay, it has even been rumoured that the hoards of that excellent person are well worth examination; and we lack not hawks, keen enough to find and strike their game. Then, there are arrears of tribute due from certain persons, whose memories require to be quickened; and that strange affair of the Gholaum, which may have reached your ears—he, you know, who only some months ago was relieved in so singular a manner of the collection which he had made with so much toil and trouble on the prince's account;—that requires investigation; and the worthy Hussun Ketkhodah will do well to consider how far it may be prudent to provoke such inquiries."

As the Nazir uttered this with a calm but peculiar emphasis, the alarmed and bewildered expression which had settled on the Ketkhodah's visage, increased gradually to a stare of absolute horror; his knees smote against each other, and he wrung

his hands in the anguish and confusion of his soul. "Oh, Mahomet! Oh, Allah!" exclaimed he at last, when he could articulate, "what will become of me! what can I do! Oh, worthy Nazir, have pity on a miserable man! Assist me—help me—do not utterly ruin an unhappy wretch! I have no hoards—no money—no goods!—nothing except these miserable rags, these old rotten carpets, and the clothes of my wife and daughter. Ornaments they have none; these were all taken from them when the Prince last passed this way, by one of his running footmen; and that is now four years ago! They may beat me—they may cut me joint from joint, but I have nothing to give them. A little coarse wheat indeed, and some barley and chopped straw may be had; perhaps a few grapes, with some honey and butter: but nothing more—not a thing more have I; I swear by the head of my father, and by the life of the Khan—by your own soul!"——

"Hum—it is unlucky truly," returned the Nazir coldly. "I see nothing for it then; I must report; the Khan himself will be the judge; I am but a servant, you know. Four years, you say?—four years since the Prince passed through?—a wife and daughter?—sons too, no doubt? what, handsome youths?"

"No! no! God help them; one is lame and the other sadly marked with the small-pox."

"And the daughter? a lovely rose assuredly?"

"Ah no! a poor miserable hussey!"

"Well, my friend, make the best of it; I have

done but my duty, and told you the Khan's orders; it is your business to obey them. I must now go and meet his highness."

"Alas! alas! I dare not await his coming!" cried the Ketkhodah, again frantically wringing his hands, "I will fly with the other villagers to the mountains. Let the Khan burn the village and all it contains if he will; he can do no more; it will be better than remaining here to be pillaged, and cut to pieces into the bargain."

"You forget, friend, that the Khan is perfectly well acquainted with all this country; that among his officers and followers there are several from the very neighbourhood of this village, and that you would in vain seek to elude his pursuit by flight. We know where the flocks and cattle of the place are feeding, and these would instantly fall our prey: and, are there no other reasons, which you are aware of, for your remaining where you are? *You* will *not* fly to the hills, whatever folly the asses your fellow-villagers may commit. Be quiet, then, and prepare for that which must be."

"Then Allah be my help! for all other hope fails me!" cried the Ketkhodah, in a voice of despair, as the Nazir rose to remount his horse, which was ready at the door. "But your worship will not go without another pipe?" continued he; "and the day is hot. See! my wife has prepared a bowl of cool delicious sherbet for you: would to God we had more of it for the Khan! but it is the last of a small present sent me by my brother from Ispahan.

Stay but a moment, worthy Nazir, and taste it; or rather retire with me to my private apartment, where you will be more comfortable."

The Nazir cast a keen glance at his host, hesitated a moment, and then making a sign to his two attendants to remain where they were, he followed the Ketkhodah.

The private apartment was separated from the outer and public room, only by a short passage, and a door of mat, inside of which fell a quilted cotton curtain. The floor was covered with an old moth-eaten carpet; and rugs of coarse felt, in no better condition, were laid along the upper end. No appearance of wealth, or even of moderate comfort, was to be seen. But as the Nazir cast a rapid glance around him, his eye rested for a moment upon certain bundles, which appeared to have been hastily rolled up, and but imperfectly covered with a coarse blue cotton cloth. The shrewd air of suspicious inquiry which slightly contracted his features did not escape the notice of his host, but it gave way to something of a contemptuous smile, as the latter observed, "Excuse, my lord, the disorder of this place; my wife has been indisposed, and it is scarcely a moment since she left it; there is her bed, but just rolled up; the slovenly girl has not yet removed it, but we must make the best of it." —"Hoosseinee, bring the sherbet."

Scarcely had the Nazir taken his seat in the upper corner of the apartment, when a young female, whose face was closely veiled, entered from an inner door,

bearing, upon a white metal tray, a large bowl of sherbet, in which floated a spoon, beautifully carved, of pear-tree wood. Although the dress which she wore, coarse in its materials and uncouth in its fashion, was by no means calculated for displaying her person to advantage, yet the lightness of her step, and the slender elegance of her form, as she approached and placed the tray and its contents before him with a deep obeisance, could not escape the penetrating looks of the experienced Nazir. He accepted the bowl with a florid compliment upon her shape and mien; repeated from Hafiz a verse expressive of the doubly-intoxicating power of wine when offered by the hand of beauty; and, alluding to the envious veil which concealed her charms, regretted, in another appropriate couplet, that "so fair a moon should continue to be obscured by clouds." But the girl neither spoke nor moved. He looked at her father, who, rising, approached his daughter: "Hast thou no fitter garb than this to appear in before the honoured guest of thy father? Alas! for our poverty! Nevertheless, that which thou hast should be worn with decent propriety let me remedy the fault." As he said this, he stooped over the girl, and, as if he would have rectified some error in her dress, he contrived so to loosen the drapery of her veil, that when she stooped at his signal to remove the sherbet, it fell from her head, and displayed a countenance so young and fair, that it fixed the Nazir's gaze in speechless amazement.

The poor girl's confusion at what she believed to

be so unlucky an accident, was extreme; but the blush which mantled in her cheeks, and the downcast glance of her full black eyes through their long silken lashes, added so powerfully to her loveliness, that the Nazir, lost in admiration, cried out to the Ketkhodah—"Thou a poor man! Thou a beggar possessed of nothing! By all the promised joys of paradise, thou hast a treasure which is worthy of being placed in the palace of the king of kings!"

"Oh what a misfortune! Oh miserable man!" cried the Ketkhodah, again wringing his hands, but with a less despairing expression of countenance.—"Alas! I am ruined; my honour is lost for ever! Return, my daughter—return, unhappy girl, to thy mother,—and take care another time that thy veil is better fastened, when thou art called upon to minister to thy father's guest."

"Barik-illah! Well done! friend Hussun—thou art a special hand for throwing out a lure to a shy hawk. What, man! this is as it should be—no fear of thy honour—are we not all friends here? And now, hark in thine ear—do thou only behave to Nazir Mehdee in a befitting manner, and rely on his protection."

"Bechushm"*—replied the Ketkhodah, placing his hand on his eyes, with a significant gesture. And then commenced a confidential conversation; at the conclusion of which, the Nazir mounted his horse and rode away; while the Ketkhodah, after holding

* By my eyes.

his stirrup and seeing him depart with all due ceremony, as he returned with slow steps, and a body bending, as it seemed, under a load of care, was heard to mutter—"The scoundrel!—may his father be burnt!—may his tomb be polluted!—What fiend sent him hither?—But, if it please Allah, I shall be even with him yet!"

That same evening, Zalim Khan entered the village, as the Nazir had announced, with all his suite, amounting in number to full three hundred persons, who comported themselves more as an enemy might do in a place that had been carried by assault and given up to plunder, than as if the persons so treated had been fellow-countrymen, subjects of the same king. The little property which they could discover was seized and appropriated as these insolent visitors thought fit—the women were insulted, and such animals as could be caught hold of were slaughtered without ceremony. But the inhabitants, anticipating conduct of this sort from past experience, had carried their most valuable goods, and the greater number of their women, out of reach, leaving but a few of their number to meet the Khan, and make what terms they might. The Ketkhodah alone kept his ground with all his family. He had taken measures with the villagers to provide a portion of the more bulky and less valuable articles demanded as soorsaut, (so is this forced description of provision for guests and travellers of consequence denominated in Persia,) and he trusted

to the influence he appeared to have obtained with the Nazir for excusing his failure in other respects.

The house of the Ketkhodah, being cleared of its wretched furniture, was filled up with superb carpets from the baggage trunks of the Khan, who capriciously preferring it to his own magnificent tents, then took possession of it, without in the least concerning himself about the inconvenience he might occasion to its owners. When, at length, he was seated in state, clothed in a splendid scarlet barounee (or cloak), trimmed with sables, and smoking a gold enamelled calleeoon, with coffee and perfumed sherbet before him, he ordered his attendants to introduce the Ketkhodah.

"So fellow!" said he — "how is it that you have dared to neglect my orders, and suffered so great a deficiency to appear in the provision which my servant enjoined you to make for my train? — hah! speak? — know you such a thing as the fellick * and baton? — have you no terror of the bastinado?"

"May thy slave be your sacrifice!" — responded the trembling wretch — "Let your highness' pleasure be wrought upon your servant; but Allah himself is merciful, and your highness will surely not be less so — your lordship's worthy Nazir has doubtless informed your highness ——"

"What says the dog?" grumbled the Khan, looking round with the aspect of an angry lion, to the

* The beam and noose in which the feet of persons undergoing the bastinado are fastened.

quarter where his Nazir stood—"Let Mehdee Nazir approach—explain what this scoundrel means."

The Nazir, first making a profound obeisance with a hand placed on each thigh, approached, and standing behind the Khan, whispered a few words in his ear.

"Hah!—well,—we shall see;—but by the beard of the Prophet, if it be not as you say, beware all of ye! He has leave to depart—let him quit my presence."

The Ketkhodah withdrew, and the Khan, after passing a portion of the evening in smoking, talking with his own people, dictating a few letters to his secretaries, and listening to the flattering speeches of his attendants, retired into the inner apartment, which was also surrendered to his use, and luxuriously fitted up for his accommodation. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In the morning, when in compliance with orders the train got in readiness for marching, it was observed that another closely veiled female form was added to the Khan's travelling establishment. All at length was prepared. The Khan, seated in the outer apartment, was smoking his last pipe; the greater number of his people had marched on before, and the women were just getting into motion under care of their eunuchs—when a sudden uproar was heard approaching, and a young man of prepossessing appearance, but whose disordered dress and agitated looks bespoke the keenest anxiety and apprehension, was seen making his

way through the crowd and scattering to the right and left every one who opposed his progress. In vain the furoshes and peishkhidmuts,* endeavoured both by words and blows to keep him back—he dashed them aside, and came right onward to the front of the open apartment in which the Khan was seated.

"Protector of the destitute!" cried he, heedless of the blows which rained upon him, and the hands which rent his garments in vain attempts to tear him from the spot—"Shadow of the oppressed! may thy days be prolonged! may thy prosperity increase!—Give ear to the petition of thy slave, whose heart is burning, and the light of whose life, without thy beneficent aid, must become darker than the pit of perdition!"

"Speak," said the Khan, struck with the beauty of his manly form, and cheeks all crimsoned with the glow of health heightened by powerful emotion, and motioning his servants to release and cease from annoying him—"Speak and tell who art thou, and what would'st thou with me."

"Refuge of the unfortunate," replied the youth, "my father is nearly related to the Ketkhodah of this village, and they were friends from their youth upwards: our families were brought up together, and it was the intention of our parents to cement still more closely their hereditary friendship by an union of their children. Long have I loved the daughter of this old man; she was the companion

* Various descriptions of servants.

of my youth, and was to have become my wife, as soon as my father should have it in his power to comply with certain engagements which are now in progress. I was indulging in the delightful hope of being speedily united to my dear Hoosseinee, when, late last night, as I was employed in watching the flocks of this village with my companions in the mountains yonder, I heard that certain of your servants had seen my betrothed wife, and were about to carry her off from me. I came and found the report but too well founded. Oh, Khan! let not this cruel deed be done! Cause to be restored to me that which is dearer than life itself; and may the beneficent Allah increase your happiness and prosperity until they are exchanged for the joys of Paradise!"

With these words the young man prostrated himself at the feet of the Khan, and buried his face, all burning with torturing anxiety, and streaming with tears, in the part of the carpet on which his highness was seated.

The complacence with which the eye of the Khan at first had rested on the youth, changed as his tale proceeded, first into a stare of astonishment, and then into a gleam of anger; but ere his earnest adjuration was completed, all trace of such emotions had vanished, and it was only lighted up with a cold sarcastic smile of contempt: — "The youth is mad," at last he observed to the Nazir, who stood near; "take him away; what have I to do with his Hoosseinee?"

"Oh, for the love of Allah! for the sake of the blessed Allee! — by the head of your father, Khan!" — exclaimed the young man, as they dragged him rudely enough away, until his words were lost in the noise of the distant struggle. The Ketkhodah stood by all the while; but though his limbs might be seen to tremble, he spoke not a single word.

When the attendants had dragged the young man to a distance from their master's presence, they relaxed their hold; and as he shook them from him, his eye caught a glimpse of the Khan's harem moving from the village — "She is there," cried he — "she is among them! — I see her struggling — I will release her if I die for it — Hoosseinee! Hoosseinee! speak! — shew yourself! Ibrahim is at hand!" — With these words he rushed towards the group of mounted females, followed by half the Khan's servants and all the rabble of the village; and doubtless he soon would have met with the fate he braved, for swords began to flash and clubs to be brandished, — when a figure clad in the ordinary garb of a husbandman, pressing through the crowd, laid hold of the youth with a vigorous arm, and leaning over him, whispered in tones that completely fixed his attention — "Forbear! — cease this useless struggle — if you would have revenge, be calm, and follow me!" Starting at this appeal, he cast upwards a bewildered eye; — his efforts ceased — he fell to the ground exhausted with distress and exertion: — the attention of his persecutors was diverted from his almost lifeless form

to their master, who now called out aloud for his horse; and the poor young man was left unmolested on the ground.— "Meet me two hours hence at the Imaum-zadeh, a fursung east from the village," uttered the low voice of the stranger as he retreated; and he was soon lost to view among the inclosures of the place.

When the youth arose and cast his eyes around him, the Khan, accompanied by his gholaums and other attendants, forming a brilliant and imposing train, was gaily moving off, some dashing forward at full speed, others curbing their beautiful horses, forced them to curvet and career upon the plain beyond the village in fanciful and graceful rounds; —but all were soon lost to view in the windings of the broken ground through which lay the road to Ispahan, and the village sank into a deep and melancholy silence, like the calm which succeeds a terrible and destructive storm. The inhabitants, as if still in dread of possible violence, issued fearfully from their hiding places, and spoke together in whispers. The Ketkhodah remained standing in moody abstraction at his own door, when the young man approached him — "This is a goodly business, father!" said he.

"My son, what could I do? — could I resist the power of Zalim Khan? — is not my loss greater even than yours? — Ask —"

"Greater than mine! oh Allah! — but words are useless — my father, here I quit you! — either I return with Hoosseinee, or you shall never see me more."

"Nay, Ibrahim — nay, my son" — but the youth making an impatient gesture, was gone; and the Ketkhodah having gazed stupidly after him for a moment, shook his head, and returned to his dwelling.

It yet wanted an hour of noon, when Ibrahim (so was the young man named) reached the Imaum-zadeh. It was a ruin of considerable size and great antiquity, once celebrated for its sanctity, but now neglected, and shunned in truth, in consequence of certain mysterious reports which prevailed concerning it; some persons asserting that it was a haunt of robbers, others, of evil genii; — but the mind of Ibrahim was in too high a state of excitement to permit him to think of, or attend to such rumours.

The stranger was waiting his approach, at the entrance of the ruin. "You are welcome, youth," said he — "you seek for vengeance, and the means may be yours, if your courage and resolution are equal to the task of using them."

"Stranger," returned the youth, with eyes of fire and glowing cheeks, "I seek indeed for vengeance, but not for that alone; I seek to recover her who has been torn from me by the cruelty of a lawless tyrant, whom Allah will confound: shew me the means of doing this, and see whether my courage will fail me."

"It is well — the means shall not be wanting; but there is one condition yet to be declared: I require your perfect confidence; who or what I am

I tell you not, and you must not seek to know. I pledge myself to satisfy you — to place within your hands the means of recovering your mistress, and of inflicting the fullest vengeance on her ravisher; but you must commit yourself entirely to my guidance. Do you consent to this? — speak — for we have no time to lose."

"But stay," replied the youth, "I surely comprehend you not; commit myself blindly to the guidance of an utter stranger, of whose character and intentions I am ignorant! — of whose power to aid me I have no means to judge — to one who demands implicit confidence from me, yet forbids me to examine how far he may be entitled to it! — I cannot do this. — I have friends, associates, who will aid me; nor is my own arm altogether without power; — with these I may attempt the rescue of my mistress — I can but fail and fall in the effort: — but in these it were wiser to trust than in one who persists in a reserve so suspicious."

"Boy," returned the stranger, with a darkening frown, "my power is great beyond thy wildest conjecture; but it is not to be explained, nor am I to be questioned. Submit to me, and obtain thy wishes — reject my aid, and bid adieu to hope. Thy power! thy friends! thy arm! — poor worm! — what would all these avail thee against the lofty walls and guarded towers that secure thy intended wife within the harem of Zalim Khan? Even now his prize is far beyond the reach of thy weak and tardy aid. No power on earth but mine can over-

take and wrest it from his grasp. Decide; the moments fly, and I must quit this place: confide in and follow me this instant, or abandon thy mistress and thy revenge for ever!"

The young man paused; agitated and bewildered by the events of the morning, his judgment for awhile was indistinct and confused — but this uncertainty did not continue long: he felt the truth of what the stranger said; he saw that pursuit, even with all the celerity and all the assistance he might be able to command, was utterly vain: the bold and imposing bearing of the stranger, invited confidence; and the full tones of his deep commanding voice, which struck upon the young man's ear in accents not altogether unknown, confirmed his wavering resolution. "Stranger," said he, "I accept your terms. I willingly stake a life which without Hoosseinee is valueless; I confide myself and my cause to the honour of one who, something whispers me, will not betray the trust; if he should, he will gain but a wretched prize, and pay full dear for it.—Lead on; I am ready."

The gracious smile which lighted up the stranger's features, as he watched the varying expression on the countenance of the youth, was of a loftier character than corresponded with the garb he wore; — "Young man," said he, "you shall not repent this confidence — it is enough — here are arms, and horses are not far distant — we now must haste to use them."

With these words, girding on their swords and

seizing each a matchlock, they quitted the ruin; and in a deep hollow, at no great distance from it, found two stout fellows, well armed and mounted, in charge of a couple of powerful high-bred horses. Not a word was uttered; but, instantly mounting, they all rode across the country towards the chain of mountains beyond the village, and entering a rocky glen, began to ascend its rugged side.

"We are late enough," said the stranger in a low voice to Ibrahim; "we now must spare neither horse nor man."

So saying, he struck his sharp stirrups against the flanks of his horse, which, giving a sudden bound, bore him right up the steep and stony face of the mountain. The ground, — for pathway there was none,—was of the most arduous and dangerous kind: sometimes they pressed up sharp ascents, entirely covered with loose and tottering stones; or slanted along precipitous declivities, beneath which, in deep and gloomy chasms, was heard the roar of the mountain cataract. At others they scrambled among huge fragments which had fallen from the higher cliffs, or they slipped along with the falling soil down descents so giddy, that Ibrahim, though well accustomed to mountain travelling, was often half tempted to believe that some genie of the mountains or spirit of evil was sporting with his life, and luring him to destruction. More than once was he tempted to retract his pledge, and seek to extricate himself from the snare into which he had fallen. But he saw the two attendants still pressing

onwards, now clinging to their horses' necks, then throwing themselves back until their heads almost touched the cruppers, and the horses still carrying them bravely; so he resolved to dare every thing, and to maintain his character for boldness in the eyes of this mysterious stranger, by keeping close to his side under all circumstances:—and he succeeded; for the keen eye of his leader more than once rested on him with a pointed glance of approbation.

Thus they toiled on, rapidly and in utter silence, for several hours, never pausing, however steep or dangerous the way, and, when a track of more practicable ground occurred, again applying the sharp stirrup iron to the sides of their panting but unwearied horses. At length, after climbing over a sharp ridge of crags, they descended by a path, which would have been utterly impracticable without a thoroughly experienced guide, into a bare rocky chasm, the sides of which were covered with shivered fragments of enormous size, and which was so narrow, that the sun never penetrated above half way down to the sullen rill that flowed at its bottom. Here, for the first time, the stranger checked his horse, and halted; then putting to his lips a small horn, he blew a single shrill blast. Before the echoes which it raised from every neighbouring cliff had ceased to repeat that sound, the forms of men and horses were seen arising and advancing from all quarters of the ravine; and ere many minutes had elapsed, the astonished Ibrahim

beheld himself surrounded with upwards of an hundred well armed and mounted horsemen. Nor was there long a doubt as to the chief they served; for each, as he closed up, made a low obeisance to the stranger.

"Well, young man, how find you this display?" at length demanded the stranger, returning the bewildered gaze of Ibrahim with a gracious smile; "Are you yet satisfied of my power?—or do you still doubt my sincerity?—but the time of doubt is past, and trust me, you never shall repent of the confidence you have reposed in Assad Allee Khan Feilee! You start—but it is true—that dreaded chief is before you. Recollect yourself, and listen! The lion of the mountains—the scourge of pompous governors—the plunderer of insolent khans, and rich avaricious merchants—could not declare himself, while alone, disguised as an humble peasant; it is when thus surrounded by his brave and faithful followers, able to punish his enemies and protect his friends, it is only when thus, that he avows his name and character. Yet this is not our first meeting, young man: remember the sick and wounded traveller of the mountains of Dehattoo, whose wounds you dressed, whom you supplied with food and clothes, and ministered to with so much care in the cavern where you dwelt?"

"Allah!" exclaimed Ibrahim, "is this possible? And yet that voice—I knew it—I could not be mistaken;—that traveller then"—

"Was myself. You then rendered me a signal

service, and I swore to requite it when a fitting day should come — that day has now arrived, and my vow shall be performed. You yet see little of that power which broods over these districts like a spell — no one can traverse them without my knowledge, or my will — my spies are every where, my sources of information numberless and exact. The journey of this licentious Khan was no secret to me — I know his wealth, his force, yea, among his very train my creatures lurk — his treasures and his equipage were already destined to swell my coffers, nor will the rigour of his destined fate be softened by his last night's exploit. And now for the performance of my promise — no time is to be lost, we must prepare to meet the tyrant."

"May thy star shine ever bright! may thy path be ever fortunate and victorious, mighty chief!" exclaimed the youth, his eyes gleaming with fury and impatience. "Give me but the chance of chastizing that infamous tyrant — of recovering the lost Hooseinee — and thy slave will follow thee even to the gates of perdition!"

No more was said. The whole party, headed by the chief, pursued their way down the narrow glen, until between the jutting promontories of rock, which almost closed up its entrance, they could distinguish the distant mountains of another and more extensive valley; a second halt was then made, and the chief cast an anxious glance around.

"We are near the place," said he; "the pass must be examined — conceal yourselves, men, while

Ibrahim and I, with four others, advance to reconnoitre."

In less than a minute the whole party had disappeared among the irregularities of the ground — neither horse nor man was visible — no sound was uttered; the horses themselves appeared to comprehend the necessity of silence, and not a neigh nor a foot-tramp was to be heard.

The chief, with Ibrahim, advanced in perfect silence until they reached a hollow, where leaving their horses in charge of one man, accompanied by the other three, they scrambled forwards on foot. At length turning sharp round the angle of a rock, they found themselves upon a point which commanded a view of the whole pass and valley beyond it. Immediately below their feet lay a deep chasm, along one side of which the road ran, mounting the steep ascent in zigzag lines, or winding on the brink of a giddy precipice, until it rose sharply over a projection from the principal mountain, to a level spot forming a natural landing-place, where travellers and their cattle might breathe for awhile after the tugging ascent. Upon one side of this landing-place, some charitable mussulman had erected a little arched building for the purpose of sheltering weary or benighted travellers; and the mouth of the ravine which sheltered the ambush of Assad Allee Khan, opened immediately above it.

When the chief had reached this commanding point, he cast a keen and anxious glance around, and listened long and earnestly. His countenance

darkened, as the time passed on without a sound to stir the air, except the short cry of the mountain partridge, or the scream of the birds of prey, that, scared from their nests, whirled in airy circles high above their heads.

"What can this mean?" muttered one of the attendants to his companion. "They surely have not passed, and yet by this time we should hear, if we cannot see them."

"What?" demanded the impatient Ibrahim, in an anxious whisper. "God forbid they should have escaped us; but we may still follow!"

"Fear not," responded Assad Allee, grimly, "they have not passed; unknown to me they could not—and they can scarcely have altered their course, or halted, unless indeed—"

"Hark! hist!" interrupted the young man eagerly, "I hear something—surely I did—could it have been the wind?—no—no—I hear it again, it is the song of a muleteer!—and hark once more—there are the mule bells!—but where are the people? why cannot we see them?"

"You are right," said the chief, "your ear is true—it is the Khan's party; that is the measured song of some great man's muleteer—your poor devils have too much to think of for so regular a drawl—and the bells are larger and more noisy than those of a common cafilah. They are under the shoulder of yon hill—their progress has been slow, but now, praise be to Allah, they are ours!"

A perfect silence now prevailed, until the foremost

of the advancing cavalcade were seen issuing from behind the hill, and ascending the zigzag path. The chief then gave his orders in a few distinct words.

"Let them alone until the armed men in front have passed yon gorge—with them we have no business—the baggage comes next, and then the harem and its guards—that is your mark, Ibrahim: my fellows will be content with these loaded mules. Let these gain the halting ground in the gorge, and then, Bismillah! have at them. And Ibrahim—revenge is sweet!—the Khan will scarcely fail of spurring on to defend his property, and you then may call him to a bitter reckoning."

The crisis was now at hand: the unconscious travellers toiled slowly up the painful ascent; and at length the advance of the party, having crossed the gorge, were descending to give room for the rest. The chief with a keen and wary eye, watched the critical moment, and was just rising to give the signal, when he once more sunk back into concealment.—"Better, and better still!" said he, in a subdued voice; "the mules have halted to breathe awhile on the gorge; let the rest close up, and we shall have them in one mass, where they can neither fight nor fly; and we shall strike them where fewer will be lost, by tumbling down yon ugly precipice, or by the terror of their startled cattle."

The baggage and the harem had now reached the summit of the gorge; the attendants were preparing pipes for the refreshment of the Khan and his followers, when they should arrive, and all were un-

suspiciously enjoying the repose of the moment, when a single shrill note of a horn was heard from above them. The alarm of this signal had scarce time to take effect, when it was answered by the shout of an hundred voices, echoing among the cliffs; nor did a moment elapse before the mountain side became alive with mounted and armed men, who rushed furiously down upon the terror-struck and helpless people of the Khan. In an instant all was panic and confusion — the muleteers cut the fastenings of their mule loads, and tried to escape — others of the animals kicked off their burthens, and galloped here and there among the crowd, increasing the disorder until they ran down the precipices, and were killed. The women shrieked, and the men roared out for help or for mercy, as the swords of the robbers descended among them.

While this scene of tumult was proceeding, Ibrahim, intent on one sole object, quickly distinguished the shrieks of Hoosseinee; forcing his way towards her, he clove the head of an eunuch, who still mechanically sought to check his progress; whispered his name in well-known accents, bade her fear nothing, and dexterously lifting her up behind him, turned his powerful horse from the fray, and pressed right up the steep and stony bank down which they had charged upon the party. His first impulse was to place her out of danger, and then to return and aid his friends; but as he turned his looks below, he could see that the fortune of the day was no longer dubious, for the followers of the Khan, panic-struck

and confounded, only sought their own safety, while fully one-third had already fallen under the swords of the robbers, or were precipitated over the rocks of the pass. But the Khan himself was no coward, and when he heard the tumult of the onset, and saw the danger of his people, he called on his gholaums and most trusty adherents, and spurring at full gallop along the narrow and dangerous path, he dashed forward to their rescue. At this moment the eye of Ibrahim, who, with Hoosseinee clinging around him, was bounding up the mountain, fell upon the person of the Khan — and, boiling with mingled triumph and rage, he shouted to him aloud — "Hah! tyrant, thou art there! spur onwards to thy fate — receive the full reward of thy treacherous cruelty!" Turning himself at this taunt, and recognizing the voice, the Khan forgot the peril of his people, in the desire to punish the insult; and wheeling his horse against the stony and precipitous face of the mountain, he charged furiously upwards, in order to reach his enemy. But Ibrahim, equally ardent, and fully aware of his advantage, checked his own horse, and coolly turning round in his saddle, discharged his match-lock with a steady aim, full at the enraged Khan. The ball struck the horse as it bounded upwards, in the centre of its forehead; it reared amain, fell backwards, carrying with it its miserable rider, and both rolled over and over, till, reaching the lip of the precipice, they fell crashing down into the dark chasm below. This event decided the day already almost lost. The

moment the Khan's fate was known, resistance was at an end—every one who could, fled at full speed; and the robbers having secured such persons as they supposed likely to offer a rich ransom for their liberty, became less eager in pursuit of the rest. The women and baggage were all secured; and in less than an hour after the first attack, the slaughtered victims were left to the beasts of the desert and the fowls of the air, and the survivors were on their way to the strong holds of Assad Allee Khan.

The sequel of this tale is soon related. Ibrahim, in possession of his beloved Hoosseinee, remained with his friend the Feilee chief until the noise of the affair in the pass of Kara-kothul had in some degree subsided, and until a change of rulers in the district had rendered it safe and prudent to return to his native village. Thither then, at length, enriched by the liberality of the friendly Assad Allee Khan, he retired to pass the remainder of his days.

THE OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I AM aweary of this world,
I long for days to be,
For the busy men who throng my path
Are all unknown to me.
My friends are sleeping in the dust;
I linger on alone;
Their latest graves are mossed, and grey
Is each memorial stone.
My children and my children's sons
Have from the living passed,
As the leafy branch may be rent away
Though the gnarled trunk doth last.
All generous usage is foregone;
Man's heart has lost its grace,
His very speech is new to me;—
I have out-lived my race.
'Tis so—I am a useless thing,
None reverence my old age,
Useless, save as a chronicle
For the antiquarian sage;
He asks me of the wars I knew
In my young and pleasant day,
And of many an old and noble house
That has passed into decay;

He asks me of the forest bounds;
Of wise, pure-hearted men;
And sunshine beams upon my soul
As their light comes back again.
Ah, I am weary of this world,
And long for days to be,
For the past is gone, and the present time
Is a joyless time to me!

My outward sight is dim, and dark
All visible things appear;
Yet, often in the sleepless night,
My inward eye is clear.
Alas! I know that in my youth,
When my thoughts were vain and gay,
I wot not of the heavenly land,
And knew not where it lay;
But now I see it stretching wide,
With the hill-tops bright and green,
And solemn mountains, old and grey,
And sunny slopes between:
I see the streams, through flowery meads,
Like silver snakes uncurled,
And groves of palm and cedar-wood:
Like those in the ancient world.
I see the people in starry robes,
And my children all I see —
Well may this dim and friendless world
Be a desert place to me!

My ears are dull, I hear not now
The thunder's stormy din,
But the music of the heavenly land
To my soul its way can win:
I hear the merry children's shouts
In the sunshine where they lie;
I hear the tread of their little feet,
As lightly they pass by;
I hear the fall of the mountain rills,
The swell of the distant seas,
The pleasant sound of singing birds,
And the noontide hum of bees.
I hear each voice which since my prime
Has passed in death away;
I hear them speak as they were wont,
Yet I know not what they say:
For their's is not a human speech
That man may learn or tell,
But each tone sinks deep into the soul
By a pleasant miracle.
And oh that I could speak that tongue,
And sit beneath those trees!
For I am weary of this world
With its ceaseless vanities:
And I long, with the children of my love,
On the green hill-tops to be.
Would, that the morrow's sun might rise
In that glorious land to me!

LINES.

BY PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, ESQ.

The chilling air and moaning breeze
Strip of their yellow leaves the trees;
The birds have ceased their summer song,
And flowers are none, and nights are long:
O'er the still lake and mountain streams
The icy frost-work shoots, and gleams;
And howling Winter, dark and drear,
Claims the sad relic of the year.

Now were I like a brain-sick fool,
Of every passing cloud the tool,
I ought to feel congenial gloom,
And fill the page with thoughts of doom;
Tell weeping Fancy how she weaves
Her song amid the falling leaves;
And moralize, with leaden look,
On faded flowers and frozen brook.

But, sooth to say, my present mood
Despises sentimental food;
And fancied griefs, and mimic tears,
And idle sympathetic fears,
Are banished, and forgotten quite,
When she, my heart of hearts' delight!

My only love, my beauteous bride,
Sits smiling sweetly at my side;
And the bright wall and blazing hearth
Warm and attune the mind to mirth.
Yes, dearest! I am blest indeed,
When love like yours hath been my meed;
And this poor heart must, 'neath the chill
And icy hand of death, grow still,
Ere it can cease to give to thee
A love as strong as thine to me.

THE DISGRACED SOLDIER.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

The silent square is formed;—and now they bring
One who is lost to fortune and to fame —
A youthful soldier. His once honoured name
Is stained for ever. Ah! what feelings wring
His struggling heart! In vain to hide the sting
Of keen remorse, and deep overwhelming shame,
He wears a sterner brow. His spirit's flame
Is early quenched, and never more shall spring
To glory's lofty goal. — The word is given —
The firmest hand that e'er in battle waved
An unresisted blade, is rudely bound.
Against his blackening flesh the lash is driven
With ruthless force—and yet were lightly braved
But for the *soul's* immedicable wound!

Painted by A. E. Chalon R.A. Engraved by W. Humphreys

LA FIANCÉE DE MARQUES.

LA FIANCÉE DE MARQUES.

C'était au mois d'Avril 1815; des événemens politiques venaient de changer en France la forme du gouvernement, et replaçer sur le trone l'exile de l'Ile d'Elbe. Tout présageait une guerre certaine et malheureuse; mais le Français, aveuglé par l'amour de la gloire, ou plutôt entrainé par cette ardeur guerrière qui sied si bien à sa nation, oubliait le danger, courait aux armes : il ne voyait que son chef, et se croyait déjà l'arbitre de ce continent qu'un seul revers lui avait ravi.

Je fesais partie d'un de ces corps d'infanterie, qui se portèrent sur les frontières de la Belgique, immédiatement après le retour de Napoleon. Le régiment dans le quel je servais prit ses cantonnemens dans les environs de Bouchain, et la compagnie que je commandais occupa un village très pittoresque, situé au milieu de fertiles prairies, sur les bords de l'Escaut. Logé chez de braves gens, j'en devins bientôt l'ami. Mon hôte, sans être favorisé des dons de la fortune, jouissait d'une honnête aisance, et goûtait le bonheur auprès d'une femme et de trois enfans, qu'il chérissait et dont il était chéri.

Je passais ordinairement mes journées avec mes compagnons d'armes; mais à la nuit tombante,

réuni à la société de mes hôtes, et tous rangés autour du foyer domestique, nous trompions la longueur des soirées par des chants de guerre ou d'amour, ou bien par le récit de quelques simples ou larmoyantes histoires.

Deux mois s'étaient ainsi écoulés. Perrault et Florian, les vieilles légendes, et les traditions populaires avaient tour à tour charmé, attendri, effrayé mes bons villageois. Chacun de nous avait mis sa mémoire au dépourvu, et tous, á l'exception d'un seul vieillard, nous avions apporté notre écot aux plaisirs de la veillée. Je m'étonnais du silence du vieillard, et plus encore, de ce que personne ne semblait oser l'engager à s'unir à nos entretiens. Son air vénérable, ses cheveux et sa barbe blanchis par le tems, les égards, le respect qu'on lui témoignait, tout retint ma voix quelques instans. Enfin bannissant la timidité que son aspect m'inspirait, et desirant entendre le nouveau narrateur, je lui adressai la parole: "Vieillard vénérable," lui dis je, "vous, qui semblez avoir pris plaisir à nos entretiens, ne daignerez vous pas aussi, par un simple récit, satisfaire nos désirs?" Une larme vint mouiller sa paupière, et me prenant la main — "Votre demande est juste, je dois participer aux frais de ces soirées agréables;" et sans ajouter un autre mot, il commenca ainsi sa triste histoire:*

Ernest reçut le jour à Marques, petit village que

* Les événemens de cette histoire reposent sur un fait vrai, arrivé dans un village de la Flandres Francaise, peu d'années avant la Révolution.

vous voyez d'ici, sur la route de Cambray. Sa naissance fut marquée par le malheur, et porta le deuil dans sa famille. Sa mère mourut en lui donnant le jour ; à vingt quatre ans, elle emporta dans la tombe la tendresse d'un époux, l'estime et les regrets de tous ceux qui l'avaient connue.

L'interêt de son fils engagea le père d'Ernest à ne point contracter un second hymen. Ernest fit ses études à Cambray, et à dix sept ans il revint auprès d'un père qu'il adorait, avec les connaissances nécessaires, non pour briller, mais pour pouvoir paraître dans le monde.

Un ami du père d'Ernest habitait aussi le petit village de Marques. Une épouse vigilante et douce le rendait heureux. Julie et Cécile etaient les seuls fruits de cette union. Idoles de leurs parens, elles méritaient par leur bon naturel toute la tendresse que ceux ci leur portaient. Cécile était l'ainée ; elle était restée près de sa mère, tandisque Julie, eloignée depuis six ans de la maison paternelle, recevait près d'une de ses tantes, au sein même de Paris, une éducation plus soignée.

Julie venait d'atteindre son seizième printems ; ses parens la rappelèrent près d'eux. Elle arriva à Marques, et dès que cet événement fut connu d'Ernest, il s'empressa d'aller revoir l'amie de son enfance. Il était déjà, depuis quelque tems, devant elle, mais immobile ; il ne savait ce qu'il fesait ; ses yeux portés sur Julie ne pouvaient se détacher de sa personne. Quelle était belle ? Des cheveux blonds tombaient en différentes boucles sur un front siège

de candeur et d'innocence ; ses grands yeux bleus ne cessaient de fixer son pére que pour aller chercher sa mère, ou se reposer sur son aimable sœur ; le sourire etait sur ses lèvres ; la bonté, la franchise se peignaient dans ses traits, et laissaient entrevoir le calme et le bonheur qui regnaient dans son ame. Le père de Julie retira Ernest de sa douce réverie, et lui prenant la main, il le présenta à sa fille comme le fils de son meilleur ami : "Rappele toi aussi," lui dit il, "qu'il fut le compagnon de tes jeunes ans." La conversation s'engagea bientôt. Julie parlait peu, mais c'était avec grace, et les mots spirituels tombaient involontairement de ses lèvres, comme pour se jouer de sa reserve, et mieux faire ressortir sa modestie. Les heures s'écoulaient. Un charme irresistible retenait Ernest près de Julie. Il etait heureux ; son cœur palpitait avec force, mais il conservait toute sa raison ; l'amour était loin de sa pensée, mais il eut desiré pouvoir demeurer constamment auprès de Julie, et en être aimé comme un frère.

Il ne se passait plus de jour qu' Ernest n'allât chez le vieil ami de son père. C'est là qu'il retrouvait Julie ; c'est là qu'il passait des heures entières avec elle ; et chaque jour il en revenait lui connaissant de nouvelles vertus. Les mois succédaient aux jours, et les visites d' Ernest devenaient plus fréquentes ; il ne quittait presque plus la démeure de Julie. Cultivait-elle des fleurs, il était jardinier ; prodiguait-elle ses soins à ses parents, il était leur fils d'adoption — n'avaient ils pas droit à sa

tendresse? Assis à côté d'elle, il écoutait ses reflexions: ses discours portaient à la sensibilité et à la sagesse, et toujours il s'étonnait que tant de raison fut accordée à un âge aussi tendre. Près de Julie Ernest était heureux; sa vue ne fesait naître en lui nul transport, mais sa vue était nécessaire à son bonheur. Julie même, sans le savoir, partageait l'amour d'Ernest; elle ne croyait voir en lui que l'ami de son enfance, et l'amour s'était déja emparé de tout son être qu'elle en ignorait encore l'existence.

Ce fut Cécile qui la première revela à Julie le secret de son cœur. Un soir que livrée à une melancolie dont elle même ignorait la cause, l'amante d'Ernest s'était retirée de bonne heure dans son appartement, et qu'elle appelait vainement le sommeil au secours de sa tristesse, sa sœur entra chez elle et, assise au pied de son lit, elle porta, pour la première fois, la lumière dans cette ame pure et naïve, que consumait l'amour, et à la quelle l'amour restait inconnu. "Julie," lui dit-elle, "ne croirais-tu pas heureuse l'epouse du bon Ernest?" Julie regarda Cécile, et une rougeur subite lui couvrit le visage; il semblait qu'un grand mystère fut venu tout à coup de lui être dévoilé. "Tu aimes," continua cette dernière en embrassant sa sœur; "tes soupirs, tes regards, cette mélancolie qui, de tems en tems, obscurcit ton front, tout me l'a fait connaitre..... et l'objet de ta tendresse, c'est le compagnon de notre enfance, c'est notre ami Ernest.... Il n'est ni semillant, ni beau, mais"—"Que

parles tu de beauté?" reprit Julie en interrompant Cécile; et, s'asseyant sur son lit, elle porta ses regards timides sur sa sœur; puis ajouta après un moment de silence, "Oui, j'aime! je le sens aux palpitations de ce cœur, que tes paroles viennent d'éclairer sur ses vrais sentimens; j'aime Ernest; et pour le chérir, je n'ai point pris garde aux traits de son visage. C'est son esprit, ce sont les qualités de son ame, qui ont fait naitre l'attachement que je lui porte. Peut être plus favourisé des dons de la nature, il m'eut inspiré moins de tendresse. Moins beau, il fut plus aimable, il ignora les caprices, les intrigues secrètes, il orna son esprit, il me prodigua ces soins de tous les momens, qui repandent tant de charmes sur la vie de deux êtres qui s'aiment..... Chaque jour je voyais Ernest, sa vue m'était délicieuse..... Mais est-il bien vrai que lorsque je ne croyais lui avoir voué que l'amitié d'une sœur?"..... Elle n'acheva pas, et de douces larmes vinrent inonder son visage, puis comme par réflexion, elle chercha à lire dans les yeux de sa sœur si elle était aimée, et sa voix tremblante, osa lui demander si Ernest ne serait jamais infidèle. La bonne Cécile la rassura, combattit ses craintes; et la tenant embrassée, "Tu sais le plaisir que j'aurais à te voir heureuse," dit elle à sa sœur, "ne retardons pas le bonheur qui t'attend; Ernest t'aime, je ne saurais en douter; que notre tendre mère soit ta confidente, et qu'une eternelle félicité devienne le partage de ma Julie."

Les deux familles consentirent aisement au

mariage de leurs enfans, et l'époque de la célébration fut remise au jour où Julie aurait atteint son dixhuitième printems. Ce moment parut bien éloigné pour les deux amans : " encore une année d'attente," se disaient ils, " quand dès à présent nous pourrions gouter le bonheur !" Mais il fallut obéir. Ernest passait près de son amie tous les momens qu'il pouvait dérober à ses utiles occupations, et le tems semblait s'écouler avec plus de vitesse.

Déjà le sombre hiver avait succédé au riche automne ; les arbres dépouillés de leurs épais rameaux, les champs sans verdure, les vergers privés de leurs fruits, les fleurs flétries ne présentant plus leur calice embaumé à l'industrieuse abeille ; tout annonçait la saison des frimats et des neiges. Ernest et Julie avaient cessé leurs promenades champêtres ; les troupeaux ne bondissaient plus dans la prairie ; l'Escaut, couvert de glace, n'était plus sillonné par la barque légère ; les oiseaux étaient silencieux ; le seul bucheron, insensible au deuil de la nature, interrompait ce silence de mort par le retentissement des coups de sa coignée, ou, par ses chants rauques et sauvages, qu'apportaient au loin les autans furieux. La Toussaint était passée. Les soirées étaient longues ; on en chassait l'ennui par des veillées utiles et agréables. Là réunis, tour à tour, chez quelqu' habitant du village, assis autour d'un foyer ardent, les mères et les filles s'occupaient aux ouvrages de leur sexe, tandisque les jeunes gens tachaient de les égayer par le récit de quelques histoires.

Bientôt le fuseau et le quenouille étaient aban-

donnés par nos jeunes Flamandes, dont l'esprit vif mais superstitieux se complaisait, dans ces contes, de revenans, de sorciers, de magiciens, qui excitaient leurs imaginations.

De l'antique feérie on raconte une histoire,
L'orateur qui la croit, l'atteste, et la fait croire.
Un spectre, dit l'un d'eux, parait vers le grand bois ;
Le jour de la tempête on entendit sa voix ;
Un autre en fait d'abord la peinture effrayante,
Le crédule auditoire est saisi d'épouvante,
Le silence et la peur augmentent par degré,
Et plus prés du foyer le cercle est resserré.

Depuis que la philosophie a éclairé la France, on ne croit plus aux spectres, à la magie, aux sortilèges, et à toutes ces autres superstitions des siécles d'ignorance, que nos mères laissaient jadis croître avec notre raison. La croyance aux revenans, aux farfadets, n'existe plus que dans l'imagination de quelques vieilles servantes. Les Vampires ne sortent plus de leurs tombeaux pour aller se nourrir du sang de leurs semblables. Une carte n'a plus le pouvoir de nous prédire l'avenir ; une étincelle, qui se fait voir à la méche d'une chandelle, n'est plus l'avant-coureur de quelque nouvelle. L'épouse stérile, la jeune fille qui ne peut trouver d'époux, l'artisan privé d'ouvrage, la perte qu'on fait d'un parent, d'un ami, d'un procès, d'un cheval, tout cela n'est plus regardé comme l'effet d'un sort, et le bucheron, qui tombe avec une branche qui céde sous son poids, n'accuse plus, en se relevant blessé, le berger au quel sa femme, sans le connaître, aura refusé un fagot

pour se chauffer. Toutes ces sottises populaires ont été oubliées, et les tribunaux correctionnels ont fait justice de tous ces prétendus sorciers, dont l'un guérissait les entorses par le toucher, dont l'autre, ayant hérité du pouvoir magique de nos rois, pouvait guérir les écrouelles ; dont un troisième calmait la fièvre, en coupant une poire en quatre, et en en fesant manger la moitié par une Vierge ; dont un dernier, enfin, arretait une hemoragie avec cinq œufs de fauvette, qu'il brisait sur le pavé. Mais il y a moins d'un demi siècle, que le peuple obéissait encore en esclave à toutes ces jongleries, et croyait à toutes ces misérables superstitions. Bannie peu à peu des villes, c'était au village que la croyance aux sorts et aux revenans s'était refugiée, comme dans un sanctuaire inviolable ; s'était là quélle se combinait avec la religion, quélle se confondait et ne formait plus qu'un même corps avec elle. Malheur à l'homme éclairé qui combattait alors, avec les armes du raisonnement, les préjugés qui règnaient dans les campagnes, et que savait si bien exploiter un clergé, qui ne craignait pas d'asseoir les bases du culte d'un Dieu de vérité et de tolérance sur le fanatisme et le mensonge. Pour avoir été supérieure à ces préjugés, pour avoir voulu les combattre, la malheureuse Julie..... mais ne devançons pas les événemens.

Le terme fixé pour l'union d'Ernest et de Julie s'approchait ; encore un mois, et ils allaient prononcer au pied des autels le serment si doux, de s'aimer toujours. Ce fut à cette époque qu'un

procès assez important força Ernest de partir pour Amiens. Il informa Julie de ce départ, en lui annonçant, qu'avant six jours, il serait de retour près d'elle, pour ne plus la quitter. A cette nouvelle la paleur remplaça le vif incarnat qui colorait les joues de Julie, un gros soupir s'échappa de son sein ; ses longues paupières tachèrent, mais en vain, de cacher les larmes qui coulaient de ses yeux : "Ernest," lui dit elle, "ne peux tu remettre ce voyage ? Si cela est impossible, du moins reviens vite ; ta présence seule pourra soulager mon faible cœur du poids dont il est oppressé, en pensant à ton absence." Ernest promit un prompt retour, et donnant le baiser d'adieu à son amante, il partit.

Il eut beintôt terminé ses affaires et le cinquième jour il quitta Amiens. Il voyageait à cheval. Déjà Cambray était derrière lui, et le petit clocher de Marques commençait à s'apperçevoir dans la lointain. A mesure qu'Ernest avançait son cœur battait avec un redoublement de vitesse. Enfin il arrive, il passe devant la porte de la maison qu'habite son amante, il ne peut vaincre l'impatience qu'il éprouve de la revoir ; il saute à bas de son cheval, il entre ; personne dans la cour ; il la traverse, il ouvre une porte, l'appartement est vide ; il va à une seconde, il l'ouvre..... Grands Dieux ! Quel spectacle frappe ses regards ..... ? Un cercueil !..... les parents de Julie pâles, défaits, versant des torrents de larmes ! — à cette vue un désespoir subit s'empare d'Ernest. "Où est mon amante ?" s'acrie-t-il avec horreur. Il ne reçoit pour

réponse que des sanglots—il chancelle, et tombe sans connaissance sur le carreau.

Ernest resta longtems dans cet état d'anéantissement. Lorsqu'il revint à lui, il se trouva sur son lit; son père, l'effroi et la crainte peintes sur son visage, était près de lui; une des mains de son malheureux fils reposait dans les siennes; ses regards étaient fixés sur la couche du malade; attentif il veillait ses moindres mouvemens; au soupir qui s'echappa du sein d'Ernest, il jeta un cri, et portant ses yeux noyés de larmes vers le ciel, "Seigneur," s'ecria-t-il, avec une sorte d'enthousiasme, "exaucerais tu les vœux d'un père? Mon fils me serait-il rendu?" Ces paroles, cette vue d'un père en larmes, rappelèrent à Ernest les scénes d'horreur dont il avait été témoin. Il voulut parler; sa langue ne put d'abord articuler un seul mot; il fit de nouveaux efforts, et d'une voix etouffée, mais d'une expression terrible, il demanda à savoir toute l'etendue, tous les détails de son malheur. En vain voulût on lui resister, l'egarement était dans ses yeux, la menace dans sa bouche; il se levait en furieux sur sa couche. Refuser sa demande, c'était compromettre sa vie. Il apprit donc de son père que l'avant veille de son retour d'Amiens, Julie et sa sœur, revenant le soir de la veillée, traversaient, comme à l'ordinaire, le cimetière, pour se rendre à leur demeure; qu'arrivées près du calvaire, elles entendirent une voix lugubre, qui sortait comme de dessous terre, et qui leur ordonnait de s'arréter. Cécile, tremblante de peur, voulut fuir, et entrainer,

sa sœur avec elle; mais Julie résista; la voix se fit une seconde foi entendre; Julie s'arrêta; et Cécile, hors d'elle même, accourut au logis, remplie de trouble et d'épouvante. On la questionna, on courut au cimetière, et l'on trouva la malheureuse Julie dans une fosse, les vétemens en feu, et à moitié suffoquée par la fumée. Elle n'avait pas entiérement perdu l'usage de ses sens; on sut d'elle que cette voix terrible était celle d'un homme, que d'autres personnes avaient cousu dans un linceuil; qu'aussitôt après la fuite de Cécile, il s'était roulé sur son passage, lui avait barré le chemin, lui avait commandé de découdre le drap mortuaire; qu'elle avait accompli cet ordre; qu'alors elle avait voulu fuir, mais que deux bras vigoureux l'avaient saisie, l'avaient entrainée; que la terre s'était tout à coup abimée sous ses pieds, et quelle était tombée dans une fosse, d'où sortait une odeur sulphureuse accompagnée d'explosion et de flammes. Julie avait conservé assez de force pour raconter ces détails, mais l'emotion qu'elle avait éprouvée avait été trop forte pour elle; sortie du cimetière, elle perdit connaissance, eut le délire, et le lendemain elle n'existait plus. Ce fut avec des transports de rage qu' Ernest entendit ce récit; il voulait se lever, connaître, punir ceux qui avaient causé la mort de son amante. On le retint, il consuma ses forces en vains efforts, une sueur froide coula de tous ses membres, et sa tête retomba sur son oreiller sans force et privée de raison.

"Cet Ernest, c'est moi!" nous dit alors le veillard,

d'une voix affaiblie et entrecoupée de sanglots ; "les meurtriers de Julie étaient des jeunes gens de notre village, dont elle avait combattu les préjugés, et qui, voulant voir jusqu'où allait son courage, avait profité de mon eloignement, pour mettre à éxécution la terrible épreuve — qui m'enlevaune amante adorée, et couvrit de tristesse et de deuil le restant de ma vie!"

F. D.

Paris, Juillet 1828.

SONNET.

(FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETROCCHI.)

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

I ASKED of Time, "Who raised yon structure fair,
Which thy stern power has crumbled to decay?"
He answered not, but fiercely turned away,
And fled on swifter pinions through the air.
I said to Fame, "O thou! who dost declare
With lofty voice the glories of the past,
Reveal the tale:" Her eyes on earth she cast,
Confused and sad, and silent in despair.
Then turned I, wondering, where with ruthless stride
I saw Oblivion stalk from stone to stone,
O'er the fall'n tow'rs. "Ah! answer me," I cried;
"Dark power unveil the truth." But, in dread tone,
"Whose they were *once*," he sullenly replied,
"I know not — reck not — *Now* they are my own."

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY GIRL.

BY WILLIAM TENNANT, ESQ.

Low lies the maid who lately shone
  In beauty's golden bloom,
Now from the light of life gone down
  Into the silent tomb.

She, whom with pride the hamlet eyed,
  And blessed her beauteous form,—
Her father's hope, her mother's pride,
  Lies wedded to the worm.

Her father weeps — her mother weeps —
  Her sisters weep around;
The hamlet mourns the maid that sleeps
  All silent in the ground.

I too, would weep — but my sad eye
  Hath been so used to grieve,
I cannot weep for those that die —
  I weep for those that live!

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN, ESQ.

When we wake in life's morning,
And look o'er the earth,
Joy and gladness wake with us,
And smile-loving mirth,
As we bound o'er the greensward,
Or sport in the wave,
Or list to the tale
Of the daring and brave.

Yet the light that shines over
Our youth is, at best,
But like the false dawn
That illumines the east,
Half revealing the glories
That lurk in the scene,
As the handmaid preceding
A beautiful queen.

The true sun arises,
Or bursts from eclipse,
When our soul first awakens
On woman's sweet lips:
A new light pours down
On the world from above,
When the clouds are dispersed
By the first kiss of love!

Then the fair landscape glitters,
The mists roll away,
And Earth smiles like Heaven
In the warm arms of Day;
And with feet winged like Hermes,
The bright world we rove,
As if men were made gods
By the first kiss of love!

THE UNBENDING.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

Too proud of heart to tell the grief
That chains thy harrowed soul,
Too little schooled in grief to bear
Thy own stern pride's controul —
With flushing cheek and restless eye
Thy woman's heart hath told,
Far easier thou in love hadst died,
Than in despair grow cold.

All beautiful! in the full grace
Of thy unsullied thought;
An angel that love sought to teach,
But woman's self when taught—
Thy bosom where youth showers its sweets
And coronals of light;
Thy brow and dewy lips are still
As eloquent and bright:

But troubled is the fountain where
That light of bliss was born;
And thou hast taught thy heart to hate,
To save thyself from scorn:
Faithful thou hadst been in thy truth,
Faithful through good and ill;
But, being left to live unloved,
Thou'dst make that doom thy will.

Still in the world thy path will be,
And still thy brow will wear
Roses as bright as ever wreathed
Their blossoms 'mid thy hair;
But for thy pride and seeming calm,—
Thy vainly borne disguise,—
No rest shall ever soothe thy soul,
No friendship glad thine eyes.

But lonelier than thy lonely heart
Thy very home shall be,
Nor gentle smile, nor household voice
Shall e'er seem sweet to thee;
And on from youth to womanhood
Thy weary days shall haste,
Thy happiest feelings turned to gall—
Thy life itself a waste!

GREEK STATUES.

BY MISS ELIZABETH WILLESFORD MILLS.

> These forms of beauty have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye.
>
> *Wordsworth.*

They are of Greece; more than two thousand years
Have o'er them rolled; opinion's changeful tide,
The march of armies, nor e'en captured thrones,
Could mar their grandeur; no despotic hand
Dared sink in dust their monumental pride —
Conscious 'twas Phidias touched the chiselled brow,
That Praxiteles brushed the Parian stone!

The Romans gazed upon their beauteous forms,
And felt themselves o'ermastered by the Greek:
Victories have won, and treaties ceded them —
They are held like to diadems and states.—
Splendid creations! pedestalled by mind,
Identified with power! vail not the eye,
Curb not the burthened thought.—They are of Greece!
Mystic and mighty like her wondrous dead!

To me her name is spell-fraught and intense;
Her canvass, sculpture, and dramatic page,
Her fabled deities, her free-born states,
And her recited history—her wars,
Where silent warriors marched to the soft notes,
The dulcet breathings of the Dorian flute.

Our days have heroes—and Italian suns
Have lit the canvass;—eloquently rich,
Beauty is breathing on the gorgeous wall;
And Poetry's sweet echoing shell is heard
From cliff to cliff of mine own native Isle:
But History's coronal is plucked from Greece,
Save when the Roman laurel wreathes her brow;
And forms like these — they are of Greece alone!
Perfect, composed, ideal, and unreal,
Their quietude is genius—
Most bravely wrought! where, where is aught like them,
To warn us of the spirit that we bear?
Britain is silent — and Canova's hand
Is like a school-boy's, but in riot flung.

THE WANDERER.

BY RICHARD HILL, ESQ.

I saw thee — and thy sweet looks shone,
  Like sunny dreams, whose calm revealing
Comes on the heart when, dark and lone,
  We yield to slumber's balmy feeling.
But then to wake from that sweet mood,
  In which the dear delusion bound us,
And find the heart a solitude,
  And darkness gathering thick around us —
As sad in soul the Dreamer lies —
So feel I banished from thine eyes!

For I had thought that coming days
  Should see me living for *thee* only —
Not wandering thus afar to gaze
  On faces strange — an exile lonely,
Ah! Fortune is of tyrant mood
  That aye on gentle wishes lowers;
And still some canker in the bud
  Destroys the young heart's sweetest flowers:
But why should dreams so bright betray
The homeless wanderer on his way?

The stars that on my pathway shine
  Tell the dark fate that's lowering o'er me:
Go, then, nor seek to link with thine
  The weary destiny before me.
By me thou ne'er can'st be forgot—
  But with the love I still shall cherish,
Since far from thee must be my lot,
  Is joy that *I* alone shall perish:
For 'twere a doom unfit for thee
To live a banished life with me.

THE BALLAD SINGER.

BY ALEX. BALFOUR, ESQ.

Her looks were sad; her cheek seemed blanched
  with care;
She had a fine, but feeble, wasted form;
The rain was dripping from her auburn hair,
Her bosom shivering in the pelting storm;
A languid fire still glimmered in her eye,
As blooms on Autumn's lap the lingering flower,
Or like a sunbeam in the wintry sky
When dimly shining through a sleety shower:
A round pellucid tear-drop trembling fell,
To bathe a baby nestling on her breast;
A stifled sigh her bosom seemed to swell,
As she the smiling infant closer pressed;
Her voice was music from a faltering tongue,—
A cheerful Scottish air with pensive sweetness sung.

OXFORD.

BY THE REV. C. H. TERROT.

THE cloistered court, the green retreat,
They have a wondrous charm for me;
I love the venerable seat
Of ancient lore and loyalty.

I love the child of Alfred's care,
The mother of a noble line;
It does me good to breathe thine air,
Although I may not call thee mine.

It gilds the soul with brighter rays
To muse within thy pictured hall,
Where saint and sage of other days
Look mildly down from either wall.

They cheer the youthful scholar's eye,
They animate his flagging spirit;
They say, "Believe not Faction's lie,
Behold how honour waits on merit:

"On Learning's solid base we reared
The fabric of our high renown;
In troubled times we never feared
The people's rage, the tyrant's frown:

"Like you we spent our studious youth;
Then be your manhood like to ours—
True to the sacred cause of truth,
Alike in fair and stormy hours."

Fair Oxford, England's other eye,
Some worthier bard thy praise should tell;
In humble verse, but honest, I,
A son of Granta, greet thee well.

THE WREN.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Why is the cuckoo's melody preferred,
And nightingale's rich song so fondly praised,
In poets' rhymes? Is there no other bird
Of nature's minstrelsy that oft hath raised
One's heart to extacy and mirth as well?
I judge not how another's taste is caught;
With mine there's other birds that bear the bell,
Whose song hath crowds of happy memories brought;
Such the wood Robin singing in the dell,
And little Wren, that many a time hath sought
Shelter from showers in huts where I did dwell,
In early Spring, the tenant of the plain,
Tending my sheep; and still they come to tell
The happy stories of the past again.

Helpstone, July, 1828.

SCHOOL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY DELTA.

> ---They who in the vale of years advance,
> And the dark eve is closing on their way,
> When on the mind the recollections glance
> Of early joy, and Hope's delightful day,
> Behold, in brighter hues than those of truth,
> The light of morning on the fields of youth.
>
> *Southey.*

The morning being clear and fine, full of Milton's "vernal delight and joy," I determined on a saunter; the inclemency of the weather having for more than a week kept me a prisoner at home. Although now advanced into the heart of February, a great fall of snow had taken place; the roads were blocked up; the mails obstructed; and while the merchant grumbled audibly for his letters, the politician, no less chagrined, conned over and over again his dingy rumpled old newspaper, compelled "to eat the leek of his disappointment." The wind, which had blown inveterately steady from the surly north-east, had veered, however, during the preceding night, to the west; and, as it were by the spell of an enchanter, an instant thaw commenced. In the low grounds the snow gleamed forth in patches of a pearly white-

ness; but on the banks of southern exposure, the green grass and the black trodden pathway again showed themselves. The vicissitudes of twenty-four hours were indeed wonderful. Instead of the sharp frost, the pattering hail, and the congealed streams, we had the blue sky, the vernal zephyr, and the genial sunshine; the stream murmuring with a broader wave, as if making up for the season spent in the fetters of congelation; and that luxurious flow of the spirits, which irresistibly comes over the heart, at the re-assertion of Nature's suspended vigour.

As I passed on under the budding trees, how delightful it was to hear the lark and the linnet again at their cheerful songs, to be aware that now "the winter was over and gone," and to feel that the prospect of summer, with its lengthening days and its rich variety of fruits and flowers, lay fully before us. There is something within us that connects the Spring of the year with the childhood of our existence, and it is more especially at that season, that the thrilling remembrances of long departed pleasures are apt to steal into the thoughts; the reawakening of nature calling us, by a fearful contrast, to the contemplation of joys that never can return, while all the time the heart is rendered more susceptible by the beauteous renovation in the aspect of the external world.

This sensation pressed strongly on my mind, as I chanced to be passing the door of the village school, momentarily opened for the admission of one, creeping along somewhat tardily with satchel on back and

"shining morning face." What a sudden burst of sound was emitted—what harmonious discord—what a commixture of all the tones in the vocal gamut, from the shrill treble to the deep under-hum! A chord was touched, which vibrated in unison; boyish days and school recollections crowded upon me; pleasures long vanished; feelings long stifled; and friendships—ay, everlasting friendships—cut asunder by the sharp stroke of death!

A public school is a petty world within itself—a wheel within a wheel—in so far as it is entirely occupied with its own concerns, affords its peculiar catalogue of virtues and vices, its own cares, pleasures, regrets, anticipations and disappointments—in fact a Lilliputian fac-simile of the great one. By grown men, nothing is more common than the assertion, that childhood is a perfect elysium; but it is a false supposition that school days are those of unalloyed carelessness and enjoyment. It seems to be a great deal too much overlooked, that "little things are great to little men;" and perhaps the mind of boyhood is more active in its conceptions—more alive to the impulses of pleasure or pain—in other words, has a more extended scope of sensations, than during any other portion of our existence. Its days are not those of lack-occupation; they are full of life, animation, and activity, for it is then we are in training for after life; and, when the hours of school-restraint glide slowly over, "like wounded snakes," the clock, that chimes to liberty, sends forth the blood with a livelier flow; and pleasure thus de-

rives a double zest from the bridle that duty has imposed, joy being generally measured according to the difficulty of its attainment. What delight in life have we ever experienced more exquisite than that, which flowed at once in upon us from the teacher's "bene, bene,"—our own self-approbation, and release from the tasks of the day?—the green fields around us wherein to ramble, the stream beside us wherein to angle, the world of games and pastimes "before us, where to choose." Words are inadequate to express the thrill of transport, with which, on the rush made from the school-house-door, the hat is waved in air, and the shout sent forth!

Then, what a variety of amusements succeed each other. Every month has its favorite ones. The sportsman doth not more keenly scrutinize his calendar for the commencement of the trouting, grouse-shooting, or hare-hunting season, than the younker for the time of flying kites, bowling at cricket, football, spinning peg-tops, and playing at marbles. Pleasure is the focus, which it is the common aim to approximate; and the mass is guided by a sort of unpremeditated social compact, which draws them out of doors as soon as meals are discussed, with a sincere thirst of amusement, as certainly as rooks congregate in Spring to discuss the propriety of building nests, or swallows in Autumn to deliberate in conclave on the expediency of emigration.

Then how perfectly glorious was the anticipation of a holiday—a long summer day of liberty and ease! In anticipation it was a thing boundless and

endless, a foretaste of Elysium. It extended from the *prima luce*, from the earliest dawn of radiance, that streaked the "severing clouds, in yonder east," through the sun's matin, meridian, postmeridian, and vesper circuit; from the disappearance of Lucifer in the re-illumined skies, to his evening entrée in the character of Hesperus. Complain not of the brevity of life; 'tis *men* that are idle; a thousand things could be contrived and accomplished in that space, and a thousand schemes were devised by us, when *boys*, to prevent any portion of it passing over without improvement. We pursued the fleet angel of time through all his movements till he blessed us.

With these and similar thoughts in my mind, I strayed down to the banks of the river, and came upon the very spot, which, in those long vanished years, had been a favourite scene of our boyish sports. The impression was overpowering; and, as I gazed silently around me, my mind was subdued to that tone of feeling which Ossian so finely designates "the joy of grief." The trees were the same, but older, like myself; seemingly unscathed by the strife of years—and herein was a difference. Some of the very bushes I recognised as our old lurking-places, at "hunt the hare;" and, on the old fantastic beech-tree, I discovered the very bough, from which we were accustomed to suspend our swings. What alterations,—what sad havoc had time, circumstances, the hand of fortune, and the stroke of death, made among us, since then! How were the thoughts of the heart, the hopes, the pursuits, the feelings

changed; and, in almost every instance, it is to be feared, for the worse! As I gazed around me, and paused, I could not help reciting aloud to myself the lines of Charles Lamb, so touching in their simple beauty.

> **"I have had playmates, I have had companions,**
> **In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;**
> **All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.**
> **Some they have died, and some they have left me,**
> **And some are taken from me, all are departed;**
> **All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."**

The fresh green plat, by the brink of the stream, lay before me. It was there that we played at leap-frog, or gathered dandelions for our tame rabbits; and, at its western extremity, were still extant the reliques of the deal seat, at which we used to assemble on autumn evenings to have our round of stories. Many a witching tale and wonderous tradition hath there been told; many a marvel of "figures that visited the glimpses of the moon;" many a recital of heroic and chivalrous enterprize, accomplished ere warriors dwindled away to the mere pigmy strength of mortals. Sapped by the wind and rain the planks lay in a sorely decayed and rotten state, looking in their mossiness like a sign-post of desolation, a memento of terrestrial instability. Traces of the knife were still here and there visible upon the trunks of the supporting trees; and, with little difficulty, I could decypher some well-remembered initials.

> **"Cold were the hands that carved them there."**

It is, no doubt, wonderful that the human mind can retain such a mass of recollections; yet we seem to be, in general, little aware that for one solitary incident in our lives, preserved by memory, hundreds have been buried in the silent charnel-house of oblivion. We peruse the past, like a map of pleasing or melancholy recollections, and observe lines crossing and recrossing each other in a thousand directions; some spots are almost blank; others faintly traced; and the rest a confused and perplexed labyrinth. A thousand feelings that, in their day and hour, agitated our bosoms, are now forgotten; a thousand hopes, and joys, and apprehensions, and fears are vanished without a trace. Schemes, which cost us much care in their formation, and much anxiety in their fulfilment, have glided, like the clouds of yesterday, from our remembrance. Many a sharer of our early friendships, and of our boyish sports, we think of no more; they are as if they had never been, till perhaps some accidental occurrence, some words in conversation, some object by the wayside, or some passenger in the street, attract our notice—and then, as if awaking from a perplexing trance, a light darts in upon our darkness; and we discover that thus some one long ago spoke; that there something long ago happened; or that the person, who just passed us like a vision, shared smiles with us long, long years ago, and added a double zest to the enjoyments of our childhood.

Of our old class-fellows, of those whose days were

of "a mingled yarn" with ours, whose hearts blended in the warmest reciprocities of friendship, whose joys, whose cares, almost whose wishes were in common, how little do we know? how little will even the severest scrutiny enable us to discover? Yet, at one time, we were inseparable "like Juno's swans;" we were as brothers, nor dreamt we of aught else, in the susceptibility of our youthful imaginations, than that we were to pass through all the future scenes of life, side by side; and, mutually supporting and supported, lengthen out the endearments, the ties, and the feelings of boyhood unto the extremities of existence. What a fine but a fond dream—alas, how wide of the cruel reality! The casual relation of a traveller may discover to us where one of them resided or resides. The page of an obituary may accidentally inform us how long one of them lingered on the bed of sickness, and by what death he died. Some we may perhaps discover in elevated situations, from which worldly pride might probably prevent their stooping down to recognise us. Others, immersed in the labyrinths of business, have forgot all, in the selfish pursuits of earthly accumulation. While the rest, the children of misfortune and disappointment, we may occasionally find out amid the great multitude of the streets, to whom life is but a desert of sorrow, and against whom prosperity seems to have shut for ever her golden gates.

Such are the diversities of condition, the varieties of fortune to which man is exposed, while climbing the

hill of probationary difficulty. And how sublimely applicable are the words of Job, expatiating on the uncertainty of human existence: "Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and riseth not till the heavens be no more."

While standing on the same spot, where of yore the boyish multitude congregated in pursuit of their eager sports, a silent awe steals over the bosom, and the heart desponds at the thought, that all these once smiling faces are scattered now! Some, mayhap, tossing on the waste and perilous seas; some the merchants of distant lands; some fighting the battles of their country; others dead—inhabitants of the dark and narrow house, and hearing no more the billows of life, that thunder and break above their low and lonely dwelling-place.

Δ.

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE REV. DR. ALEX. WAUGH.

(By one who knew and loved him.)

Whoe'er thou art whose eye may hither bend,
If thou art human, here behold a friend.
Art thou of Christ's disciples?—he was one
Like him whose bosom Jesus leant upon:
Art thou a sinner burthened with thy grief?
His life was spent proclaiming sin's relief:
Art thou an unbeliever?—he could feel
Much for the patient whom he could not heal.
Whate'er thy station, creed, condition be,
This man of God has cared and prayed for thee.

Do riches, honours, pleasures, smile around?
He could have shewn thee where alone is found
Their true enjoyment—on the Christian plan
Of holiness to God and love to man.
Are poverty, disease, disgrace, despair,
The ills, the anguish to which flesh is heir,
Thy household inmates?—Yea, even such as thee
He hailed as brothers of humanity;
And gave his hand and heart, and toiled, and pled,
Till nakedness was clothed, and hunger fed;

Till pain was soothed, and even the fiend Despair
Felt that a stronger arm than his was there.

And ye, far habitants of heathen lands,
For you he raised his voice and stretched his hands;
And taught new-wakened sympathy to start
With generous throb through many a British heart,—
Till wide o'er farthest oceans waved the sail
That bade in Jesus' name the nations hail,
And Afric's wastes and wildered Hindostan
Heard the glad tidings of 'Good will to man.'

Such was his public ministry. And they
Through life who loved him till his latest day,
Of many a noble, gentle trait can tell
That, as a man, friend, father, marked him well:
The frank simplicity; the cordial flow
Of kind affections; the enthusiast glow
That love of Nature or his Native Land
Would kindle in those eyes so bright and bland;
The unstudied eloquence that from his tongue
Fell like the fresh dews by the breezes flung
From fragrant woodlands; the benignant look
That like a rainbow beamed through his rebuke —
Rebuke more dreaded than a despot's frown,
For sorrow more than anger called it down;
The winning way, the kindliness of speech
With which he wont the little ones to teach,
As round his chair like clustering doves they clung —
For, like his MASTER, much he loved the young.

These, and unnumbered traits like these, my verse
Could fondly dwell upon: but o'er his hearse
A passing wreath I may but stop to cast,
Of love and grateful reverence the last
Poor token. Weeping mourners here
Perchance may count such frail memorial dear,
Though vain and valueless it be to him
Who tunes his golden harp amidst the seraphim!

P.

SONNET.

BY JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ESQ.

I FOUND a stream among the hills by night;
Its source was hidden, and its end unknown;
But Heaven was in its bosom, and the throne,
Which there the sun fills beautifully bright,
Here held the lesser and the lovelier light:
Nor seemed the excelling beauty less alone,
Because the stars, her handmaids, round her shone,
And homelier Earth did with the throng unite.
I thought not of its source nor of its ending;
'Twas but the mirror of enchanting things,
Where Heaven and Earth, their softest graces blending,
Owned the New World which from their union springs.
Thus be my soul Truth's purified abode:
Whence or for what I am, is thine, O God!

ANDREW MELVILLE

IN YOUTH AND AGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

I.

He set out on foot, with a small Hebrew Bible slung from his belt; and being light in body, and full of spirits, he performed the journey with great ease.---*M'Crie.*

With step how buoyant, and with heart how light,
Young scholar! didst thou urge thy jocund way
Toward that famed city, erst the pride and stay
Of learning, faith, and freedom. O what bright,
What glorious visions rose upon thy sight,
As on thou journey'dst! Scripless, purseless tho',
And all unknown, — yet, in the vernal glow
Of thy young powers, exulting in their might,
Felt thou not pleasures, far surpassing aught
That he who feasts with kings can ever know?
The lofty purpose — the aspiring thought —
The elastic spirit — vehement to shew

Its latent strength: Yes, these were thine; and we
May well, young scholar! trace how bright thy
course would be.

II.

He was consigned to the Tower; where, during ten months' rigorous imprisonment, without writing materials, he amused himself by composing Latin verses, which he wrote on the wall of his cell with the tongue of his shoe buckle.---*M'Crie.*

They put thee into prison: thy proud mind
Scorned their weak malice; 'twas alike to thee,
The captive's doom, or the wild liberty
The mountaineer possesses; for, resigned
To the high will of Heaven, the lot assigned
By Infinite Wisdom gladly didst thou bear:
No threats could quell thy courage, nor could care
Of future ills in thy breast harbour find.—
O scholar! patriot! Christian! how may we
Envy that resolute will, and spirit high!
Old and in prison, friend nor counsellor nigh,
Yet did bright dreams gild thy captivity,
And thy loved Muse lulled thee with lays as sweet,
As when towards Leman's lake thou prest with
youthful feet.

TROPICAL SUN-SETS.

BY THE REV. DR. PHILIP.

A SETTING sun between the tropics is certainly one of the finest objects in nature.

From the 23° north to the 27° south latitude, I used to stand upon the deck of the Westmoreland an hour every evening, gazing with admiration upon a scene which no effort either of the pencil or the pen can describe, so as to convey any adequate idea of it to the mind of one who has never been in the neighbourhood of the equator. I merely attempt to give you a hasty and imperfect outline.

The splendour of the scene generally commenced about twenty minutes before sun-set, when the feathery, fantastic, and regularly crystallized clouds in the higher regions of the atmosphere, became fully illumined by the sun's rays; and the fine mackarel-shaped clouds, common in these regions, were seen hanging in the concave of heaven like fleeces of burnished gold. When the sun approached the verge of the horizon, he was frequently seen encircled by a halo of splendour, which continued encreasing till it covered a large space of the

heavens: it then began apparently to shoot out from the body of the sun, in refulgent pencils or radii, each as large as a rainbow, exhibiting, according to the rarity or density of the atmosphere, a display of brilliant or delicate tints, and of ever changing lights and shades of the most amazing beauty and variety. About twenty minutes after sun-set these splendid shooting rays disappeared, and were succeeded by a fine rich glow in the heavens, in which you might easily fancy that you saw land rising out of the ocean, stretching itself before you and on every side in the most enchanting perspective, and having the glowing lustre of a bar of iron when newly withdrawn from the forge. On this brilliant ground the dense clouds which lay nearest the bottom of the horizon, presenting their dark sides to you, exhibited to the imagination all the gorgeous and picturesque appearances, of arches, obelisks, mouldering towers, magnificent gardens, cities, forests, mountains, and every fantastic configuration of living creatures, and of imaginary beings; while the finely stratified clouds a little higher in the atmosphere, might readily be imagined so many glorious islands of the blessed, swimming in an ocean of light.

The beauty and grandeur of the sunsets, thus imperfectly described, surpass inconceivably any thing of a similar description which I have ever witnessed, even amidst the most rich and romantic scenery of our British lakes and mountains.

Were I to attempt to account for the exquisite

enjoyment felt on beholding the setting sun between the tropics, I should perhaps say, that it arose from the warmth, the repose, the richness, the novelty, the glory of the whole, filling the mind with the most exalted, tranquillizing, and beautiful images.

HEBREW SONNET.

(PSALM CXIV.)

BY JOSIAH CONDER, ESQ.

When Israel's host went out from Mizraim's land,
Land of their bondage and a race abhorred,
Then Judah was made holy to the Lord;
Then Jacob's tribes, led forth at his command,
Became his kingdom. Wonders marked their way.
The sea beheld, and fled. Jordan forsook
His channel. Sinai trembled with dismay,
And all her hills like frighted younglings shook.
Wherefore, O Sea, didst thou retreat? Thy fountains
Why didst thou stay, O Jordan? Why, ye mountains,
Shook ye, and bounded like a frighted flock?
It was Jehovah's presence struck with awe
The trembling earth: the flood her Maker saw,
At whose command gushed forth a river from the rock.

THE HOME OF PEACE.

BY DELTA.

'Twas in the depth of dazzling May,
When bland the air, and blue the skies,
When groves in blossomed pride were gay,
And flowerets of innumerous dyes
Gemmed Earth's green carpet, that I strayed,
On a salubrious morning bright,
Out to the country, and surveyed,
With feeling of delight,
Landscapes around my path unfurled,
That made an Eden of this world.

I listened to the blackbird's song,
That, from the covert of green trees,
Came like a hymn of heaven along,
Borne on the bloom-enamoured breeze:
I listened to the birds that trilled,
Each in their turn, some witching note:
With insect-swarms the air was filled,
Their wintry sleep forgot:
Such was the summer feeling there,
God's love seemed breathing everywhere.

The waterlilies in the waves
  Reared up their crowns all freshly green;
And, bursting forth as from their graves,
  Kingcups and daffodils were seen:
The lambs were frisking in the mead;
  Beneath the white-flowered chesnut tree,
The ox reclined his stately head,
  And bent his placid knee:
From brakes the linnets carolled loud;
While larks responded from the cloud.

I stood upon a high green hill,
  On an oak-stump mine elbow laid,
And, pondering, leant to gaze my fill
  Of glade and glen, in pomp arrayed.
Beneath me, on a daisied mound,
  A peaceful dwelling I espied,
Girt with its apple-orchard round,
  And bearing on its side
Rich cherry-trees, whose blossoms white
  Half robbed the windows of their light.

There dozed the mastiff on the green,
  His night-watch finished; and, elate,
The strutting turkey-cock was seen,
  Arching his fanlike tail in state. —
There was an air of placid rest
  Around the spot so blandly spread,
That sure the inmates must be blest,
  Unto my soul I said;
Sin, strife, or sorrow cannot come,
To desolate so sweet a home!

Far from the hum of crowds remote,
From life's parade and idle show,
'Twould be an enviable lot,
Life's silent tenour here to know;
To banish every thought of sin;
To gaze with pure and blameless eyes;
To nurse those holy thoughts within,
Which fit us for the skies,
And to the heart unstained dispense
The tranquil bliss of innocence.

We make our sorrows; Nature knows
Alone of happiness and peace;
'Tis guilt that girds us with the throes,
And hydra-pangs, that never cease:
Is it not so? And yet we blame
Our fate for frailties all our own,
Giving, with sighs, Misfortune's name
To what is fault alone;
Plunge we in Sin's black flood, yet dream
To rise unsullied from such stream!

Vain thought! far better, then, to shun
The turmoils of the rash and vain,
And pray the Everlasting One
To keep the heart from earthly stain;
Within some sylvan home like this,
To hear the world's far billows roll;
And feel, with deep contented bliss,
They cannot shake the soul,
Or dim the impress, bright and grand,
Stamped on it by the Maker's hand.

When round this bustling world we look,
What treasures Observation there?
Doth it not seem as man mistook
This passing scene of coil and care
For an Eternity? as if
This cloudland were his final home,
And that he mocked the great belief
Of something yet to come?
Rears he not sumptuous palaces,
As if his faith was built in these?

To power, he says — "I trust in thee!"
As if terrestrial strength could turn
The avenging shafts of Destiny,
And disappoint the funeral urn:
To Pride — "Behold, I must and can!"—
To Fame — "Thou art mine idol-god!"—
To Gold — "Thou art my talisman,
And necromantic rod!"—
Down Time's far stream he casts his eye,
Nor dreams that he shall ever die.

Oh! fool, fool, fool! — and is it thus
Thou feedst of vanity the flame?
Our fathers have been swept from us,
And only live in deed or name;
From out the myriads of the past,
Two only have been spared from Death;
And deemst thou that a spell thou hast
To deprecate his wrath?
Or dost thou hope, in phrenzied pride,
By threats to turn his scythe aside?

Alas! with care thou sowest the wind,
To reap the whirlwind for thy pains;
On the dark day of need to find
All proffered ransom Time disdains;
All that was once thine idle boast,
Weighed in the balance, dust shall be:
Death knocks — frail man gives up the ghost —
He dies — and where is he?
Vanished for ever and forgot,
The place that knew him knows him not!

Then ho! ye wise, eschew the wrong,
To reason turn, from error cease;
And list the words of Wisdom's tongue,
The still small tongue that whispers peace:
Withhold the heart from worldly strife —
Do good — love mercy — evil fly —
And know, that from this dream of life
We waken when we die:
Unto the upright and the pure,
The path is straight — the palm is sure!

Painted by R. P. Bone

Engraved by W. A. Le Petit

LA FRESCURA.

Published by Smith, Elder & Cº 65 Cornhill

LA FRESCURA.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

'Tis Summer—'neath the brilliant sky
Of fair Castile or Italy.
The sighing breeze just stirs the bower,
Rich with the spoils of fruit and flower;
Above, the marble porch is gleaming;
Below, the sparkling fount is streaming;
And circling woodlands stretch their shade
O'er limpid stream and lawny glade.

It is a lovely spot; and there
Are happy hearts its joys to share:
Yon group that o'er the lakelet's brim
Watch where the swans in beauty swim;
And, there, the sage released from toils,
The warrior won from battle broils,
The lady in her matron charms,
The laughing girl with clasping arms
Around her brother's neck,—and she
Who dandles on her dancing knee
The infant crowing wild with glee.

A graceful group — a joyous scene! —
But turn we now from what *hath been*,
And follow far that gentle band
In exile from their native land,
'Midst wreck of those who dared proclaim
To injured nations Freedom's name.

It was their crime to hope too high
Of their fall'n country's destiny:
And villany was prompt and strong,
And England held her hand too long,
Till, quenched once more in blood and shame,
Expired fair Freedom's rising flame;
And now the remnant of her train
From Naples, Portugal and Spain,
The high of heart, the fair, the young,
Like sea-weed by the waters flung,
Upon our British shores are lying —
For famine in our land are dying!

God of our fathers! and shall we
The offspring of the brave and free —
Of men who freely poured their veins
To ransom us from servile chains —
Shall we in this their evil day
From these sad exiles turn away?
From their despair our faces hide,
Besotted with our selfish pride,
And shut our sordid hearts and hands,
When man implores and God commands?

Oh, no! the thought I will not brook
That gentle eyes, which here may look
On pictured scene or poet's lay,
Will turn in apathy away,
While thus the stranger, at our gate,
Sinks destitute and desolate!
No! though the train of pampered pride
Pass by "upon the other side,"
As did the Pharisee of old,
Yet there are hearts of better mould
High throbbing in Old England's breast—
Ten thousand hearts that will not rest
Till they have succoured the distressed—
To whom even this brief hurried strain
I know will not appeal in vain:
And foremost of that generous band
Are they, the ladies of our land,
Whose bounty, like the dew of heaven,
Though silently is freely given.

Enough—the blush—the starting tear
Reveal the purpose nobly dear!
And see! the Exile's languid eyes
Are lightened up in glad surprise,
As, wakening from despair's wild trance,
Kind faces meet his wildered glance.
—Enough!—here let the curtain fall:
Hearts that can feel will picture all—
All that my verse may not unfold
Of meeting minds of generous mould.

SCOTCH SONG.

AIR—"My heart's in the Highlands."

THE Highlands! the Highlands!—O gin I were there,
Tho' the mountains an' moorlands be rugged an' bare,
Tho' bleak be the clime, an' but scanty the fare:
My heart's in the Highlands—O gin I were there!

The Highlands! the Highlands!—My full bosom swells
When I think o' the streams gushing wild through the dells,
And the hills towering proudly, the lochs gleaming fair!
My heart's in the Highlands—O gin I were there!

The Highlands! the Highlands!—Far up the grey glen
Stands a cozy wee cot, wi' a *but* and a *ben*,
An' a dess at the door, wi' my auld mother there
Crooning—"Haste ye back, Donald, an' leave us nae mair."
The Highlands! the Highlands! &c.

P.

GOING TO SEA,

AND THE SHIP'S CREW.*

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

PARTICULAR circumstances had rendered it necessary for me to make a voyage to the western coast of Africa. On arriving at Liverpool, I found that the only vessel likely to depart for a considerable time, that could afford me a passage, was a bark about to sail at six o'clock the next evening. Impatient of delay I had an interview with the captain in the morning, who politely ceded me his "state-room;" and after stuffing my things into my trunks, I stepped into a boat, and dropped down to where the vessel lay at anchor in the Mersey. The scene which presented itself to me on getting on board appeared so extraordinary to my inexperienced eyes, that I stood perfectly still, supposing it impossible

* The accomplished and meritorious Authoress of this article (the widow of a distinguished African traveller), permits me to mention that the characteristic details which it contains are in no respect coloured by fiction, but a genuine sketch from real life.—*Editor*.

to wade through the surrounding confusion. I had never been at sea, had never even seen the inside of a vessel; and assuredly my first impression of its comforts was far from favourable. The half-clothed sailors were bawling to each other, amid their busy preparations, with deafening vociferation; the wind was fresh, and a sudden puff spread the smoke of the cabooce over every thing. A black cook, shining with borrowed and native grease, was ladling out the men's supper; spare rigging, extra sails, casks of water, and salted provisions, were all lying in piles; half a bullock was suspended between the masts; tools of various trades were scattered in every direction; lanterns were rolling at my feet; and some dozens of unhappy ducks and fowls were tied in bunches by one leg, and lay screaming, as with the other they tried to escape.

Dazzled by six miles of rough water passed in an open boat, I with difficulty found my way to the cabin, hoping to be out of the bustle; but the scene there was, if possible, worse than that on deck. In one corner sat a drunken custom-house officer, whose presence need not have prevented the embarkation of all the contraband goods in Liverpool. In another stood the first mate caressing his only child; his wife was close to him trying to prepare a few comforts for the voyage. The surgeon, a tall, raw-boned Scotchman, was not in a state to be sensible to the anxious looks of his poor little wife, who clung to his side; but with difficulty poised himself as he stood astride a deal box, with a pipe in his

mouth. In another corner were some country cousins, come to take leave of their relations, bearing with them baskets of eggs, bottles of milk, and huge cabbages, to give us a few days' longer supply of land luxuries. Tea-things, articles of crockery ware, glasses, tumblers, empty bottles, saucepans, grog, pipes, chests, small arms, candlesticks, wine, compasses, log glasses, cards, bread, cheese, &c. were all mingled together,—and sitting-room was rare.

I had scarcely viewed this happy chaos when the second mate rushed in to announce that the captain would not be on board before the next morning, and that the deck was cleared; then beating a long roll on a large drum, accompanied by the steward with a loud blast upon the horn, he shouted out, "A dance! a dance!" I, of course, was summoned with the rest, but declined taking any part, save that of a spectator. The dairymaids, who had hitherto been very shy, were soon animated by the crash of discordant sounds, and it would have been difficult to decide whether their heels or their tongues were most active.

I soon became weary, and retired to my birth, where I was painfully convinced of the truth of the captain's remark, that the ship was not fitted up for passengers. I could with difficulty turn round between my bed and the partition which screened me from the cabin, and felt a stifling sensation which was quite appalling. My bedding was still rolled up, and my own and other people's luggage was heaped upon the space in which I was to sleep.

In vain I called for the steward. No! he, too, was "enjoying his last evening ashore," as they termed it. The first mate, however, who was particularly good-natured, made a few arrangements which gave me room to lie between the bundles, at the same time observing, that "the steward was nothing but a boy, and a ship was never to rights till once under way:" a remark by which every one ought to profit, and never to embark till the anchor is up.

I, however, slept very soundly till morning; when going on deck, I found it tolerably clear. The dairymaids were gone; the mate, his wife and child, were crammed into one birth; the surgeon and his spouse into another; and the eyes of the custom-house officer were still closed. It was Sunday morning: the men were in their clean shirts; the sun shone brightly, and the distant sound of the church bells added to the cheerfulness of all around me. The captain and supercargo came on board, followed by several Liverpool people who were anxious to behold the lady passenger mad enough to go to Africa. Having been stared at for a few hours, I rejoiced when the pilot gave the signal for sailing. Those who were to return to the city were now desired to leave the vessel. The surgeon's wife sobbed as if her heart had been in her throat, and he stood as erect as a poplar, shewing by his rigid form that he was stifling his emotion. The wife of the first mate mingled a thousand cautions and injunctions with her tears, which told me that her husband was a wild fellow.

He himself stood, most industriously scraping the paint off the cabin ceiling with his nail; but when his little boy pulled him to receive the last kiss, his heart gave way, and, hiding his head in the child's neck, he sobbed aloud. A summons from deck recalled his firmness; he "heaved those silly women," as he expressed himself, into the boat, and then turned to his duty with alacrity.

At the moment of departure, a poor man rushed into the cabin, flung down a small portmanteau, and threw himself beside it in the most distressing agitation. His mouth was covered with a large patch, which further excited my pity. I offered him some wine which he refused; and thinking my presence might be a restraint till his feelings had a little subsided, I went on deck, where the captain told me he was a gentleman who had arrived at the last moment, and intreated to be taken on board as he was obliged to go to Sierra Leone on business: "but," added he, "this shall not decrease your comforts; for he has submitted even to be a steerage passenger, provided we only take him to his destination." My curiosity was much excited; and, in a short time, the object of it himself told me his melancholy tale. He had been a free merchant on the coast of Africa; and, while he was absent at a distant settlement, those left in charge of his concerns were caught in the act of secretly trading in slaves. The consequence was, that, on his return, to his utter astonishment he was seized and sent home to England, where he stood his trial and was

condemned to transportation! The patch on his lip covered an unhealed wound made by the thrust of a bayonet during his passage. He had not been many weeks at Botany Bay, before he had an opportunity of relating his history to the captain of a vessel of war, who brought him back to his native country at his own risk. On suing the government for false condemnation, this unfortunate person was obliged to produce certain papers and affidavits; and his present voyage was to procure these necessary documents. I was much interested by his gentlemanly and obliging conduct, and by his musical talents; and on my return some years afterwards, I with pleasure ascertained that he had gained his cause, and recovered damages to the amount of several thousand pounds.

I will not dwell upon the miseries of sea sickness; it is a threadbare subject, and the sufferings caused by it rarely procure sympathy. Suffice it to say, that I tried every remedy that I had heard prescribed, such as lemon juice, constant eating, rhubarb, brandy, &c. &c., and found them equally unavailing. Our progress was slow; and as my sickness abated, the temperate weather we had down the channel, and across the Bay of Biscay, enabled me to become acquainted with the ship's crew. There were five-and-twenty in all, and a finer set of men were never assembled together. They had almost all been in the navy, and retained the strong characteristics which mark these grown children.

My greatest favourite was Antonio, an Italian, whose qualities as a *buffo* first attracted my attention. His powers of mimicry extended even to his voice; his gestures were perfectly irresistible; and the instant he displayed his brilliant white teeth, contrasted with his black beard and rich brown complexion, no one could avoid joining in his mirth. One day, when he was steering, I addressed him in his native language. His astonishment and delight made him leap with joy; and, rapidly answering me with a volley of words, he forgot his employment, lost his course, and procured us both a scolding. His principal enjoyment was sitting in the main top, carving bones, making trowsers, and singing the airs of his own country. He had once been a gondolier, and had a rich variety of songs which he sung in perfect tune and sweetness.

Two Scotchmen, Duncan and Jamie, were remarkable for their athletic forms; and the first had a countenance which the painter would have been delighted to transfer to his canvass. They had come together to be hired; and the captain, as he told me, having already made up his complement of men save one, was desirous of taking only Duncan; but he refused to go without his comrade. He stated that Jamie was subject to fits of melancholy derangement which, though they never interfered with his duty as a sailor, rendered him so careless of himself, that it was absolutely necessary some body should watch over him; that he, Duncan, had been present when the circumstance happened which had produced this

effect, and from that moment had vowed never to be separated from the sufferer. On being pressed to reveal this circumstance, he shook his head, and said, "he wasna at liberty to tell anither man's secrets." "I thought," added the captain, "that these were such excellent traits in the characters of both, that I did not hesitate to admit them among my crew." I believe he had no reason to repent of this measure, for they were excellent men. Duncan was always at hand, both in and out of his turn, and Jamie, even when the fit was on him, always did what he was desired. We all respected his secret too much to interrogate either; but their messmates were constantly using unsuccessful endeavours to fathom the mystery, and tormented Jamie sadly. He had a set of bagpipes with him, and on a moonlight night they would drag him from his hammock, and make him play to them by the hour together,—he only answering their efforts to rouse him by a shake of the head, or a melancholy smile.

There was a dark-eyed north-country-man, who always reminded me of a border hound: he was so powerful, so fierce, and yet so obedient to his duty, and gentle to his favourites.

Then there was a lively Irishman, always singing and whistling in the midst of danger and difficulty: whenever there was most noise on deck, Johnstone was sure to be at the head of it; and his transitions from fury to drollery and good-nature were so sudden, that he seemed to have two souls in one body.

A fat unwieldy Englishman from the south, was

the butt of the crew. Every trick and joke had Wilkinson for its object, and he enjoyed the mirth raised at his own expence as much as any body. One day, between the tropics, when the men were emptying the chests of small arms, in order to clean the muskets which formed part of the cargo, they enticed him to lie down in one of them, on the pretence of his being too big to enter it; but no sooner did he make the trial, than they fastened down the lid, and lowered him to their brethren in the hold. On receiving the chest the latter felt something move inside, and in a fright let go the rope too soon; down dropped the chest—it split into twenty pieces, and out crawled poor Wilkinson, in a state scarcely to be imagined. As he lay for some time, I feared he was suffocated, and ran to his assistance; but, on raising his head, I found that a violent fit of silent laughter, added to his exhaustion, had rendered him incapable of getting again on his legs.

A little boy, with a pale sharp face, much interested me by his apt replies and cunning evasion of the jokes practised on him; and his history was as interesting as himself. His father had been in the French army at Waterloo, where he had been killed: his mother took her two children and sought the body of her husband; and whether she died from cold, accident, or grief, was never known, but she was found by an English officer lifeless upon her husband's corpse, and the two little orphans crying by her side. The humane Englishman took care of the children, and brought them to Liverpool, where

he put one out as an apprentice or clerk, and the other was my friend Buonaparte, as the sailors called him, who had preferred going to sea.

Our black cook was a native of Congo; and was a very original fellow. He had served ten years in the British navy, was wounded, and became an out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital. He and another black were constantly disputing about their respective merits: the latter was from Anabona, and had been brought from the coast by some trader, and discharged; and my good captain found him one night lying on the side of a lime-kiln for warmth, without money, without food, and without a shelter. In the course of their quarrels much curious conversation took place, in which the cook always strove to maintain his rank. He defied Anabona to "'sult him, a gentleman in his Majessy's service;" and Anabona in return would tell Congo, that he was "noting but a tea-pot."

Besides these we had some who styled themselves coxswain, boatswain, &c. &c. (for all delighted to make their crazy merchant-man resemble a vessel of war) together with the carpenter, and the coopers, and two dogs, and sundry boys.

The second mate was the wildest, the most thoughtless, the most active, and the best-tempered being in the universe. With a pair of bow legs, which proved that he had clung to ropes and yards from his earliest existence; with a pair of brawny hands whose grasp was that of iron; with the peculiar stoop in the shoulders which characterizes a naval

man; with crisp curly hair, and weather-beaten face,—it was his delight to boast, that no one would take him to be a sailor from his appearance. "As for that matter, he could pass just as well for a soldier. He would just shew us how he would draw his sword, and then we should see—he should take the sword with his left hand, and twisting his right in the becket—" At this word, a shout of laughter upset the hero's military dignity; for applying this term, used by sailors for a string or loop, to the sword-knot, convinced us all, that if he wished to represent anything but what he was, he must at least hold his tongue.

The first mate will be already known by what I have said of him; the supercargo was a fine young man of unassuming and obliging manners; the surgeon, in spite of his patriotic love for whiskey, was a gentleman, and skilful in his profession; and our captain, who had been a lieutenant in the regular service, was a mild, handsome, gentlemanly young man, far too good-tempered and indulgent to govern such turbulent spirits by himself. He delighted to encourage their old habits; and at four o'clock decks were cleared and sport began. Sometimes throwing a great frieze coat over a sturdy boy, and half hiding him under some planks, they would fly past him with their iron feet, making the whole ship shake, and thumping him with knotted ropes' ends. His only chance of being extricated, was that of catching some of their legs, when the prisoner was placed in the same situation. "Hunt the hare," also, was a favourite pastime. Antonio, as the most agile, gene-

rally personated the animal; and famously did he give sport. At one time they would be hunting for him among the spars on deck, while he would be grinning at them through the main top; away they would all fly up the rigging, and when they thought themselves secure of their victim, he would catch hold of a loose rope, swing in air for a moment, dart at another, and be in a distant part of the vessel before they could ascertain which way he was gone. Then they would thunder down the forecastle and pull over every hammock; but he had again given them the slip, and was lying snug in the boat over the ship's side.

I used to enjoy these scenes exceedingly; and our good captain would hide himself behind the companion door and shake with laughter, as he secretly witnessed their sports, and longed, as he told me, to become one of the party. Poor fellow! notwithstanding his kindness, they mutinied against him; and he and most of his uproarious crew were laid low in the grave before the ship returned; and she re-entered the Mersey, a melancholy proof of the baneful climate of Benin.

THE TEMPLE OF ROMANCE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE, ESQ.

THE sun was down; the dazzling red,
That curtained late his ocean bed,
Had faded softly from above,
Like blushes from the cheeks of love,
Save some small spots of vermeil hue
Still gleaming 'mid the stainless blue,
As if for journeyers on high,
To point their path across the sky:
The air a holier quiet filled;
The flowers a softer balm distilled;
The wave assumed a mellower hue,
And the calm heaven a paler blue;
While the faint murmurs of the breeze,
Amid the yellow autumn trees,
And o'er the blue waves' gentle swell,
In slowly-lengthened murmurs fell,
And sighed, though loth, a last farewell.

No sound disturbed the serenity of the scene: the very leaves, that at this season fall from the

faded trees when no winds blow, forgot their destiny. Time seemed to stand still for a moment to gaze upon the tender loveliness he had himself given to the hour. Pleasure, that almost "trembled on the brink of pain," filled the Poet's heart. He lay motionless on the green bank, his eyes raised to heaven, his soul filled even to oppression with the beauty which seemed to clothe the world like a garment. He imagined himself in a dream, and already felt those wanderings of fancy which are beyond the controul of reason or volition. The ocean seemed to reflect forms which the eye looked for in vain in the upper world; and in the sky, those little vermeil clouds, the footsteps of the sun, assuming fantastical appearances, began to arrange themselves into strange and beautiful combinations.

But oh, it was no dream that gave
Such living beauty to the wave,
And filled the solitudes of air
With hues so bright and forms so fair!
When vulgar minds, unfit to feel
The signs that heaven and earth reveal,
By clouds o'ershadowed dark and deep,
Dream o'er such magic hour in sleep,
'Tis then, from mists corporeal freed,
That finer spirits wake indeed.
All sinful thoughts, all low desires,
That darken o'er the struggling mind,
Like vapours 'neath the noontide fires,
Disperse and leave all pure behind;

And, as these shadows pass away,
The soul emerges into day.
O, then upon the awakened soul
High visions of enchantment roll,
Where all so bright and vivid seems,
That waking thoughts to them are dreams:
Then Memory gathers from the past
All that we loved when life was young—
And wept when far they fled at last,
Too quickly fled—yet stayed too long!
And Hope with magic spell brings near
The joys of many a distant year:
Young Fancy, too, from rainbow wings,
Around the living picture flings
Perfumes that seldom visit earth,
And hues that boast their heavenly birth.
But mortal eye not long may gaze
Undazzled by that magic blaze,
Nor mortal bosom bliss sustain,
So keen, 'tis but a finer pain:—
The figures melt, the light decays,
The colours fade, the odours die,
In vain the struggling seer essays
To grasp the pageant e'er it fly—
Faint with the high and hopeless strife
He sinks into the sleep of life.

A dream of this kind was just flying from the eager eyes of the poet, and the intellectual struggle had just begun — when he felt himself suddenly, but without any shock, raised by invisible hands

from the ground. The green bank on which he had rested was already at a considerable distance, and this appeared to be increasing every moment. But notwithstanding the singularity and apparent danger of the journey, our aërial traveller felt no fear: by degrees even his surprise wore off, and he could look around without any other emotion than delight, contemplating the beauties of the retreating world, till the mists of twilight veiled it from his view.

But though all was dim below, he was himself a denizen of a world of light. The little clouds, whose vermillion hues and fantastic appearance had given him such pleasure when viewed from beneath, increased in size as well as in beauty as he approached them. Sometimes a faint soft breath of music reached his ear, and he was uncertain whether it came from earth or heaven—but as he continued his flight, the sounds became richer and fuller, and he knew they were from above.

Onward he glided 'mid the light
That round him streamed a halo bright;
Onward he glided, like a dream
Chased by an early orient beam;
And as he neared each sunny cloud,
Longer the strains of music fell,
And ever louder and more loud
Arose the wild unearthly swell;
And when he passed, 'twas sweeter still
To mark the changes of the lay,
As slow and faint it waxed, until
In distance lost it died away.

Much did the wanderer of these untravelled regions marvel from whence could spring such heavenly music. The clouds, if clouds they may be called that seemed floating masses built of many-coloured light, appeared to be transparent, and he could sometimes perceive dim forms flit through the interior. Could these be their inhabitants and the authors of the wild and singular melody that filled the air? Fit abode for beings so ethereal! Their language no doubt is song, and their atmosphere perfumes! These reflections of the poet were interrupted by his finding himself suddenly in the midst of one of the clouds he was contemplating.

Four female forms of the most exquisite beauty were seated on thrones at the farther end of the magnificent saloon where he now found himself; and, partly in devotion to so much loveliness, and partly from respect to their high station, he threw himself down before the steps which led to their lofty seats—for he saw that he was in the TEMPLE of ROMANCE. His amazement at the cause and manner of this unpremeditated visit was not speedily removed; for the whole four of these celestial-looking beings began to offer an explanation at the same instant. At length, by catching occasionally a word, he gathered that he had been drawn up into Cloud-land to enact the part of critic and arbiter among the inhabitants,—and that in fact a question of legitimacy had arisen, with regard to the sovereignty of the region of Romance, which was claimed by each of the beautiful disputants before him.

He had at first listened with profound humility and veneration; but by degrees, as this explanation was unfolded, he assumed a more courageous, and somewhat critical look; and raising his bent body even to the perpendicular, and folding his arms across his bosom, placed himself in a proper attitude for hearing the cause. Three of the Spirits of Romance immediately vanished from his sight. The one who remained was apparently the youngest of the whole. Her eyes were of a silvery blue, like the heavens in a moonlight night; and her cheeks, half enveloped in a profusion of flaxen curls, were like the leaves of a young moss-rose just budding into beauty. She seated herself gracefully before a harp which was placed opposite to the thrones, and as her white fingers fell gently, but quickly, upon the strings, like flakes of snow dancing to the earth, she accompanied the music with a voice the tones of which were soft, small, and almost infantine.

There is music in the air, there is music in the sea,
There is music in the voicëd woods, as sweet as sweet
can be;
Yet no bird is on the wing, and no bark is on the
deep,
And the minstrels of the world are all silent or
asleep.
O many are the lovely forms that dwell in good green
wood,
And charm with mirth and melody their own sweet
solitude;

And many are the minstrel harps that fill the peopled air,
And steal from wandering winds the tones that from the sky they bear;
And many are the voices that, beneath the quiet deep,
Sing sweetly in the pale moon-beams that on the waters sleep;—
Yet that music shall not breathe, nor that beauty smile for thee,
If thy spirit, dark and cold, be not illumed by me.

If of a holy, gentle mould thy young affections are,
I can shew thee where the flowers were strewn upon the Orphan Pair;
There the rose and lily still are fresh, the violet gleams amid,
And fair they are as the innocent eyes, and lips, and cheeks they hid.
But if on darker scene thine eyes all wildly love to bend,
While fear and horror a strange joy the shuddering spirit lend—
There is a Chamber stained with blood—a Lady wild with fear;
Long, long for aid she looks in vain—the murderer's step is near!

Or turn we from this world of tears, where gentler spirits dwell,
And listen to the sea-maid's lay within her lonely cell—

So wildly and so well she sings!—but, mortal, not
for thee,
If thy spirit, dark and cold, be not illumed by me.

Or hie we to the green hill-side, what time the moon
doth fling
Pale splendour from her silver lamp to light our
wandering;
Fair, lone, and silent is the spot; the very stream
glides on,
Like a lover to his rendezvous that hath on tiptoe gone;
When, hark! a sudden sound of mirth; and in gal-
lant trim full soon,
The Elfin Court is glancing bright in the lone light
of the moon:
In happy circle, proud and fair, brave knight and
lady gay
Join hands to chase with song and dance the flying
hours away;
While all things in the earth and sky that bright or
joyous be,
Seem only born to bless that night, that world of
faëry:
But if such mirth thou wouldst partake, such splen-
dour thou wouldst see,
Thy spirit, dark and cold, must be illumed by me.

The song was finished; the music had ceased; and still the Poet stood in the attitude of listening, as one entranced. From the moment the strain

commenced, every feeling of his soul was changed. It seemed to him that the events of his life, from childhood to manhood, had been but a tedious dream, from which he had now awakened, finding himself still in possession of all the buoyancy of spirit and delightful freshness of early life. When the winds of summer pass over the young rose-bud, its leaves open, its bosom expands, and its beauty is matured; in a little while its leaves become shrivelled, its fair bosom is soiled, and its beauty languishes and dies. The heart of the Poet was like a young rose-bud over which the winds of summer had passed; but the progress of decay was stopped, the course of nature was altered, the expanded leaves folded themselves again into a bud, the delicate fragrance returned, the dew of the morning was moist and cool on its blooming cheek. Starting from a reverie, in which the cherished dreams of his early youth had been present to his mind's eye, he exclaimed passionately, "Beautiful Spirit! I will listen to no other — the sovereignty of all hearts and the throne of the Temple of Romance is thine!" Then, springing forward, he would have clasped her to his heart — but with a smile of celestial softness and innocence, she retreated from his eager arms, and her thin form melted into air.

With a quick but irresolute step the Second Spirit approached. The light of her dark eye was intensely bright and piercing, and its glances were wild and wandering; her cheek was so pale that the colour

could scarcely be distinguished from that of the white drapery which flowed even to her feet, like wreaths of snow. When with a timid, faultering hand she struck the chords, they emitted a sound like the fitful moanings of the midnight storm through the long deserted passages of a ruined cathedral; but soon, acquiring more confidence and energy, she began the following strain.

Who is he of mortal birth,
A brighter course immortal shaping,
Would dauntless, from the unwilling earth
And the base weakness of his birth escaping,
Aspiring soar — where seers of old
Feared not to climb; and bid unfold
The veil that from unholy eyes
Close curtains heaven's dread mysteries?
Come, youth of the dark clouded brow,
And the pale cheek and wandering gaze,
Be mine thy chosen path to show,
Thy strength renew, thy courage raise,
Point to the unimagined scene,
And slowly "lift the veil between."
But let not daylight's gaudy beam
Around our haunted meeting stream —
Unless that light should haply fall,
Through chink of some old mouldering wall,
In ghastly brightness on the stain
Of some forgotten murder — then
Slow fade, while darkness self reveals
What light or dares not look on or conceals!

Nor may the moon's pale radiance play
In beauty on our destined way —
Unless o'er some lone desert heath,
By hurrying clouds released and bound,
A fitful light she flings around;
While beckoning forms are dimly seen,
Then sudden lost — and all between
The traveller holds his tightened breath,
And, trembling, pauses on his path.
Then, in such scene, on such a night,
With some old charm of magic might,
We'll call up to our mystic meeting
Those "juggling fiends" whose sibyl greeting,
With truth to falsehood near allied,
Lured to the fate it prophesied.
Or, if no meaner rite can claim
Fit rule o'er things we dare not name,
That mightier name shall be our spell,
Whose power could ope the gates of hell,
Or bid arise from their unrest
The tenants of the guilty breast.
Come — where the forest shades are deepest,
Come — where the mountain rock is steepest,
Come — where the lonely fern is sighing,
Come — where the long mossy stones are lying:
Haste, haste, — the bog-fiend hath lighted his lamp
To guide us over the midnight swamp;
And the hooded crow sweeps on before,
To marshal our way to the ruined door;
And the wakeful raven hath hied to his tower,
Whence he calls with a deep hoarse voice the hour;

What saith the old watchman? One, and Two —
And the trumpeter owl screams out Too-whoo!
As we enter, with wonder, and joy, and dread,
The Land of the Silent, the House of the Dead!

The music sunk suddenly into silence — as if the cock had crowed before his time, and dissolved the meeting with a single note. It seemed that the magic of the strain had changed not only the nature of the listener's sensations, but the actual reality of the scene around him. Thick clouds had by degrees filled the hall, and arranged themselves into appearances of vaults and dungeons to an immeasurable extent; and the delicious perfumes, which had formed the atmosphere of the Temple, were converted into damp fogs and charnel-house exhalations. Still, however, a species of strange indescribable joy filled his heart. He would not have exchanged his present feelings for the most delightful he could before have imagined; and his straining eyes followed eagerly the figure of the enchantress, as, enveloped in thick clouds, it vanished from his view.

A strain of music was now heard, the character of which his feelings were yet too disturbed to recognise. It seemed to approach rapidly from a distance; and, as the notes became fuller and more distinct, the clouds by degrees rolled from around the Poet, like the mists of morning at the approach of the sun. His perceptions became more accurate, he breathed more freely, his pulse beat higher — and as a brilliant burst of music, like the

sound of trumpets on a field of war, shook the saloon, he raised his head and beheld the Third Spirit, with uplifted eyes and an air of lofty resolve, sweeping with bold hand the trembling chords of the Harp of Romance. Her figure was majestic, yet graceful; her attitude elegant though imposing; her long dark eye-lashes served to mellow the too dazzling brilliancy of eyes, that sometimes, however, flashed fire from beneath their silken barrier — like sun-beams bursting fitfully through the dark fringes of a stormy sky; while the curl of her beautiful lip, formed by habitual command, gave an expression of heroic loftiness to a countenance which rose towering on a swan-like neck, as if disdaining to look upon the ground which her elastic foot seemed to spurn from beneath her. Her voice was rich and powerful, and its clear tone and extensive compass suited well to the strain she sung.

Avaunt! ye dim shadows that crowd from the tomb;
To your ghastly abodes sink in silence and gloom;
No terrors your sullen array can impart
To the stalwart in arm and the lofty in heart;
At their voice ye roll back like the dark midnight
wave,
And the dead once again disappear in the grave!
Hark — hark — to that larum of pride! not a breath
In the wide crowded lists breaks the silence of death:
With fixt eye and clencht hand, the young warrior
there
Bends eagerly forward, as panting to share

In the hastening strife; while his sire doth but clasp
His good faulchion so true, till the grim iron-grasp
Leaves a dint on the hilt; and there many a dame,
With cheek pale as death, and yet eyes full of flame,
That *must* gaze, though that look were their last—
and oh, one,
The gentlest and fairest, whose bright eyes alone
Have kindled the contest—the plighted in faith
To him who stands proud on the threshhold of death,
Even she doth not turn in heart-sickness away—
In her wild fixëd eyes a strange lustre doth play;
On her young cheek the rose-tints of beauty appear
Half the flushes of hope, half the hectic of fear.
The signal—the looked for—the last—it is given!
Laissez aller! Away—like the red bolts of heaven,
That pregnant with death rush and blend in the sky,
So the warriors meet—while the splinters on high
Of their lances are whirled. Now, honour inspire
Each bold bosom, and kindle with loftier fire;
O think on the bright eyes that beam on you now,
The colours you wear and the faith of your vow—
'Tis enough! 'tis enough! lost and won is the fight,
The oppressor hath fallen, and triumphed the right.
Hark again to the note that so gallantly swells!
'Tis the triumph of Valour and Beauty it tells;
And the Youth at the feet of his Lady is kneeling,
Her eyes all her bosom's sweet secret revealing—
What knight for so lovely a prize would not fight!
What lady could frown on so gallant a knight!
Oh, where is the craven whose heart doth not bound
At such chivalrous deed, as high leaps, at the sound

Of the soul-stirring trumpet, the warrior steed!
Oh, where is the coward would tremble to bleed,
Or to die for that glorious guerdon, the grave—
Where Honour sits watching the sleep of the brave!
Still, to live, then to die, be his wish and his lot,
If to live is to breathe, and to die to breathe not;
Unknown let him live, and unmourned let him fall,
No stone at his head, and no shield in his hall.
But thou, gallant youth, on whose eloquent cheek
That flush utters all that thou burnest to speak,
Approach, for 'tis mine thy young bosom to cheer,
And point the bright path of thy noble career.
Say, shall he, the all courteous, the chaste and the true,
The brave Knight of Gaul, be the star in our view?
Or step we aside with Galaor awhile,
The joyous and gallant, to bask in the smile
Of some fair damsel-errant, whose lips shall repay
Our danger and toil through the hazardous day?
Or there shall we worship a season, where wave
Later laurels around a more glorious grave—
The warrior king, and the king of the brave,
Cœur-de-Lion?
Arise! and inspired by the name,
Rush gallantly forth to the red field of fame,
With gauntleted hand grasp at honour's bright wreath,
The guerdon is fame, and the risk is but death!

The scene around the Poet was once more changed. Piles of armour, banners, warlike instruments cumbered the ground; and tented fields, beleagured castles, and splendid tournaments filled up

the piece to the extremest verge of the horizon. With sparkling eye and flushed cheek he rushed forward to snatch the wreath from the outstretched hand of the Spirit of Chivalry; but, as he approached, a delicious and enervating perfume assailed his senses. His high-wrought feelings gradually melted away into an unwonted softness; his flashing eyes became languid, and his breath dissolved into sighs. When with difficulty he extended his feeble arm towards the garland, he discovered that no laurels were there: the myrtle and the willow had usurped their place; and another form now bent over the harp, as if immersed in melancholy and yet pleasing recollections.

Her hair, unbound and unornamented, save by a few flowers placed here and there in graceful negligence, half covered her beautiful face, the colour of which seemed continually varying with new emotions — now pale and pure as a lily just watered by the tears of Aurora, now blushing like the virgin rose when first she unfolds her yet chaste bosom to the caresses of the enraptured zephyr. She was of that delicious age when the zone of woman is yet too wide for the maiden waist, but when the soft eye, and heaving breast, and varying colour, proclaim, that although still the bashfulness and purity be retained, the indifference of earlier years has been for ever thawed by the genial breath of time. As her white fingers fell gently upon the harp, the sounds they produced stole upon the ear like the first sighs of love, when the yet half-slumbering heart knows not their meaning.

O Star of Eve! whose soft and trembling light
Hallows the gentle hour thou lovest the best,
Pale twilight; and thou Moon, pure, calm, and bright,
Night's pilgrim traveller, but now addressed
For thy late tour; and in the sleepy west
Thou who hast closed thy too dazzling eyes,
And drawn the golden curtains of thy rest;
Ye centinel throngs — all ye bright heavenly spies
That gaze upon the world from the all-searching skies!

Whether in morning's cool and dewy tide,
When the wet flowers awake, and fairer flowers
Open more beauteous eyes — or in the pride
Of the hot day, ye journeyed, when the showers
Fall welcome — or in twilight's milder bowers —
Or lingering on cold midnight's silent breast —
Say, on what happiest spot, ye bright-eyed powers,
Fell your commissioned light, what bower most blest
Detained your wandering glance, that there still fain would rest?

What! the red field where that most famous slave,
The gladiator Valour, bleeds and dies
For his liege lord, so graceful and so brave?
The pinnacle whereon Ambition's prize
Is surely visible — if men's weak eyes
Could look so high as heaven? The golden spot
Where Avarice, greedier than Ambition's sighs,
And fiercer still than Valour, dieth not
Once only for his lord — such his distinguished lot!

Still mute? Then, ye bright witnesses above,
But chief, O Star of Eve! Venus,—whate'er
Thy worshippers do name thee—Star of Love!
Thy conscious beams the sacred spot declare:
A breathless quiet filled the twilight air,
A tremulous lustre from thy pale lamp given
Lit the dim scene, while fell in fragrance there,
Soft as the tears of love, the dews of even,
Holy as drops that seal the christian babe for heaven!

And, all within that bower of peace and bliss,
There sat two youthful forms; one whose bright eyes
Gazed on the other's, half withdrawn from his,
Yet swimming in such silent joy as lies
On a calm sea beneath the sunny skies;
While, resting on his shoulder, one white arm
Propped a fair cheek, where breathed unchidden sighs,
O'er loveliness, that, innocent though warm,
At once even Love could fire, and Passion's self disarm.

And there beat two young bosoms, whose twin sighs,
Blending, to heaven the same pure wishes bore;
And there met mutual and confiding eyes,
Whose soft looks told but what each read before;
And there were whispering warm lips o'er and o'er
The same sweet vow: what need of words have they,
Whose eyes are learned in a deeper lore?
Whose hearts can throb—whose very lips can say
All, with one touch, that words could utter in a day?

O pleasant time of youth! when the bright flowers
Of love and hope around the young heart fling
Their sweetness and their beauty; the warm showers
That passion weeps, their genial watering;
And sighs, the zephyrs that on perfumed wing
Around them wave; and some bright beaming eye,
The worshipped star to whose warm smile they cling,
And bend — sun-flowers of the heart — that die,
When fades the light of their most fond idolatry!

But there are bosoms in whose burning clime
The dews are poison and the sighs fierce flame;
And there these flowers in their too early prime
Die witheringly, or perish as they came,
In rapid fall; yet fadeth not their name,
Nor freshens o'er again the blighted spot
Upon the heart — years pass, and still the same,
No spring recalls from their untimely lot,
No tears bedew their grave, yet they are not forgot!

* * * * * * *

But who would for a beauteous shadow leave
The rich reality? the sunny light
Of a warm smile for aught the mind can weave,
In its inspirëd hour, of fair and bright?
Like that harmonious dreamer, if aright
The tale be told, who on his Laura's face
Star-gazed with such poetical delight,
He did not dare undeify the grace
He worshipt with love's warm unspiritual embrace.

Oh, 'tis no dream of Fancy that doth give
Its brightness and its beauty to the hour
Of youthful love; then only do we live,
When the awakened heart, like a spring flower,
Starts from its icy slumber at the power
Of the enchanter Time, to make or find
All things instinct with beauty: but when lower
Those wintry clouds that darken o'er the mind,
And fades the light of Love, 'tis all indeed a dream behind!

The strain died slowly like a beautiful dream, stealing away from the eyes of an unwilling slumberer. The Poet appeared to listen long after the echo of the music had ceased in the hall—though still it sighed through the inmost recesses of his trembling bosom. The days of other years crowded on his soul. He loved and was beloved again. The vow of eternal truth was on his tongue and in his heart! At length, starting from his reverie, he raised his glistening eyes,—but the Spirit of Love had vanished; a dead silence reigned around; and he found himself alone and motionless—not in the Temple of Romance, but reclined on the green bank, where all the while he had lain in a profound sleep! The gorgeous vision had fled. It was nearly dark; a cloud covered the face of the moon; and by the doubtful light he could perceive the sea sleeping near him as before, in beauty and in silence.

Painted by W. F. Witherington

Engraved by I. Jeavons.

COVE OF MUSCAT.

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HARBOUR OF MUSCAT,

IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

(FROM THE UNPUBLISHED TRAVELS OF J. S. BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.)

In illustration of the beautiful little print, reduced from the painting of Witherington, and faithfully representing a spot so little known in Europe, I have great pleasure in extracting from my Manuscript Journal, such observations on this mart of Arabian commerce, as were made on the spot, and which, whatever may be their defects in other particulars, possess at least the merit of accuracy and fidelity to recommend them.

The harbour of Muscat, which lies in Lat. 23° 38′ N. and Long. 59° 15′ E. is formed by a small cove or semicircular bay, environed on all sides, except at its entrance, by lofty, steep, and barren rocks; and extending not more than half a mile in length from the town at the head of the cove, to the outer anchorage in the mouth of it, and not more than a quarter of a mile in breadth from fort to fort, which guard the entrance on the east and west.

The town of Muscat is seated near the shore at the bottom of the hills, and in the south-western

quarter of the cove. It is of an irregular form, and meanly built, having apparently no good edifices in it excepting the residences of the Imaum, and a few of the chief of his relatives, and others holding the first posts of government. It is walled in, with some few round towers at the principal angles, after the Arabian manner; but this is only towards the land side, the part facing the sea being entirely open. For its defence towards the harbour, there are three principal forts, and some smaller batteries, all occupying commanding positions, and capable of opposing the entrance into the harbour even of the largest ships. The walled town is certainly less than a mile in circuit; but the streets being narrow, and the dwellings thickly placed, without much room being occupied by open squares, courts, or gardens, the estimated population of ten thousand, given as they say here by a late census of the fixed inhabitants, may not exceed the truth. Of these about nine tenths are pure Arabs, and Mahometans; the remainder are principally Banians and other Hindoos from Guzerat and Bombay, who reside here as brokers and general traders, and are treated with great lenity and tolerance.

Beyond this walled town, there is an extensive suburb formed of the dwellings of the poorer class of the people, who live in huts of reed, and cabins made of the branches of trees, interwoven with mats and reeds in the same way as at Mocha, Jedda, and other large towns on the western side of Arabia in the Red Sea. The population of this

suburb may amount to three thousand, a portion of whom are by origin Persians, and settlers from the opposite coasts near the mouth of the gulf.

The government of Muscat is entirely in the hands of the Imaum. The power of this prince extends at the present moment from Ras-el-Had on the south-east to Khore Fakan near Ras-el-Mussanudem on the north-west; and from the sea shore on the north-east to from three to six days' journey inland on the south-west. The whole of this territory is called Amān; implying the Land of Safety or Security, as contrasted with the uncivilized and unsafe countries by which it is bounded. On the north, as before observed, it has the sea—on the south are the Arabs of Mazeira, who are described as a cruel and inhospitable race, and whose shores are as much avoided, from a dread of falling into the hands of such a people, as from the real dangers which it presents to those who coast along it. On the east the sea also forms its boundary, and on the west are several hostile tribes of Bedouins, who dispute among themselves the watering places, and pasturage of the desert, and sometimes threaten the borders of the cultivated land.

The southernmost of these Bedouins unite with those of Mazeira, and still retain their original indifference to religion; but the northernmost are by degrees uniting with the Wahabees, and being infected as soon as they join them with the fanaticism of that sect, they are daily augmenting the number of the Imaum's enemies, and even now give him no

small degree of apprehension for the safety of his northern frontier.

Throughout this space, thus distinguished by the name of Amān, and which is somewhat more extensive now than it was under the predecessors of the present governor, are towns, villages, and hamlets, in great abundance. The face of the country is mountainous within land, and the mountains are in general rugged and bare; but as they are very lofty, the dews which they cause to fall, and the clouds that they arrest, give a mild and agreeable temperature to the air, and occasion frequent showers which wash down the decomposed surface of the rocks, giving soil to the vallies, and rills and torrents to fertilize them. In these vallies are corn lands, fruit gardens, and excellent pasturage for cattle; and some of the country residences of the rich people here, whose situations have been judiciously chosen in the most agreeable of these fertile spots, possess much picturesque beauty, with the desirable combinations of shady woods, springs of pure water, and a cool and healthy air. The land near the sea coast extends itself from the feet of the mountains in plains, which are but scantily watered by a few small streams descending through them to the sea; but which, nevertheless, produce an abundance of dates, nourish innumerable flocks of sheep, goats, and camels, and are lined all along their outer edge by small fishing towns, which give occupation to one part of the population, and furnish seasonable supplies of food to the other.

THE DREAM OF THE EXILE.

BY S. C. HALL.

The breeze came gently o'er me from the west,
Where the last sun-beams linger ere they part;
Along the beach I lay, to sleep, and rest
My wearied limbs, and still more wearied heart;
When, forth from out the blue and boundless sea
That long had circled and imprisoned me,
I saw a fair and fruitful land arise,
And knew, at once, my native shore and skies.

Quicker than thought I passed, and stood before
The well-known dwelling of my child and wife:
Yet could not pass the threshold of the door
That kept me forth from all I loved of life;
My heart was chilled—tho' from within there came
A voice that seemed to murmur my own name—
While tongue, nor hand, nor foot obeyed my will
But powerless, motionless, I stood there still.

A mist was o'er mine eyes—yet I could see,
Through the closed lattice, the dim forms of two
Whose hearts were mine—none other could they be—
They were not strangers—that full well I knew—
But dark and dull as was the outward gloom,
It was less deep than that within the room;
And vainly were mine eyeballs strained to trace
More than the outline of a form and face.

How death-like all that was within I deemed,
All, save the music of a human voice;
But that so faint and so unearthly seemed,
It chilled the hope that would have said "Rejoice;"
Was it the breathing of my wife or boy?—
Was it a tone of sadness or of joy,
That, like a fearful though a welcome spell,
On the one sense that owned me master fell?

The mist was slowly passing from my sight—
Its darkness every moment grew less deep—
Till I beheld my wife—all draped in white
She lay upon a couch in gentle sleep—
And our boy watched and sighed to hear her sigh,—
To mark how pale her cheek, how sunk her eye!
Sorrow that fair form must have sadly bowed—
Oh! God of Judgment!—she was in her shroud!

At once my tongue was loosed, my limbs were free—
I burst the casement, and I madly spoke;
And my boy started, wildly looked on me,
And shrieked so fearfully—that I awoke—
To hear the ocean's never varied sound,
And the wild sea-mew, wheeling round and round—
Where hope, the sun-light of the soul, ne'er beams—
A broken-hearted Exile—even in dreams!

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

BY T. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Apostates to their sires' most glorious fame,
And traitors to their sacred native land,
Leagued with the tyrant and his hated band
That sought to stain the pure and holy name
Of Rome's young freedom, and with sword and flame
To spoil her citizens, and fix the brand
Of slavery on them,—with an angry hand
The father doomed his sons to death and shame.
Yet gentler feelings were within his heart
Throbbing and strong—and to his burning eye
He felt the hot tear of affliction start;
For Justice fought with nature's agony—
And conquered:—turning not his head aside,
He sat in sternness while his children died!

LIFE.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.

Ah! why should we live on,
  Till the heart is dull and cold,
Till our trusting time is gone,
  And we barter faith for gold;
Till the friendship of our youth
  For rich men's dross is sold;
Till we learn to mock at truth?—
  Yes, this is to grow old.

The flower, whose honied breath
  With fragrance glads the light,
Gives forth the taint of death
  To the dark and silent night;—
And thus, our early joys
  Are fresh, and pure, and bright,
'Till our age with pleasure cloys,
  And the last joy takes its flight.

Ah! why should we live on
  Through a world of doubts and fears,
Till the ruddy cheek is wan—
  Till we sink in helpless years?
For this:—to look on life
  And our idle joys and cares,
Till we hate the heartless strife,
  And give to Heaven our tears.

THE NATAL DAY.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

My boy!—upon thy Natal Day
  I brought some childish gift to thee;
But now I bring the poet's lay,
  A tribute to thy memory!

I used to kiss thy smiling cheek,
  Bright with the glow that Nature gave;
Ah! now in vain such charms I seek,
  They fill a cold, and silent grave!

Yet, wherefore mourn I, or repine
  That from all earth-born cares thou'rt free?
The clouds of life's low vale are mine,
  Thine is a bright eternity!

THE CASTILIAN CAPTIVE;

OR,

THE PACHA PERPLEXED.

The thunders of Achmet Pacha's artillery ceased to shake the towers of Temeswar, which the rebel Suli Bey had long held out against the Porte. The fortune of the day had been decided by the fall of a part of the fortifications; and the young and fiery general of the Sultan's troops, bearing down all opposition, made himself master of the fortress, and pursued Suli Bey into his harem, whither in despair he had taken refuge.

The helpless and affrighted females crowded round their master with loud cries for protection, when they saw the hitherto inviolate portals of their apartments burst open by the fierce Achmet. The wretched Suli Bey, prostrating himself on the ground, buried his face in his garments and awaited his fate in silence.

Achmet, whose first intention had been to plant his foot on his body and strike off his head, felt his arm arrested, in spite of himself, by the glance of a dark-eyed slave. The silent language in which the emotions of the soul are conveyed, is understood by all, and Achmet read in the eyes of Camilla such horror and detestation of the deed he was about to perform, that although he would not own to himself that her opinion was of the slightest importance, he suffered that look to change his purpose; and, instead of becoming himself the executioner of Suli Bey, he beckoned his mutes to perform his will upon him.

The awful silence that followed this transaction was succeeded by the frantic outcries of the ladies of the harem, who, full of terror for their own safety, hastened to implore the mercy of their new lord. Achmet condescended to return his scymitar to its sheath, and assure them of their security. No sooner did they perceive his gracious demeanour, than they began to address him with the most highflown terms of flattery, and each strove by every possible wile to attract his attention.

Achmet could not help being struck by the contrast Camilla presented, who stood proudly aloof with two of her countrywomen. The haughty conqueror felt mortified that the fair Castilian did not join in the homage paid him by the other ladies, whom, by the superior richness of their dresses, he perceived had been considered as her superiors, in the estimation of Suli Bey.

"Slave," said he, approaching her, "wherefore is it that you have not joined with your companions in paying your duty to me?"

"Because I owe you none," answered Camilla.

"Dare you thus reply to the conqueror of Temeswar! Do you not know that your very existence is in my hands?"

"I am aware of it," replied Camilla, raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then why do you not fall at my feet and ask your life?"

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your rebellious spirit?"

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made the sign of the cross. Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave!" cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffim to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla, bursting into tears.

"What is it that you think of me?" asked the Pacha.

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate,

but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her fine eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity, he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow captives.

"And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrassment from the Pacha to Camilla, and remained silent.

"How," exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?"

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are, therefore, unable to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies?"

"Because I have laboured indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble?"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasion," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"It must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully, to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner?"

"He never gave me an opportunity, by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively I am weary of your eternal questions, and will answer you no more to-night."

"Am not I your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do any thing I choose?"

"No, you cannot make me talk unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice."

"Oh, Prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves?"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla, with the utmost composure.

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence. Most of these fair Circassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the East, and rejoice in the good fortune that has transferred them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said?"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think that the ladies of your own harem could be sincere in praising and caressing a man who had murdered you an hour before?" said Camilla.

"Mighty Prophet! no; but is there no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet?"

"Yes—a very great difference: Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla, with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing!" exclaimed Achmet, stamping, "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying, he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla! what have you been saying to put that terrible Turkey man in such a fury?" cried Antonia, in great alarm. "Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I knew by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him, and trembled lest you should go too far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the bye, just such another tiger as himself.) For my part I felt as if I were being strangled, all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less than that he will cause you to be sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody-minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not he will attempt to frighten me into submission."

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh, what a sad, sad day it was, that threw us into the hands of that villanous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey, with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla.

"Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word that through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be effected by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping and hanging about Camilla, as Puffim approached to separate her from them.

"Courage! sweet cousins fear not for me—I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them: "and now, my good old soul! whither are you going to take me?" continued she, as Puffim proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

Puffim rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "Where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something truly dreadful from this prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffim expected, on being conducted into a gloomy vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffim pointed to a pitcher of water and a platter of rice, which were placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of

her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her singing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her cheek flushed with a brighter vermillion as he approached her.

"Suli Bey was a man of a liberal temper compared to you," said she, pointing to the pitcher and rice.

Achmet's brow darkened—"Always Suli Bey!" cried he, angrily; "I could find it in my heart to send you to follow that accursed dead dog."

"Nay, mighty Pacha, that is a little farther than your power extends. You may follow him yourself, peradventure; but I, as a good Christian, hope to go to a very different place from that which I trust is prepared for such wretched misbelievers as Suli Bey and you."

"I see your intemperance of speech is no wise tamed," said the Pacha; "nevertheless I will forgive all your perverseness, if you will sing me that sweet song once more."

"The prisoned bird doth oft-times sing, it is true, but never at the bidding of its jailor," replied Camilla, looking up between smiles and tears.

The Pacha felt the magic of her smile, and the power of her tears; but he knew not how to dismiss the tone of mastership when speaking to a woman.

"Come, my Peri," he said, "it is my pleasure

that you follow me to the banquet — nay, it is useless offering resistance to my will."

He then, with a sort of gentle violence, drew her from the darksome cell, into an apartment richly carpeted, glittering with Eastern magnificence, and fragrant with burning spices, flowers, and essences.

"Come, my princess, let us eat, drink, and be merry," said the Pacha, placing her beside him on an embroidered sofa opposite to the banquet.

"I shall neither eat nor drink, for it is the vigil of St. Peter; nor am I disposed to sing or be merry," returned Camilla.

"Do you forget that I can force you to do as I command you?" returned Achmet, frowning.

"No; you can neither force me to sing, nor to be merry; but I will tell you what you can do — you can order your Aga and black slaves to put a bowstring about my neck, and strangle me as they did poor Suli Bey."

"Suli Bey again!" exclaimed the Pacha, furiously — "answer me one question — did you love that wretched rebel?"

"No, I did not."

"Why then do you torment me with his name!"

"Because he is frequently in my thoughts."

"The other ladies of the harem have forgotten him, and I have succeeded to their love."

"Love, call you it?" exclaimed Camilla; "slaves that they are in mind, as in person, — they know not the meaning of the word!"

"Perhaps I am as ignorant of your sort of love as you seem to consider my women," replied Achmet, thoughtfully.

"Oh! I doubt it not. I never even heard of a Turk who had the least idea of what love meant."

"You shall tell me, then, fair creature, what it signifies, according to your ideas."

"It is," said Camilla, raising her bewitching eyes to his, "an interest so absorbing, that a lover will always prefer the happiness of his beloved to his own. All passions are swallowed up in this one engrossing emotion. He exists but for the happiness of loving, and would prefer dying with her, to living without her."

"I certainly have never been loved after this fashion," said the Pacha, after a long pause; "yet, nothing less will content me now. And you, Camilla,—have you a lover in your own country?"

"Oh, many."

"One that you love thus?"

"No, I have not."

"I fear you are deceiving me."

"Holy Virgin! what a man is this that will not be satisfied with sincerity and plain dealing!"

"Nay, Camilla, if you loved me"——

"My good Pacha, you must not flatter yourself into such a supposition. What title have you to my love?"

"I will strive to deserve it. I will restore your cousins to their liberty."

"For which I shall feel most grateful. But it is

not one compliance, or two, or even twenty, that will entitle a man to my love."

"Oh, that you would teach me how to obtain it!" said Achmet, passionately.

"Come, I will encourage you a little; you are behaving pretty well, at present. Yesterday I detested your very name—to-day you are almost endurable; and if you wish to leave an agreeable impression, you will permit me to retire."

"No, I cannot part with you, beautiful Camilla; you shall stay and enchant me with your presence."

"I shall do no such thing. If you force me to remain with you against my will, I shall say very disobliging things, and then we shall quarrel."

"Go, then, my Peri! but in your dreams to-night, remember your adoring Achmet."

"I hope, if I dream at all, to be favoured with a sweet vision of my native land, and return in slumber to the fair hills of Castile."

"Is your country, then, so dear to you?" asked Achmet, mournfully.

"My country!" said Camilla, her lovely eyes suffusing with tears, as the thought of home passed over her mind—"and shall I never behold your orange-groves again, nor hear the rush of your mighty streams, but die like a transplanted flower in a foreign soil!"

Such scenes as these were of daily recurrence during the time that preparations were making for the departure of Beatrice and Antonia; sometimes they did not end so placably.

"It is I that am the slave," would Achmet say, when the fair Spaniard made him feel, too severely, the chains that bound him —"the slave of your caprices, Camilla. Would that I had never seen you!"

"Surely, Achmet, that was my misfortune, since I had not the slightest wish to become the victim of the lawless traffic in women that prevails in this disgusting country."

"By Mahomet, you never open your lips but with the design of saying something vexatious. Till I saw you, I was happy; but you have made me the most miserable of men! I am wretched when absent from you; and when I am near you, your whole study is to torment me."

At other times Achmet would sit in Camilla's apartment, listening to her guitar — his whole soul entranced in the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. One day, when he was thus occupied, Beatrice and Antonia entered, to bid farewell, as all things were ready for their departure.

When they offered their thanks to Achmet, he said — "Your gratitude is due to Camilla, who, when she might have used her boundless influence over me to obtain her own liberty, preferred making you happy."

"Because my love for them prevailed over every selfish consideration," said Camilla, with a significant glance.

"Ah, Camilla, I understand your allusion. Go; you are free. Return to Spain — that beloved country which you prefer to Achmet."

His voice faltered as he spoke — Camilla looked up — their eyes met — they both burst into tears.

"Ah! exclaimed Beatrice, you love one another; wherefore, then, should you part?"

The Pacha threw himself at Camilla's feet.

"Light of my eyes! will you leave me?"

"Achmet, I cannot share a divided heart."

"I swear to you, by Allah, that my harem shall be dismissed, and you shall be my only wife."

"Ah, Achmet, there is another thought," said Camilla, weeping; "you are a follower of the False Prophet, and I am a believer in the only faith whereby we may have eternal life."

"Camilla, you speak dark things, and hard to be understood; but only promise to be mine, and I will hear you patiently on these matters; and if convinced, I will not cling to error."

It may be easily imagined, that Beatrice and Antonia departed for Spain without Camilla, who became Achmet Pacha's bride; and who ere long had the happiness of informing her cousins, by letter, that he had become a secret but decided proselyte to Christianity.

A. S.

BALLAD.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Now lock my chamber door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
A slumber deep may ease my smart,
Or partially reprieve it;
But there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it.

O let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And, oh kind heaven, were it thy will
To close these eyes for ever!
For how can maid's affections dear
Recal her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

Ah, why should vows so fondly made
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved, as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow!
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary.

Farewell, ye banks of hazel green,
Ye beds of primrose yellow,
Too happy has this bosom been
Within your arbour mellow:
That happiness is fled for aye,
And all is dark desponding,
Save in the opening gates of day,
And the dear home beyond them!

A SPRING MORNING.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Spring cometh in, with all her hues and smells,
In freshness breathing over hills and dells;
O'er woods where May her gorgeous drapery flings,
And meads washed fragrant with their laughing springs,
Fresh as new-opened flowers, untouched, and free
From the bold rifling of the amorous bee:
The happy time of singing birds is come;
And love's lone pilgrimage now finds a home;
Among the mossy oaks now coos the dove,
And the hoarse crow finds softer notes for love;
The foxes play around their dens, and bark
In joy's excess, 'mid woodland shadows dark;
And flowers join lips below, and leaves above,
And every sound that meets the ear is love!

VERSES TO A BELOVED YOUNG FRIEND

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Oh, the last look is hard to bear
  Even of a stock or old grey stone,
Or any thing to childhood dear
  Which memory loves to dwell upon!

But fond affection never proved
  So thrilling, so severe a pain,
As looking on a face beloved
  We know we ne'er can see again.

Then, Mary, when with hasty gaze
  I saw thine eye bewildered roam,
For the last time, o'er Yarrow's braes,
  And thy dear kinsman's happy home,—

I felt a pang — it was not grief,
  But something language never bore,
From which the soul found no relief —
  Child of a darkling world before!

A lightning flash, a lurid gleam
O'er billows of a darksome sea;
A momentary feverish dream
Of time and of eternity!

Woe to the guileful tongue that bred
This disappointment and this pain —
Cold-hearted villain! on his head
A poet's malison remain!

Now thou hast left the Forest glade,
By sorrows deep to thee endeared,
Where more beloved was never maid,
Nor maiden's feelings more revered.

And O may blessings thee abide,
Delights unbounded and untold,
Where Indus rolls his sluggish tide
O'er glowing gems and sands of gold.

And Indian oceans waft the breeze
Of renovated health to thee;
And odours of Arabia please
Thy every sense from bower and tree.

And long as beats this kindred heart
My love shall be as it hath been —
There shalt thou occupy thy part
Though half the world lie us between!

Mount Benger on Yarrow,
June 17, 1828.

A VOICE FROM SEA.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

Poor worm of the land, to vain terrors a slave -
What knows thy pale soul of our life on the wave?
To thy sight, every speck on a clear summer sky
Is a signal proclaiming the storm-cloud nigh —
The breeze, that scarce ruffles the sailor-boy's hair,
Shakes thy heart like the death-pealing voice of despair —
To the caves!—to the caves!—there thy haunt ought to be,
With the sands of the shore and the weeds of the sea!

Ay, danger there is in the tempest and fight,
When of flood and of fire the perils unite: —
In the roar of the battle o'er-matched by the foe,
In the night when the breakers are heard at the bow;
When the mast, like a crest-cloven giant, is gone,
And still the fierce billows rush thundrously on —
Then, well may the cheek of his land-love wax pale
But not even then may the mariner quail.

Nor does he — no heart of the true British oak
Ever flinched until shivered by death's heavy stroke.
Let England but give us a cause that is good,
With leaders like Nelson and old Collingwood —
And welcome the worst! — we're prepared for the shock —
From wind, or from water, from cannon, or rock:
We own not the man who will turn from the deck
Till either the bark, or his body's a wreck!

Then to think of the joys of the festival day,
When a glad nation echoes our merry hurrah —
The eyes of the foemen are fixed on the main,
And look for their gay, gallant vessels in vain;
The flags they unfurled, the heroes they bore
Afford to bold Britons just one triumph more —
While the hearts of the happy and hands of the fair
Bless the goblets we drain — wreath the laurels we wear.

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